Maria Louisa Albina Martin

THE COLUMBIAN ORATOR:

CONTAINING

A VARIETY OF

Original and Selected PIECES;

TOGETHER WITH

R U L E S;

CALCULATED

TO IMPROVE YOUTH AND OTHERS IN THE

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL

ART OF ELOQUENCE.

K

By CALEB BINGHAM, *A. M.*
Author of The American Preceptor, Young Lady's Accidence, &c.

"CATO cultivated *ELOQUENCE*, as a neceſſary mean for defending THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE, and for enforcing good Counſels." ROLLIN.

Published according to Act of Congreſs.

SECOND EDITION.

Boſton:
Printed by MANNING & LORING,
For the *AUTHOR*; and ſold at his Book-Store, N°. 44, CORNHILL, and by the BOOKSELLERS in general.

MAY, 1799.

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PREFACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the multiplicity of School-Books now in uſe, it has been often ſuggeſted, that a Selection, calculated particularly for Dialogue and Declamation, would be of extenſive utility in our ſeminaries.

The art of Oratory needs no encomium. To cultivate its rudiments, and diffuſe its ſpirit among the Youth of America, is the deſign of this Book.

Of the many pieces which this volume contains, three only are to be found in any publication of the kind. A large proportion is entirely original. To thoſe, who have aſſiſted him in this part, the author returns his warmeſt acknowledgments.

The COLUMBIAN ORATOR *is deſigned for a Second Part to the* AMERICAN PRECEPTOR; *for this reaſon, no pieces are inſerted from that book.*

As no advantage could ariſe from a methodical arrangement, the Author has preferred variety to ſyſtem. In his choice of materials, it has been his object to ſelect ſuch as ſhould inſpire the pupil with the ardour of eloquence, *and the* love of virtue. *He has ſpared no pains to render the Work, in every reſpect, worthy of the generous patronage, which a liberal public have beſtowed on his former publications.*

Boſton, May 17, 1797.

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THE

COLUMBIAN ORATOR, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR SPEAKING; EXTRACTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

OF PRONUNCIATION IN GENERAL.

THE beſt judges among the ancients have repreſented Pronunciation, which they likewiſe called Action, as the principal part of an orator's province; from whence he is chiefly to expect ſucceſs in the art of perſuaſion. When Cicero, in the perſon of Craſſus, has largely and elegantly diſcourſed upon all the other parts of oratory, coming at laſt to ſpeak of this, he ſays, "All the former have their effect as they are pronounced. It is the action alone which governs in ſpeaking; without which the beſt orator is of no value; and is often defeated by one, in other reſpects, much his inferiour." And he lets us know, that Demoſthenes was of the ſame opinion; who, when he was aſked what was the principal thing in oratory, replied, Action; and being aſked again a ſecond and a third time, what was next conſiderable, he ſtill made the ſame anſwer.

And,

And, indeed, if he had not judged this highly neceſſary for an orator, he would ſcarcely have taken ſo much pains in correcting thoſe natural defects, under which he laboured at firſt, in order to acquire it. For he had both a weak voice, and likewiſe an impediment in his ſpeech, ſo that he could not pronounce diſtinctly ſome particular letters. The former of which defects he conquered, partly by ſpeaking as loud as he could upon the ſhore, when the ſea roared and was boiſterous; and partly, by pronouncing long periods as he walked up hill; both of which methods contributed to ſtrengthen his voice. And he found means to render his pronunciation more clear and articulate, by the help of ſome little ſtones put under his tongue. Nor was he leſs careful in endeavouring to gain the habit of a becoming and decent geſture; for which purpoſe he uſed to pronounce his diſcourſes alone before a large glaſs. And becauſe he had an ill cuſtom of drawing up his ſhoulders when he ſpoke, to amend that, he uſed to place them under a ſword, which hung over him with the point downward.

Such pains did this prince of the Grecian orators take to remove thoſe difficulties, which would have been ſufficient to diſcourage an inferiour, and leſs aſpiring genius. And to how great a perfection he arrived in his action, under all theſe diſadvantages, by his indefatigable diligence and application, is evident from the confeſſion of his great adverſary and rival in oratory, Eſchines; who, when he could not bear the diſgrace of being worſted by Demoſthenes in the cauſe of Cteſiphon, retired to Rhodes. And being deſired by the inhabitants, he recited to them his own oration upon that occaſion; the next day they requeſted of him to let them hear that of Demoſthenes; which, having pronounced in a moſt graceful manner, to the admiration of all who were preſent, "How much more (ſays he) would you have wondered, if you had heard him ſpeak it himſelf!"

We might add to theſe authorities the judgment of Quintilian; who ſays, that "It is not of ſo much moment

ment what our compoſitions are, as how they are pronounced; ſince it is the manner of the delivery, by which the audience is moved."

The truth of this ſentiment of the ancients, concerning the power and efficacy of pronunciation, might be proved from many inſtances; but one or two may here ſuffice. Hortenſius, a cotemporary with Cicero, and while living, next to him in reputation as an orator, was highly applauded for his action. But his orations after his death, as Quintilian tells us, did not appear anſwerable to his character; from whence he juſtly concludes, there muſt have been ſomething pleaſing when he ſpoke, by which he gained his character, which was loſt in reading them.

But perhaps there is ſcarcely a more conſiderable inſtance of this than in Cicero himſelf. After the death of Pompey, when Ceſar had gotten the government into his own hands, many of his acquaintance interceded with him in behalf of their relations and friends, who had been of the contrary party in the late wars. Among others, Cicero ſolicited for his friend Ligarius; which, Tubero underſtanding, who owed Ligarius a grudge, oppoſed; and undertook to repreſent him to Ceſar as unworthy of his mercy. Ceſar himſelf was prejudiced againſt Ligarius; and therefore, when the cauſe was to come before him, he ſaid, "We may venture to hear Cicero diſplay his eloquence; for I know the perſon he pleads for to be an ill man, and my enemy."

But, however, in the courſe of his oration, Cicero ſo wrought upon his paſſions, that by the frequent alteration in his countenance, the emotions of his mind were very conſpicuous. And when he came to touch upon the battle of Pharſalia, which had given Ceſar the empire of the world, he repreſented it in ſuch a moving and lively manner, that Ceſar could no longer contain himſelf, but was thrown into ſuch a fit of ſhivering, that he dropped the papers which he held in his hand. This was the more remarkable, becauſe Ceſar was himſelf

ſelf one of the greateſt orators of that age; knew all the arts of addreſs, and avenues to the paſſions; and conſequently was better prepared to guard againſt them.

But neither his ſkill, nor reſolution of mind, was of ſufficient force againſt the power of oratory; but the conqueror of the world became a conqueſt to the charms of Cicero's eloquence; ſo that, contrary to his intention, he pardoned Ligarius. Now that oration is ſtill extant, and appears exceedingly well calculated to touch the ſoft and tender paſſions and ſprings of the ſoul; but we believe it can ſcarcely be diſcernible to any, in reading it, how it ſhould have had ſo ſurpriſing an effect; which muſt therefore have been chiefly owing to the wonderful addreſs of the ſpeaker.

The more natural the pronunciation is, the more moving it will be; ſince the perfection of art conſiſts in its neareſt reſemblance to nature. And therefore it is not without good reaſon, that the ancients make it one qualification of an orator, that he be a *good* man; becauſe a perſon of this character will make the cauſe he eſpouſes his own; and the more ſenſibly he is touched with it himſelf, the more natural will be his action; and, of courſe, the more eaſily will he affect others. Cicero ſays, "It is certain that truth (by which he means nature) in every thing excels imitation; but if that were ſufficient of itſelf in action, we ſhould have no occaſion for art."

In his opinion therefore (and who was ever a better judge?) art, in this caſe, as well as in many others, if well managed, will aſſiſt and improve nature. But this is not all; for ſometimes we find the force of it ſo great and powerful, that, where it is wholly counterfeit, it will for the time work the ſame effect as if it were founded in truth. This is well known to thoſe who have been converſant with the repreſentations of the theatre. In tragedies, though we are ſenſible that every thing we ſee and hear is counterfeit; yet ſuch is the power of action, that we are oftentimes affected by it in the ſame manner as if it were all reality.

Anger

Anger and reſentment at the appearance of cruelty, concern and ſolicitude for diſtreſſed virtue, riſe in our breaſts; and tears are extorted from us for oppreſſed innocence: though at the ſame time, perhaps, we are ready to laugh at ourſelves for being thus decoyed. If art then has ſo great an influence upon us, when ſupported by fancy and imagination only, how powerful muſt be the effect of a juſt and lively repreſentation of what we know to be true.

How agreeable it is, both to nature and reaſon, that a warmth of expreſſion and vehemency of motion ſhould riſe in proportion to the importance of the ſubject, and concern of the ſpeaker, will further appear by looking back a little into the more early and ſimple ages of the world. For the higher we go, the more we ſhall find of both. The Romans had a very great talent this way, and the Greeks a greater. The eaſtern nations excelled in it, and particularly the Hebrews.

Nothing can equal the ſtrength and vivacity of the figures they employed in their diſcourſe, and the very actions they uſed, to expreſs their ſentiments; ſuch as putting aſhes on their heads, and tearing their garments, and covering themſelves with ſackcloth under any deep diſtreſs and ſorrow of mind. And hence, no doubt, aroſe thoſe ſurpriſing effects of eloquence, which we never experience now.

And what is ſaid here, with reſpect to the action of the eaſtern nations, was in a good meaſure cuſtomary among the Greeks and Romans; if not entirely of the ſame kind, yet perhaps as vehement and expreſſive. They did not think language of itſelf ſufficient to expreſs the height of their paſſions, unleſs enforced by uncommon motions and geſtures. Thus, when Achilles had driven the Trojans into their city with the greateſt precipitation and terror, and only Hector ventured to tarry without the gates to engage him, Homer repreſents both king Priam and his queen under the higheſt conſternation for the danger of their ſon. And therefore, in order to prevail with him to come into the

city

city and not fight with Achilles, they not only entreat him from the walls in the moſt tender and moving language imaginable; but they tear off their grey locks with their hands, and adjure him to comply with their requeſt.

The poet knew very well, that no words of themſelves could repreſent thoſe agonies of mind he endeavoured to convey, unleſs heightened by the idea of ſuch actions as were expreſſive of the deepeſt ſorrow. In one of Cicero's orations, he does not ſtick to argue in this manner with his adverſary. "Would you talk thus (ſays he) if you were ſerious? Would you, who are wont to diſplay your eloquence ſo warmly in the danger of others, act ſo coldly in your own? Where is that concern, that ardour, which uſed to extort pity even from children? Here is no emotion either of mind or body; neither the forehead ſtruck, nor the thigh; nor ſo much as a ſtamp of the foot. Therefore, you have been ſo far from inflaming our minds, that you have ſcarcely kept us awake."

The ancients had perſons, whoſe proper buſineſs it was to teach them how to regulate and manage their voice; and others, who inſtructed them in the whole art of pronunciation, both as to their voice and geſtures. Theſe latter were generally taken from the theatre, being ſome eminent experienced actors. But though they made uſe of actors to inſtruct their youth in forming their ſpeech and geſtures; yet the action of an orator was very different from that of the theatre.

Cicero very plainly repreſents this diſtinction, in the words of Craſſus; when ſpeaking of orators, he ſays, "The motions of the body ought to be ſuited to the expreſſions, not in a theatrical way, mimicking the words by particular geſticulations; but in a manner expreſſive of the general ſenſe; with a ſedate and manly inflection of the ſides; not taken from the ſtage and actors, but from the exerciſe of arms and the paleſtra." And Quintilian ſays to the ſame purpoſe, "Every geſture and motion of the comedians is not to be imitated,

tated, nor to the ſame degree." They thought the action of the theatre too light and extravagant for the imitation of an orator; and therefore, though they employed actors to inform young perſons in the firſt rudiments, yet they were afterwards ſent to ſchools, deſigned on purpoſe to teach them a decent and graceful management of their bodies.

Being thus far prepared, they were afterwards ſent to the ſchools of the rhetoricians. And here, as their buſineſs was to cultivate their ſtyle, and gain the whole art of eloquence, ſo particularly to acquire a juſt and accurate pronunciation by thoſe exerciſes, in which for that end they were conſtantly employed. Nor, after all this pains and induſtry, did they yet think themſelves ſufficiently qualified to take upon them the character of orators. But it was their conſtant cuſtom to get together ſome of their friends and acquaintance, who were proper judges of ſuch performances, and declaim before them in private.

The buſineſs of theſe perſons was to make obſervations both on their language and pronunciation. And they were allowed the greateſt freedom to take notice of any thing thought to be amiſs, either as to inaccuracy of method, impropriety of ſtyle, or indecency of their voice or actions. This gave them an opportunity to correct any ſuch defects at firſt, before they became habitual. What effects might not juſtly be expected from ſuch an inſtitution? Perſons trained up in this manner, with all thoſe advantages, joined to a good natural genius, could not fail of making very complete orators. Though even after they came to appear in public, they did not lay aſide the cuſtom of declaiming.

The influence of ſounds, either to raiſe or allay our paſſions, is evident from muſic. And certainly the harmony of a fine diſcourſe, well and gracefully pronounced, is as capable of moving us, if not in a way ſo violent and ecſtatic, yet not leſs powerful, and more agreeable to our rational faculties. As perſons are differently affected when they ſpeak, ſo they naturally

alter the tone of their voice, though they do not attend to it. It riſes, ſinks, and has various inflections given it, according to the preſent ſtate and diſpoſition of the mind. When the mind is calm and ſedate, the voice is moderate and even; when the former is dejected with ſorrow, the latter is languid; and when that is inflamed by paſſion, this is elevated.

It is the orator's buſineſs, therefore, to follow nature, and to endeavor that the tone of his voice appear natural and unaffected. And for this end, he muſt take care to ſuit it to the nature of the ſubject; but ſtill ſo as to be always grave and decent. Some perſons continue a diſcourſe in ſuch a low and drawling manner, that they can ſcarcely be heard by their audience. Others again hurry on in ſo loud and boiſterous a manner, as if they imagined their hearers were deaf. But all the muſic and harmony of voice lies between theſe extremes.

Perhaps nothing is of more importance to a ſpeaker, than a proper attention to accent, emphaſis, and cadence. Every word in our language, of more than one ſyllable, has, at leaſt, one accented ſyllable. This ſyllable ought to be rightly known, and the word ſhould be pronounced by the ſpeaker in the ſame manner as he would pronounce it in ordinary converſation. By emphaſis, we diſtinguiſh thoſe words in a ſentence which we eſteem the moſt important, by laying a greater ſtreſs of voice upon them than we do upon the others. And it is ſurpriſing to obſerve how the ſenſe of a phraſe may be altered by varying the emphaſis. The following example will ſerve as an illuſtration.

This ſhort queſtion, "Will you ride to town to-day?" may be underſtood in four different ways, and, conſequently, may receive four different anſwers, according to the placing of the emphaſis.

If it be pronounced thus; Will *you* ride to town to-day? the anſwer may properly be, No; I ſhall ſend my ſon. If thus; Will you *ride* to town to-day? Anſwer, No; I intend to walk. Will you ride to

town

town to-day? No; I ſhall ride into the country. Will you ride to town *to-day?* No; but I ſhall to-morrow.

This ſhows how neceſſary it is that a ſpeaker ſhould know how to place his emphaſis. And the only rule for this is, that he ſtudy to attain a juſt conception of the force and ſpirit of the ſentiments which he delivers. There is as great a difference between one who lays his emphaſis properly, and one who pays no regard to it, or places it wrong, as there is between one who plays on an inſtrument with a maſterly hand, and the moſt bungling performer.

Cadence is the reverſe of emphaſis. It is a depreſſion or lowering of the voice; and commonly falls upon the laſt ſyllable in a ſentence. It is varied, however, according to the ſenſe. When a queſtion is aſked, it ſeldom falls upon the laſt word; and many ſentences require no cadence at all.

Every perſon who ſpeaks in public, ſhould endeavor, if he can, to fill the place where he ſpeaks. But ſtill he ought to be careful not to exceed the natural key of his voice. If he does, it will neither be ſoft nor agreeable; but either harſh and rough, or too ſhrill and ſqueaking. Beſides, he will not be able to give every ſyllable its full and diſtinct ſound; which will render what he ſays obſcure, and difficult to be underſtood. He ſhould therefore take care to keep his voice within reach, ſo as to have it under management, that he may raiſe or ſink it, or give it any inflection he thinks proper; which it will not be in his power to do, if he put a force upon it, and ſtrain it beyond its natural tone.

The like caution is to be uſed againſt the contrary extreme, that the voice be not ſuffered to ſink too low. This will give the ſpeaker pain in raiſing it again to its proper pitch, and be no leſs offenſive to the hearers. The medium between theſe two is a moderate and even voice. But this is not the ſame in all; that which is moderate in one would be high in another. Every perſon therefore muſt regulate it by the natural key of his own voice. A calm and ſedate voice is generally beſt;

beſt ; as a moderate ſound is moſt pleaſing to the ear, if it be clear and diſtinct. But this equality of the voice muſt alſo be accompanied with a variety : otherwiſe there can be no harmony ; ſince all harmony conſiſts in variety.

Nothing is leſs pleaſing than a diſcourſe pronounced throughout in one continued tone of the voice, without any alteration. The equality, therefore, we are here ſpeaking of, admits a variety of inflections and changes within the ſame pitch. And when that is altered, the gradations, whether higher or lower, ſhould be ſo gentle and regular as to preſerve a due proportion of the parts, and harmony of the whole ; which cannot be done, when the voice is ſuddenly varied with too great a diſtinction. And therefore it ſhould move from one key to another, ſo as rather to glide like a gentle ſtream, than pour down like a rapid torrent, as an ingenious writer has well expreſſed it.

But an affected variety, ill placed, is as diſagreeable to a judicious audience, as the want of it, where the ſubject requires it. We may find ſome perſons, in pronouncing a grave and plain diſcourſe, affect as many different tones, and variations of their voice, as if they were acting a comedy ; which is doubtleſs a very great impropriety. But the orator's province is not barely to apply to the mind, but likewiſe to the paſſions ; which require a great variety of the voice, high or low, vehement or languid, according to the nature of the paſſions he deſigns to affect. So that for an orator always to uſe the ſame tone or degree of his voice, and expect to anſwer all his views by it, would be much the ſame thing as if a phyſician ſhould propoſe to cure all diſtempers by one medicine. And, as a perfect monotony is always unpleaſant, ſo it can never be neceſſary in any diſcourſe.

That ſome ſentences ought to be pronounced faſter than others is very manifeſt. Gay and ſprightly ideas ſhould not only be expreſſed louder, but alſo quicker than ſuch as are melancholy. And when we preſs an opponent,

opponent, the voice ſhould be briſk. But to hurry on in a precipitant manner without pauſing, till ſtopped for want of breath, is certainly a very great fault. This deſtroys not only the neceſſary diſtinction between ſentence and ſentence, but likewiſe between the ſeveral words of the ſame ſentence; by which mean, all the grace of ſpeaking is loſt, and in a great meaſure, the advantage of hearing.

Young perſons are very liable to this, eſpecially at firſt ſetting out. And it often ariſes from diffidence. They are jealous of their performances, and the ſucceſs they may have in ſpeaking, which gives them a pain till it is over; and this puts them into a hurry of mind, which incapacitates them from governing their voice, and keeping it under that due regulation which perhaps they propoſed to themſelves before they began to ſpeak.

And as a precipitant and haſty pronunciation is culpable, ſo likewiſe on the other hand, it is a fault to ſpeak too *ſlow*. This ſeems to argue a heavineſs in the ſpeaker. And as he appears cool himſelf, he can never expect to warm his hearers, and excite their affections. When not only every word, but every ſyllable is drawn out to too great a length, the ideas do not come faſt enough to keep up the attention without much uneaſineſs. Now, to avoid either of the two extremes laſt mentioned, the voice ought to be ſedate and diſtinct. And in order to render it diſtinct, it is neceſſary, not only that each word and ſyllable ſhould have its juſt and full ſound, both as to time and accent, but likewiſe that every ſentence, and part of a ſentence, ſhould be ſeparated by its proper pauſe.

This is more eaſy to be done in reading, from the aſſiſtance of the points; but it is no leſs to be attended to in ſpeaking, if we would pronounce in a diſtinct and graceful manner. For every one ſhould ſpeak in the ſame manner as he ought to read, if he could arrive at that exactneſs. Now the common rule given in pauſing is, that we ſtop our voice at a comma till we

can tell one, at a ſemicolon two, at a colon three, and at a full period four. And as theſe points are either accommodated to the ſeveral parts of the ſame ſentence, as the firſt three; or different ſentences, as the laſt; this occaſions the different length of the pauſe, by which either the dependence of what precedes upon that which follows, or its diſtinction from it is repreſented.

It is not in our power to give ourſelves what qualities of the voice we pleaſe; but only to make the beſt uſe we can of what nature has beſtowed upon us. However, ſeveral defects of the voice are capable of being helped by care and proper means; as, on the other hand, the beſt voice may be greatly hurt by ill management and indiſcretion. Temperance is a great preſervative of the voice, and all exceſs is highly prejudicial to it. The voice muſt neceſſarily ſuffer, if the organs of ſpeech have not their proper tone. A ſtrong voice is very ſerviceable to an orator, becauſe, if he want ſome other advantages, he is, however, capable to make himſelf heard. And if at any time he is forced to ſtrain it, he is in leſs danger of its failing him before he has finiſhed his diſcourſe.

But he, who has a weak voice, ſhould be very careful not to ſtrain it, eſpecially at firſt. He ought to begin ſlow, and riſe gradually to ſuch a pitch as the key of his voice will well carry him, without being obliged to ſink again afterwards. Frequent inflections of the voice will likewiſe be ſome aſſiſtance to him. But eſpecially he ſhould take care to ſpeak deliberately, and eaſe his voice, by allowing due time for reſpiration at all the proper pauſes. It is an extreme much leſs inconvenient for ſuch a perſon rather to ſpeak too ſlow, than too faſt. But this defect of a weak voice is ſometimes capable of being helped by the uſe of proper methods; as is evident from the inſtance of Demoſthenes, before mentioned.

Some perſons, either from want of due care in their education at firſt, or from inadvertency and negligence afterwards,

afterwards, run into a very irregular and confuſed manner of expreſſing their words; either by miſplacing the accent, confounding the ſound of the letters, or huddling the ſyllables one upon another ſo as to render what they ſay often unintelligible. Indeed, ſometimes this ariſes from a natural defect, as in the caſe of Demoſthenes; who found a method to rectify that, as well as the weakneſs of his voice. But in faults of this kind, which proceed from habit, doubtleſs the moſt likely way to mend them is to ſpeak deliberately.

OF GESTURE.

BY this is meant, a ſuitable conformity of the motions of the countenance, and ſeveral parts of the body in ſpeaking, to the ſubject-matter of the diſcourſe. It is not agreed among the learned, whether voice or geſture has the greater influence upon us. But as the latter affects us by the eye as the former does by the ear, geſture in the nature of it ſeems to have this advantage, that it conveys the impreſſion more ſpeedily to the mind; for the ſight is the quickeſt of all our ſenſes. Nor is its influence leſs upon our paſſions; nay, in ſome inſtances, it appears to act more powerfully. A caſt of the eye will expreſs deſire in as moving a manner as the ſofteſt language; and a different motion of it, reſentment.

To wring the hands, tear the hair, or ſtrike the breaſt, are all ſtrong indications of ſorrow. And he, who claps his hand to his ſword, throws us into a greater panic than one who only threatens to kill us. Nor is it in ſome reſpects leſs various and extenſive language. Cicero tells us, he often diverted himſelf by trying this with Roſcius the comedian; who could expreſs a ſentence as many ways by his geſtures, as he himſelf could by words. And ſome dramas, called pantomimes, have been carried on wholly by mutes, who have

have performed every part by geſtures only, without words, in a way very intelligible.

But with reſpect to oratory, geſture may very properly be called the ſecond part of pronunciation; in which, as the voice ſhould be ſuited to the impreſſions it receives from the mind, ſo the ſeveral motions of the body ought to be accommodated to the various tones and inflections of the voice. When the voice is even and moderate, little geſture is required; and nothing is more unnatural than violent motion, in diſcourſing upon ordinary and familiar ſubjects. The motions of the body ſhould riſe therefore in proportion to the vehemence and energy of the expreſſion, as the natural and genuine effect of it.

But as geſture is very different and various as to the manner of it, which depends upon the decent conduct of ſeveral parts of the body, it will not be amiſs to conſider more particularly the proper management of each of thoſe parts. Now all geſture is either natural, or from imitation. By natural geſture, we mean ſuch actions and motions of the body, as naturally accompany our words, as theſe do the impreſſions of our mind. And theſe either reſpect the whole body, or ſome particular part of it.

The ſpeaker ſhould not long continue ſtanding in the ſame poſition, like a ſtatue, but be conſtantly changing, though the motion be very moderate. There ought to be no appearance of ſtiffneſs, but a certain eaſe and pliableneſs, naturally ſuiting itſelf to every expreſſion; by which means, when a greater degree of motion is neceſſary, it will appear leſs ſudden and vehement: for as the raiſing, ſinking, and various inflections of the voice muſt be gradual, ſo likewiſe ſhould the motions of the body. It is only on ſome particular occaſions that a haſty vehemence and impetuoſity is proper in either caſe.

As to the ſeveral parts of the body, the head is the moſt conſiderable. To lift it up too high has the air of arrogance and pride; to ſtretch it out too far, or throw it back,

back, looks clowniſh and unmannerly; to hang it downwards on the breaſt, ſhows an unmanly baſhfulneſs and want of ſpirit: and to ſuffer it to lean on either ſhoulder, argues both ſloth and indolence. Wherefore, in calm and ſedate diſcourſe, it ought to keep its natural ſtate, an upright poſture. However, it ſhould not be long without motion, nor yet always moving; but gently turn ſometimes on one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, as occaſion requires, that the voice may be heard by all who are preſent; and then return again to its natural poſition. It ſhould always accompany the other actions of the body, and turn on the ſame ſide with them; except when averſion to any thing is expreſſed; which is done by ſtretching out the right hand, and turning the head to the left.

But it is the countenance, that chiefly repreſents both the paſſions and diſpoſitions of the mind. By this we expreſs love, hatred, joy, ſorrow, modeſty, and confidence: by this we ſupplicate, threaten, ſoothe, invite, forbid, conſent, or refuſe; and all this without ſpeaking. Nay, from hence we form a judgment not only of a perſon's preſent temper, but of his capacity and natural diſpoſition. And therefore it is common to ſay, ſuch a one has a "promiſing countenance," or that "he promiſes little by his countenance." It is true, this is no certain rule of judging; nor is it in the power of any one to alter the natural make of his countenance.

But the ſeveral parts of the face bear their part, and contribute to the proper and decent motion of the whole. In a calm and ſedate diſcourſe, all the features retain their natural ſtate and ſituation. In ſorrow, the forehead and eyebrows lour, and the cheeks hang down. But in expreſſions of joy and cheerfulneſs, the forehead and eyebrows are expanded, the cheeks contracted, and the corners of the mouth drawn upwards. Anger and reſentment contract the forehead, draw the brows together, and thruſt out the lips. And terror elevates both the brows and forehead. As theſe

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are the natural ſigns of ſuch paſſions, the orator ſhould endeavor to conform to them.

But as the eyes are moſt active and ſignificant, it is the advice of Cicero that the greateſt care ſhould be taken in their management. And he gives this reaſon for it. "Becauſe other parts of the countenance have but few motions; whereas all the paſſions of the ſoul are expreſſed in the eyes, by ſo many different actions; which cannot poſſibly be repreſented by any geſtures of the body, if the eyes are kept in a fixed poſture." Common experience does in a great meaſure confirm the truth of this obſervation. We readily gueſs at a perſon's intention, or how he is affected to us by his eyes. And any ſudden change or emotion of the mind is preſently followed by an alteration in the look.

In ſpeaking, therefore, upon pleaſant and delightful ſubjects, the eyes are briſk and cheerful; as, on the contrary, they ſink and are languid in delivering any thing melancholy and ſorrowful. This is ſo agreeable to nature, that before a perſon ſpeaks, we are prepared with the expectation of one or the other from his different aſpect. So likewiſe in anger, a certain vehemence and intenſeneſs appears in the eyes, which, for want of proper words to expreſs it by, we endeavor to repreſent by metaphors taken from fire, the moſt violent and rapid element; and ſay in ſuch caſes, the eyes ſparkle, burn, or are inflamed. In expreſſions of hatred or deteſtation, it is natural to alter the looks, either by turning the eyes aſide, or downwards.

Indeed, the eyes are ſometimes turned downwards upon other occaſions, as to expreſs modeſty. And if at any time a particular object be addreſſed, whatever it be, the eyes ſhould be turned that way. And therefore Philoſtratus very deſervedly ridicules a certain rhetorician as guilty of a ſoleciſm in geſture, who, upon ſaying, O Jupiter! turned his eyes downwards; and when he ſaid, O Earth! looked upward. A ſtaring look has the appearance of giddineſs and want of thought: and to contract the eyes gives ſuſpicion of craft

craft and deſign. A fixed look may be occaſioned from intenſeneſs of thought; but at the ſame time ſhows a diſregard to the audience; and a too quick and wandering motion of the eyes denotes levity and wantonneſs. A gentle and moderate motion of the eyes is, therefore, in common, moſt ſuitable; always directed to ſome of the audience, and gradually turning from ſide to ſide with an air of reſpect and modeſty, and looking them decently in the face, as in common diſcourſe. Such a behaviour will of courſe draw an attention.

As to the other parts of the body diſtinct from the head, the ſhoulders ought not to be elevated; for this is not only in itſelf indecent; but it likewiſe contracts the neck, and hinders the proper motion of the head. Nor, on the other hand, ſhould they be drawn down and depreſſed; becauſe this occaſions a ſtiffneſs both to the neck and the whole body. Their natural poſture therefore is beſt, as being moſt eaſy and graceful. To ſhrug the ſhoulders has an abject and ſervile air; and frequently to heave them upwards and downwards is a very diſagreeable ſight. A continued motion of the arms any way, is by all means to be avoided. Their action ſhould generally be very moderate, and follow that of the hands; unleſs in very pathetic expreſſions, where it may be proper to give them a more lively ſpring.

Now, all bodily motion is either upward or downward, to the right or left, forward or backward, or elſe circular. The hands are employed by the orator in all theſe except the laſt. And as they ought to correſpond with our expreſſions, ſo they ought to begin and end with them. In admiration, and addreſſes to heaven, they muſt be elevated, but never raiſed above the eyes; and in ſpeaking of things below us, they are directed downwards. Side motion ſhould generally begin from the left, and terminate gently on the right. In demonſtrating, addreſſing, and on ſeveral other occaſions, they are moved forward; and in threatening,

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ſometimes thrown back. But when the orator ſpeaks of himſelf, his right hand ſhould be gently laid on his breaſt.

The left hand ſhould ſeldom move alone, but accommodate itſelf to the motions of the right. In motions to the left ſide, the right hand ſhould not be carried beyond the left ſhoulder. In promiſes, and expreſſions of compliment, the motion of the hands ſhould be gentle and ſlow; but in exhortations and applauſe, more ſwift. The hands ſhould generally be open; but in expreſſions of compunction and anger, they may be cloſed. All finical and trifling actions of the fingers ought to be avoided; nor ſhould they be ſtretched out and expanded in a ſtiff and rigid poſture, but kept eaſy and pliable.

The geſtures we have hitherto diſcourſed of, are ſuch as naturally accompany our expreſſions. And we believe thoſe we have mentioned, if duly attended to, will be found ſufficient to anſwer all the purpoſes of our modern pronunciation. The other ſort of geſtures above mentioned are ſuch as ariſe from imitation; as where the orator deſcribes ſome action or perſonates another ſpeaking. But here great care is to be taken not to overact his part by running into any ludicrous or theatrical mimicry. It is ſufficient for him to repreſent things of this nature, as may beſt convey the image of them in a lively manner to the minds of the hearers; without any ſuch changes either of his actions or voice as are not ſuitable to his own character.

SOME PARTICULAR RULES FOR THE VOICE AND GESTURE.

WE ſhall begin with the parts of a diſcourſe, and treat of them in their natural order. And here the view and deſign of the ſpeaker in each of them will eaſily help us to ſee the proper manner of pronunciation.

ation. Let us ſuppoſe then a perſon preſenting himſelf before an aſſembly, in order to make a diſcourſe to them. It cannot be decent immediately to begin to ſpeak ſo ſoon as ever he makes his appearance. He will firſt ſettle himſelf, compoſe his countenance, and take a reſpectful view of his audience. This prepares them for ſilence and attention.

Perſons commonly form ſome opinion of a ſpeaker from their firſt view of him, which prejudices them either in his favor or otherwiſe, as to what he ſays afterwards. A grave and ſedate aſpect inclines them to think him ſerious; that he had conſidered his ſubject, and may have ſomething to offer worth their attention. A haughty and forbidding air occaſions diſtaſte, as it looks like diſreſpect. A wandering giddy countenance argues levity. A dejected drooping appearance is apt to raiſe contempt, unleſs where the ſubject is melancholy. And a cheerful aſpect is a proper prelude to a pleaſant and agreeable argument.

To ſpeak low at firſt has the appearance of modeſty, and is beſt for the voice; which, by riſing gradually, will with more eaſe be carried to any pitch that may be afterwards neceſſary, without ſtraining it. However, ſome variation of the voice is always proper to give it harmony. Nay, and ſometimes it is not improper for an orator to ſet out with a conſiderable degree of warmth. We have ſome few inſtances of this in Cicero; as in his oration for Roſcius Amerinus, where the heinouſneſs of the charge could not but excite his indignation againſt the accuſers. And ſo likewiſe in that againſt Piſo, and the two firſt againſt Catiline, which begin in the ſame manner, from the reſentment he had conceived againſt their perſons and conduct.

In the narration, the voice ought to be raiſed to ſomewhat a higher pitch. Matters of fact ſhould be related in a very plain and diſtinct manner, with a proper ſtreſs and emphaſis laid upon each circumſtance, accompanied with a ſuitable addreſs and motions of the body to engage the attention of the hearers. For there is a certain

grace in telling a ſtory, by which thoſe who are maſters of it ſeldom fail to recommend themſelves in converſation.

The propoſition, or ſubject of the diſcourſe ſhould be delivered with a very clear and audible voice. For if this be not plainly heard, all that follows in proof of it cannot well be underſtood. And for the ſame reaſon, if it be divided into ſeveral parts or branches, they ſhould each be expreſſed very deliberately and diſtinctly. But as the deſign here is only information, there can be little room for geſture.

The confirmation admits of great variety both of the voice and geſture. In reaſoning, the voice is quick and pungent, and ſhould be enforced with ſuitable actions. And as deſcriptions likewiſe have often a place here, in painting out the images of things, the orator ſhould ſo endeavor to adapt both his voice, and the motions of his body, particularly the turn of his eyes, and action of his hands, as may beſt help the imagination of his hearers. Where he introduces another perſon ſpeaking, or addreſſes an abſent perſon, it ſhould be with ſome degree of imitation. And in dialogue, the voice ſhould alter with the parts. When he diverts from his ſubject by any digreſſion, his voice ſhould be lively and cheerful; ſince that is rather deſigned for entertainment than inſtruction.

In confutation, the arguments of the adverſe party ought firſt to be repeated in a plain and diſtinct manner, that the ſpeaker may not ſeem to conceal, or avoid the force of them. Unleſs they appear trifling and unworthy of a ſerious anſwer; and then a facetious manner, both of expreſſion and geſture, may be the moſt proper way to confute them. For, to attempt to anſwer, in a grave and ſerious manner, what is in itſelf empty and ludicrous, is apt to create a ſuſpicion of its having more in it than it really has.

But caution ſhould be uſed not to repreſent any argument of weight in a ludicrous way, leſt by ſo doing the ſpeaker ſhould more expoſe himſelf than his adverſary.

ſary. In the concluſion, both the voice and geſture ſhould be briſk and ſprightly; which may ſeem to ariſe from a ſenſe of the ſpeaker's opinion of the goodneſs of his cauſe, and that he has offered nothing but what is agreeable to reaſon and truth; as likewiſe from his aſſurance that the audience agree with him in the ſame ſentiment. If an enumeration of the principal arguments of the diſcourſe be convenient, as it ſometimes is, where they are pretty numerous, or the diſcourſe is long, they ought to be expreſſed in the moſt clear and forcible manner. And if there be an addreſs to the paſſions, both the voice and geſture muſt be ſuited to the nature of them.

We proceed now to the conſideration of particular expreſſions. And what we ſhall offer here, will be in relation to ſingle words, ſentences, and the paſſions. Even in thoſe ſentences which are expreſſed in the moſt even and ſedate manner, there is often one or more words which require an emphaſis and diſtinction of the voice. Pronouns are often of this kind; as, *this* is the man. And ſuch are many words that denote the circumſtances and qualities of things. Such as heighten or magnify the idea of the thing to which they are joined, elevate the voice; as *noble*, *admirable*, *majeſtic*, *greatly*, and the like. On the contrary, thoſe which leſſen the idea, or debaſe it, depreſs the voice, or at leaſt protract the tone: of which ſort are the words *little*, *mean*, *poorly*, *contemptible*, with many others.

Some tropes, likewiſe, as metaphors and verbal figures, which conſiſt in the repetition of a ſingle word, ſhould have a particular emphaſis. As when Virgil ſays of the river Araxes, "It *diſdained* a bridge." And Niſus of himſelf, in the ſame poet, "I, *I* am the man;" where the repeated word is loudeſt. This diſtinction of words, and giving them their proper emphaſis, does not only render the expreſſion more clear and intelligible, but very much contributes to the variation of the voice and the preventing of a monotony.

In

In ſentences, regard ſhould be had to their length, and the number of their parts, in order to diſtinguiſh them by proper pauſes. The frame and ſtructure of the period ought likewiſe to be conſidered, that the voice may be ſo managed as to give it the moſt muſical accent. Unleſs there be ſome ſpecial reaſon for the contrary, it ſhould end louder than it begins. And this difference of tone between the end of the former ſentence and the beginning of the next, not only helps to diſtinguiſh the ſenſe, but adds to the harmony of the voice.

In an antitheſis, or a ſentence conſiſting of oppoſite parts, one contrary muſt be louder than the other. As, "He is gone, but by a *gainful* remove, from *painful labor* to *quiet reſt*; from *unquiet deſire* to *happy contentment*; from *ſorrow* to *joy*; and from *tranſitory time* to *immortality*." In a climax or gradation, the voice ſhould generally riſe with it. Thus, "There is no enjoyment of property without government; no government without a magiſtrate; no magiſtrate without obedience; no obedience where every one acts as he pleaſes." And ſo in other gradations of a different form; as, "Since concord was loſt, friendſhip was loſt, fidelity was loſt, liberty was loſt, all was loſt."

That the paſſions have each of them both a different voice and action, is evident from hence, that we know in what manner a perſon is affected, by the tone of his voice, though we do not underſtand the ſenſe of what he ſays, or many times ſo much as ſee him; and we can often make the ſame judgment from his countenance and geſtures. Love and eſteem are expreſſed in a ſmooth and cheerful tone; but anger and reſentment, with a rough, harſh, and interrupted voice; for when the ſpirits are ruffled, the organs are moved unequally. Joy raiſes and dilates the voice, as ſorrow ſinks and contracts it. Cicero takes notice of a paſſage in an oration of Gracchus, wherein he bewails the death of his brother, who was killed by Scipio, which in his time was thought very moving: "Unhappy

py man (ſays he,) whither ſhall I betake myſelf? Where ſhall I go? Into the capitol? that flows with my brother's blood. Shall I go home, and behold my unhappy mother all in tears and deſpair?"

Though Gracchus had a very ill deſign in that ſpeech, and his view was to excite the populace againſt their governors, yet (as Cicero tells us) when he came to this paſſage, he expreſſed himſelf in ſuch moving accents and geſtures, that he extorted tears even from his enemies. Fear occaſions a tremor and heſitation of the voice, and aſſurance gives it ſtrength and firmneſs. Admiration elevates the voice, and ſhould be expreſſed with pomp and magnificence. "O ſurpriſing clemency, worthy of the higheſt praiſe and greateſt encomiums, and fit to be perpetuated in laſting monuments!" This is Cicero's compliment to Ceſar, when he thought it for his purpoſe. And oftentimes this paſſion is accompanied with an elevation both of the eyes and hands. On the contrary, contempt ſinks and protracts the voice.

All exclamations ſhould be violent. When we addreſs inanimate things, the voice ſhould be higher than when animated beings; and appeals to heaven muſt be made in a loftier tone than thoſe to men. Theſe few hints for expreſſing the principal paſſions may, if duly attended to, ſuffice to direct our practice in others. Though, after all, it is impoſſible to gain a juſt and decent pronunciation of voice and geſture merely from rules, without practice and an imitation of the beſt examples: which ſhows the wiſdom of the ancients, in training up their youth to it, by the aſſiſtance of maſters, to form both their ſpeech and actions. But here, as has been before obſerved, great caution ſhould be uſed in directing our choice of an example. An affected imitation of others, in pronunciation or geſture, eſpecially of ſtage-players, whoſe pretenſions to literature are ſeldom conſiderable, and who are generally too fond of *ſingularity*, ought to be carefully avoided. For nothing can appear more diſguſting to perſons of diſcernment than affectation.

PRACTICAL PIECES FOR SPEAKING;

CONSISTING OF

ORATIONS, ADDRESSES, EXHORTATIONS FROM THE PULPIT, PLEADINGS AT THE BAR, SUBLIME DESCRIPTIONS, DEBATES, DECLAMATIONS, GRAVE AND HUMOROUS DIALOGUES, POETRY, &c. VARIOUSLY INTERSPERSED.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION ON ELOQUENCE, PRONOUNCED AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, ON COMMENCEMENT DAY, 1794.

THE excellence, utility, and importance of ELOQUENCE; its origin, progreſs, and preſent ſtate; and its ſuperior claim to the particular attention of Columbia's free-born ſons, will exerciſe for a few moments the patience of this learned, polite, and reſpected aſſembly.

Speech and reaſon are the characteriſtics, the glory, and the happineſs of man. Theſe are the pillars which ſupport the fair fabric of eloquence; the foundation, upon which is erected the moſt magnificent edifice, that genius could deſign, or art conſtruct. To cultivate eloquence, then, is to improve the nobleſt faculties of our nature, the richeſt talents with which we are intruſted. A more convincing proof of the dignity and importance of our ſubject need not, cannot be advanced.

The benevolent deſign and the beneficial effects of eloquence, evince its great ſuperiority over every other art, which ever exerciſed the ingenuity of man. To inſtruct, to perſuade, to pleaſe; theſe are its objects. To

To ſcatter the clouds of ignorance and error from the atmoſphere of reaſon; to remove the film of prejudice from the mental eye; and thus to irradiate the benighted mind with the cheering beams of truth, is at once the buſineſs and the glory of eloquence.

To promote the innocent and refined pleaſures of the fancy and intellect; to ſtrip the monſter vice of all his borrowed charms, and expoſe to view his native deformity; to diſplay the reſiſtleſs attractions of virtue; and, in one word, to rouſe to action all the latent energies of man, in the proper and ardent purſuit of the great end of his exiſtence, is the orator's pleaſing, benevolent, ſublime employment.

Nor let it be objected, that eloquence ſometimes impedes the courſe of juſtice, and ſcreens the guilty from the puniſhment due to their crimes. Is there any thing which is not obnoxious to abuſe? Even the benign religion of the Prince of Peace has been made the unwilling inſtrument of the greateſt calamities ever experienced by man. The greater the benefits which naturally reſult from any thing, the more pernicious are its effects, when diverted from its proper courſe. This objection to eloquence is therefore its higheſt eulogium.

The orator does not ſucceed, as ſome would inſinuate, by dazzling the eye of reaſon with the illuſive glare of his rhetorical art, nor, by ſilencing her ſtill ſmall voice in the thunder of his declamation; for to her impartial tribunal he refers the truth and propriety of whatever he aſſerts or propoſes. After fairly convincing the underſtanding, he may, without the imputation of diſingenuouſneſs, proceed to addreſs the fancy and the paſſions. In this way he will more effectually transfuſe into his hearers his own ſentiments, and make every ſpring in the human machine co-operate in the production of the deſired effect.

The aſtoniſhing powers of eloquence are well known, at leaſt to thoſe who are converſant in ancient hiſtory. Like a reſiſtleſs torrent, it bears down every obſtacle, and turns even the current of oppoſing ignorance and prejudice

prejudice into the desired channel of active and zealous compliance. It is indisputably the most potent art within the compass of human acquirement. An Alexander and a Cesar could conquer a world; but to overcome the passions, to subdue the wills, and to command at pleasure the inclinations of men, can be effected only by the all-powerful charm of enrapturing eloquence.

Though it be more than probable, that oratory was known and cultivated in some degree in those eastern nations, where science first began to dawn upon the world; yet it was not till Greece became civilized and formed into distinct governments, that it made its appearance in its native, peerless majesty. Here we may fix the era of eloquence; here was its morn; here its meridian too; for here it shone with splendor never since surpassed.

It is a common and a just remark, that eloquence can flourish only in the soil of liberty. Athens was a republic, where the affairs of state were transacted in the assembly of the whole people. This afforded to eloquence a field too fertile to remain long uncultivated by the ingenious Athenians. Orators soon made their appearance, who did honor to language, to Greece, to humanity.

But though the names of many have been transmitted to us, whose genius and eloquence demand our veneration and applause; yet, like stars when the sun appears, they are lost in the superior blaze of the incomparable Demosthenes. His story is well known; and his example affords the greatest encouragement to students in eloquence; as it proves, that, by art, almost in defiance of nature, a man may attain such excellence in oratory, as shall stamp his name with the seal of immortality. Demosthenes and the liberty of Greece together expired; and from this period we hear very little more of Grecian eloquence.

Let us now direct our attention to that other garden of eloquence, the Roman commonwealth. Here, as in Greece, a free government opened the list to such as wished to dispute the palm in oratory. Numbers advance,

advance, and contend manfully for the prize. But their glory is ſoon to fade; for Cicero appears; Cicero, another name for eloquence itſelf. It is needleſs to enlarge on his character as an orator. Suffice it to ſay, that if we ranſack the hiſtories of the world to find a rival for Demoſthenes, Cicero alone can be found capable of ſupporting a claim to that diſtinguiſhed honor.

And when did Greece or Rome preſent a fairer field for eloquence, than that which now invites the culture of the enlightened citizens of Columbia? We live in a republic, the orator's natal ſoil; we enjoy as much liberty, as is conſiſtent with the nature of man; we poſſeſs as a nation all the advantages which climate, ſoil, and ſituation can beſtow; and nothing but *real merit* is here required as a qualification for the moſt dignified offices of ſtate. Never had eloquence more ample ſcope.

And ſhall we reſt ſatisfied with only admiring, or at moſt with following at an awful diſtance the moſt illuſtrious orators of Greece and Rome? Shall every other uſeful and ornamental art ſpeed ſwiftly towards perfection, while oratory, that moſt ſublime of all arts; that art, which could render one man more dreadful to a tyrant, than hoſtile fleets and armies, is almoſt forgotten? It muſt not, cannot be. That refinement of taſte, that laudable ambition to excel in every thing which does honor to humanity, which diſtinguiſhes the Americans, and their free and popular government, are ſo many ſprings, which, though not inſtantaneous in their operation, cannot fail in time to raiſe Columbian eloquence "above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

With pleaſure we deſcry the dawning of that bright day of eloquence, which we have anticipated. The grand council of our nation has already evinced, that in this reſpect, as in all others, our republic acknowledges no exiſting ſuperior. And we truſt, that, as our ſacred teachers make it their conſtant endeavor

to

to imitate the great learning, the exemplary virtue, the exalted piety, and the extenſive uſefulneſs of the great apoſtle of the Gentiles, they will not fail to reſemble him in that commanding, that heavenly eloquence, which made an avaricious, an unbelieving Felix tremble.

May Columbia always afford more than one Demoſthenes, to ſupport the ſacred cauſe of freedom, and to thunder terror in the ears of every tranſatlantic Philip. May more than Ciceronian eloquence be ever ready to plead for injured innocence, and ſuffering virtue. Warned by the fate of her predeceſſors, may ſhe eſcape thoſe quickſands of vice, which have ever proved the bane of empire. May her glory and her felicity increaſe with each revolving year, till the laſt trump ſhall announce the cataſtrophe of nature, and time ſhall immerge in the ocean of eternity.

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S FIRST SPEECH IN CONGRESS, 1789.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE SENATE,
AND OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

AMONG the viciſſitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was tranſmitted by your order, and received on the 14th day of the preſent month. On the one hand, I was ſummoned by my country, whoſe voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had choſen with the fondeſt predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable deciſion, as the aſylum of my declining years. A retreat which was rendered every day more neceſſary as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waſte committed on it by time.

On

On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the truſt, to which the voice of my country called me, being ſufficient to awaken in the wiſeſt and moſt experienced of her citizens, a diſtruſtful ſcrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with deſpondence one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractiſed in the duties of civil adminiſtration, ought to be peculiarly conſcious of his own deficiencies.

In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful ſtudy to collect my duty from a juſt appreciation of every circumſtance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if, in executing this taſk, I have been too much ſwayed by a grateful remembrance of former inſtances, or by an affectionate ſenſibility to this tranſcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little conſulted my incapacity as well as diſinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which miſled me; and its conſequences be judged by my country, with ſome ſhare of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impreſſions under which I have, in obedience to the public ſummons, repaired to the preſent ſtation, it would be peculiarly improper to omit in this firſt official act, my fervent ſupplications to that Almighty Being, who rules over the univerſe, who preſides in the councils of nations, and whoſe providential aids can ſupply every human defect, that his benediction may conſecrate to the liberties and happineſs of the people of the United States, a government inſtituted by themſelves for theſe eſſential purpoſes; and may enable every inſtrument employed in its adminiſtration, to execute with ſucceſs, the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I aſſure myſelf that it expreſſes your ſentiments not leſs than my own; nor thoſe of my fellow-citizens at large, leſs than either.

No

No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the inviſible hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every ſtep, by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, ſeems to have been diſtinguiſhed by ſome token of providential agency. And in the important revolution juſt accompliſhed in the ſyſtem of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary conſent of ſo many diſtinct communities, from which the event has reſulted, cannot be compared with the means by which moſt governments have been eſtabliſhed, without ſome return of pious gratitude, with a humble anticipation of the future bleſſings which the paſt ſeem to preſage. Theſe reflections, ariſing out of the preſent criſis, have forced themſelves too ſtrongly on my mind to be ſuppreſſed. You will join with me, I truſt, in thinking that there are none, under the influence of which, the proceedings of a new and free government can more auſpiciouſly commence.

SPEECH OF PAULUS EMILIUS TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE, AS HE WAS ABOUT TAKING THE COMMAND OF THEIR ARMY.

YOU ſeem to me, Romans, to have expreſſed more joy when Macedonia fell to my lot, than when I was elected conſul, or entered upon that office. And to me your joy ſeemed to be occaſioned by the hopes you conceived, that I ſhould put an end, worthy of the grandeur and reputation of the Roman people, to a war, which, in your opinion, has already been of too long continuance. I have reaſon to believe, that the ſame gods, who have occaſioned Macedonia to fall to my lot, will alſo aſſiſt me with their protection in conducting and terminating this war ſucceſsfully. But of this, I may venture to aſſure you, that I ſhall

I ſhall do my utmoſt not to fall ſhort of your expectations.

The ſenate has wiſely regulated every thing neceſſary in the expedition I am charged with; and, as I am ordered to ſet out immediately, I ſhall make no delay; and I know that my colleague Caius Licinius, out of his great zeal for the public ſervice, will raiſe and march off the troops appointed for me, with as much ardor and expedition, as if they were for himſelf. I ſhall take care to tranſmit to you, as well as to the ſenate, an exact account of all that paſſes; and you may rely upon the certainty and truth of my letters. But I beg of you, as a great favor, that you will not give credit to, or lay any weight, out of credulity, upon the light reports, which are frequently ſpread abroad without any author.

I perceive well, that in this war, more than in any other, whatever reſolution people may form to obviate theſe rumours, they will not fail to make impreſſion, and inſpire I know not what diſcouragement. There are thoſe, who in company, and even at table, command armies, make diſpoſitions, and preſcribe all the operations of the campaign. They know better than we, where we ſhould encamp, and what poſts it is neceſſary for us to ſeize; at what time, and by what defile we ought to enter Macedonia; where it is proper to have magazines; from whence, either by ſea or land, we are to bring proviſions; when we are to fight the enemy, and when lie ſtill.

They not only preſcribe what is beſt to do; but for deviating ever ſo little from their plans, they make it a crime in their conſul, and cite him before their tribunal. But know, Romans, this is of very bad effect with your generals. All have not the reſolution and conſtancy of Fabius, to deſpiſe impertinent reports. He could chooſe rather to ſuffer the people, upon ſuch unhappy rumours, to invade his authority, than to ruin affairs in order to preſerve their opinion, and an empty name.

I am far from believing, that generals ſtand in no need of advice: I think, on the contrary, that whoever would conduct every thing alone, upon his own opinion, and without counſel, ſhows more preſumption than prudence. But ſome may aſk, How then ſhall we act reaſonably? I anſwer, by not ſuffering any perſons to obtrude their advice upon your generals, but ſuch as are, in the firſt place, verſed in the art of war, and have learned from experience what it is to command; and in the ſecond place, who are upon the ſpot; who know the enemy; are witneſſes in perſon to all that paſſes; and ſharers with us in all dangers.

If there be any one, who conceives himſelf capable of aſſiſting me with his counſels in the war you have charged me with, let him not refuſe to do the republic that ſervice; but let him go with me into Macedonia. Ships, horſes, tents, proviſions, ſhall all be provided for him at my charge. But if he will not take ſo much trouble, and prefers the tranquillity of the city to the dangers and fatigues of the field, let him not take upon him to hold the helm, and continue idle in the port. The city of itſelf ſupplies ſufficient matter of diſcourſe on other ſubjects; but as for theſe, let it be ſilent upon them; and know, that we ſhall pay no regard to any counſels, but ſuch as ſhall be given us in the camp itſelf.

EXHORTATION ON TEMPERANCE IN PLEASURE.

LET me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleaſure. Let me admoniſh them, to beware of that rock on which thouſands, from race to race, continue to ſplit. The love of pleaſure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with exceſſive ardor. Novelty adds freſh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to

ſpread

ſpread a continual feaſt; and health, vigor, and high ſpirits, invite them to partake of it without reſtraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accuſed of inſufferable ſeverity, in prohibiting enjoyment: and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgotten that they once were young.

And yet, my friends, to what do the reſtraints of religion, and the counſels of age, with reſpect to pleaſure, amount? They may all be compriſed in few words, not to hurt yourſelves, and not to hurt others, by your purſuit of pleaſure. Within theſe bounds, pleaſure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal, becauſe it is ruinous. Are theſe reſtraints any other, than what a wiſe man would chooſe to impoſe on himſelf? We call you not to renounce pleaſure, but to enjoy it in ſafety. Inſtead of abridging it, we exhort you to purſue it on an extenſive plan. We propoſe meaſures for ſecuring its poſſeſſion, and for prolonging its duration.

Conſult your whole nature. Conſider yourſelves not only as ſenſitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but ſocial; not only as ſocial, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature, in any of theſe reſpects, cannot afford true pleaſure; any more than that which undermines an eſſential part of the vital ſyſtem can promote health. For the truth of this concluſion, we appeal, not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the teſtimony of the aged, but to yourſelves and your own experience. We aſk, whether you have not found, that in a courſe of criminal exceſs, your pleaſure was more than compenſated by ſucceeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular inſtance, yet from every habit, at leaſt, of unlawful gratification, there did not ſpring ſome thorn to wound you; there did not ariſe ſome conſequence to make you repent of it in the iſſue?

"How long then, ye ſimple ones! will ye love ſimplicity?" How long repeat the ſame round of pernicious

cious folly, and tamely expoſe yourſelves to be caught in the ſame ſnare? If you have any conſideration, or any firmneſs left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourſelves unequal, with as much care as you would ſhun peſtilential infection. Break off all connexions with the looſe and profligate. "When ſinners entice thee, conſent thou not. Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup; for at the laſt, it biteth like a ſerpent, and ſtingeth like an adder. Remove thy way from the ſtrange woman, and come not near the door of her houſe. Let not thine heart decline to her ways; for her houſe is the way to hell. Thou goeſt after her as a bird haſteneth to the ſnare, and knoweth not that it is for his life."

By theſe unhappy exceſſes of irregular pleaſure in youth, how many amiable diſpoſitions are corrupted or deſtroyed! How many riſing capacities and powers are ſuppreſſed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguiſhed! Who but muſt drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which aroſe ſo bright, overcaſt with ſuch untimely darkneſs; that good humor which once captivated all hearts; that vivacity which ſparkled in every company; thoſe abilities which were fitted for adorning the higheſt ſtation, all ſacrificed at the ſhrine of low ſenſuality; and one, who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midſt of public eſteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his courſe, or ſunk, for the whole of it, into inſignificancy and contempt! Theſe, O ſinful pleaſure! are thy trophies. It is thus, that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradeſt human nature, and blaſteſt the opening proſpects of human felicity.

JUDAH'S

JUDAH'S PLEA FOR HIS BROTHER BENJAMIN, BEFORE JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

WHEN we appeared before you, Sir, the firſt time, we anſwered without reſerve, and according to the ſtricteſt truth, all the queſtions which you were pleaſed to put to us concerning our family. We acquainted you, that we had a father, heavily laden with years, but ſtill more heavily with misfortunes; a father, whoſe whole life had been one continued ſtruggle with adverſity. We added that we had a brother peculiarly dear to him, as the children born towards the end of their life generally are to old men, and who is the only one remaining of his mother; his brother having come in early youth to a moſt tragical end.

You commanded us, as the proof of our veracity and innocence, to bring that brother unto you; and your command was delivered with ſuch threatenings, that the terror of them accompanied us all the way back to our country, and embittered the remainder of our journey. We reported every thing minutely to our father, as you directed us. Reſolutely and long, he refuſed to intruſt us with the care of that child. Love ſuggeſted a thouſand cauſes of apprehenſion upon his account. He loaded us with the bittereſt reproaches for having declared that we had another brother.

Subdued by the famine, he at length reluctantly conſented; and putting his beloved ſon, this unhappy youth, into our hands, conjured us by every dear, every awful name, to guard with tenderneſs his precious life; and as we would not ſee him expire before our eyes in anguiſh and deſpair, to bring him back in ſafety. He parted with him as with a limb torn from his own body; and in an agony of grief inexpreſſible, deplored the dreadful neceſſity which ſeparated him from a ſon, on whom all the happineſs of his life depended.

How then can we appear before a father of ſuch delicate ſenſibility? With what eyes ſhall we dare to look upon him, unleſs we carry back with us this ſon of his right hand, this ſtaff of his old age, whom, alas! you have condemned to ſlavery? The good old man will expire in horrors dreadful to nature, as ſoon as he ſhall find that his ſon is not with us. Our enemies will inſult over us under theſe misfortunes, and treat us as the moſt infamous of parricides.

I muſt appear to the world, and to myſelf, as the perpetrator of that moſt horrid of crimes, the murder of a father; for it was I who moſt urgently preſſed my father to yield. I engaged by the moſt ſolemn promiſes, and the moſt ſacred pledges, to bring the child back. Me he intruſted with the ſacred depoſit, and of my hand he will require it. Have pity, I beſeech you, on the deplorable condition of an old man, ſtripped of his laſt comfort; and whoſe miſery will be aggravated by reflecting that he foreſaw its approach, and yet wanted reſolution to prevent it.

If your juſt indignation muſt needs have a ſacrifice, here I am ready, at the price of my liberty or of my life, to expiate this young man's guilt, and to purchaſe his releaſe! Grant this requeſt, not ſo much for the ſake of the youth himſelf, as of his abſent father, who never offended you, but who venerates your perſon and eſteems your virtues.

Suffer us not to plead in vain for a ſhelter under your right hand, to which we flee, as to an holy altar, conſecrated as a refuge to the miſerable. Pity an old man, who, during the whole courſe of a long life, has cultivated arts becoming a man of wiſdom and probity, and who, on account of his amiable qualities, is almoſt adored by the inhabitants of Syria and Canaan, though he profeſſes a religion, and follows a mode of living totally different from theirs.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM THE PLEA OF THOMAS MUIR, ESQ. AT HIS CELEBRATED TRIAL IN SCOTLAND.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

THIS is now perhaps the laſt time that I ſhall addreſs my country. I have explored the tenor of my paſt life. Nothing ſhall tear from me the record of my departed days. The enemies of reform have ſcrutinized, in a manner hitherto unexampled in Scotland, every action I may have performed, every word I may have uttered. Of crimes, moſt foul and horrible, have I been accuſed: of attempting to rear the ſtandard of civil war; to plunge this land in blood, and to cover it with deſolation. At every ſtep, as the evidence of the crown advanced, my innocency has brightened. So far from inflaming the minds of men to ſedition and outrage, all the witneſſes have concurred, that my only anxiety was, to impreſs upon them the neceſſity of peace, of good order, and of good morals.

What then has been my crime? Not the lending to a relation a copy of Mr. Paine's Works; not the giving away to another a few numbers of an innocent and conſtitutional publication; but for having dared to be, according to the meaſure of my feeble abilities, a ſtrenuous and active advocate for an equal repreſentation of the PEOPLE, in the HOUSE OF THE PEOPLE; for having dared to attempt to accompliſh a meaſure, by legal means, which was to diminiſh the weight of their taxes, and to put an end to the profuſion of their blood.

From my infancy to this moment, I have devoted myſelf to the cauſe of the PEOPLE. It is a good cauſe. It will ultimately prevail. It will finally triumph. Say then openly, in your verdict, if you do condemn me, which I preſume you will not, that it is for my attachment to this cauſe alone, and not for thoſe vain and wretched pretexts ſtated in the indictment, intended only to color and diſguiſe the real motives of my accuſation.

tion. The time will come, when men muſt ſtand or fall by their actions; when all human pageantry ſhall ceaſe; when the hearts of all ſhall be laid open to view.

If you regard your moſt important intereſts; if you wiſh that your conſciences ſhould whiſper to you words of conſolation, rather than ſpeak to you in the terrible language of remorſe, weigh well the verdict you are to pronounce.

As for me, I am careleſs and indifferent to my fate. I can look danger, and I can look death in the face; for I am ſhielded by the conſciouſneſs of my own rectitude. I may be condemned to languiſh in the receſſes of a dungeon. I may be doomed to aſcend the ſcaffold. Nothing can deprive me of the recollection of the paſt; nothing can deſtroy my inward peace of mind, ariſing from the remembrance of having diſcharged my duty.

On the starry Heavens.

TO us who dwell on its ſurface, the earth is by far the moſt extenſive orb that our eyes can any where behold. It is alſo clothed with verdure; diſtinguiſhed by trees; and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations. Whereas, to a ſpectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aſpect; looks all luminous, and no larger than a ſpot. To beings who dwell at ſtill greater diſtances, it entirely diſappears.

That which we call, alternately, the morning and evening ſtar; as in one part of her orbit, ſhe rides foremoſt in the proceſſion of night; in the other, uſhers in, and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world; which, with the five others, that ſo wonderfully vary their myſtic dance, are in themſelves dark bodies, and ſhine only by reflection; have fields, and ſeas, and ſkies of their own; are furniſhed with all accommodations for

for animal ſubſiſtence, and are ſuppoſed to be abodes of intellectual life. All which, together with this our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand diſpenſer of divine munificence, the ſun; receive their light from the diſtribution of his rays; derive their comfort from his divine agency.

The ſun is the great axle of heaven, about which, the globe we inhabit, and other more ſpacious orbs, wheel their ſtated courſes. The ſun, though ſeemingly ſmaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth; on which ſo many lofty mountains riſe, and ſuch vaſt oceans roll. A line, extending through the centre of that reſplendent orb, would meaſure more than eight hundred thouſand miles. A girdle, formed to ſurround it, would require a length of millions. Were its ſolid contents to be eſtimated, the account would overpower our underſtanding, and be almoſt beyond the power of language to expreſs.

Are we ſtartled at theſe reports of aſtronomy? Are we ready to cry out in a tranſport of ſurpriſe, How mighty is the Being, who kindled ſuch a prodigious fire, and who keeps alive, from age to age, ſuch an enormous maſs of flame! Let us attend our philoſophic guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with ſpeculations more enlarged, and more amazing.

This ſun, with all attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the univerſe. Every ſtar, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters on a lady's ring, is really a mighty globe; like the ſun in ſize, and in glory; no leſs ſpacious; no leſs luminous than the radiant ſource of our day. So that every ſtar is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent ſyſtem; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence. All which are loſt to our ſight in unmeaſurable wilds of ether.

That the ſtars appear like ſo many diminutive, and ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable points, is owing to their immenſe,

menſe, and inconceivable diſtance. Such a diſtance, that a cannon ball, could it continue its impetuous flight, with unabating rapidity, would not reach the neareſt of thoſe twinkling luminaries for more than five hundred thouſand years!

Can any thing be more wonderful than theſe obſervations? Yes; there are truths far more ſtupendous; there are ſcenes far more extenſive. As there is no end of the Almighty Maker's greatneſs, ſo no imagination can ſet limits to his creating hand. Could you ſoar beyond the moon, and paſs through all the planetary choir; could you wing your way to the higheſt apparent ſtar, and take your ſtand on one of thoſe lofty pinnacles of heaven, you would there ſee other ſkies expanded; another ſun, diſtributing his inexhauſtible beams by day; other ſtars which gild the horrors of the alternate night; and other, perhaps, nobler ſyſtems, eſtabliſhed in unknown profuſion, through the boundleſs dimenſions of ſpace. Nor do the dominions of the univerſal Sovereign terminate there. Even at the end of this vaſt tour, you would find yourſelf advanced no further than the ſuburbs of creation; arrived only at the frontiers of the great JEHOVAH's kingdom.

PAPER, A POEM.

SOME wit of old; ſuch wits of old there were,
Whoſe hints ſhow'd meaning, whoſe alluſions, care,
By one brave ſtroke, to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear *blank paper* every infant mind;
When ſtill, as op'ning ſenſe her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a ſeal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true,
Methinks a genius might the plan purſue.
I, (can you pardon my preſumption?) I,
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various

Various the papers, various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various: and, if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop; half powder and half lace;
Nice, as a band-box were, his dwelling-place;
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy paper* of inferior worth;
Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch, whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper*, such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems this side always right, and that stark naught;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves,
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure:
What's he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe

Obſerve the maiden, innocently ſweet,
She's fair *white paper*, an unſullied ſheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One inſtance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the great man who ſcorns a little thing;
Whoſe thoughts, whoſe deeds, whoſe maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
True genuine *royal paper* is his breaſt;
Of all the kinds moſt precious, pureſt, beſt.

EXTRACT FROM CATO'S SPEECH BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE, AFTER THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE.

I HAVE often ſpoken before you, Fathers, with ſome extent, to complain of luxury and the greedineſs for money, the twin vices of our corrupt citizens; and have thereby drawn upon myſelf abundance of enemies. As I never ſpared any fault in myſelf, I was not eaſily inclined to favor the criminal exceſſes of others.

But though you paid little regard to my remonſtrances, the Commonwealth has ſtill ſubſiſted by its own ſtrength; has borne itſelf up, notwithſtanding your neglect. It is not now the ſame. Our manners, good or bad, are not the queſtion, nor to preſerve the greatneſs and luſtre of the Roman empire; but to reſolve whether all we poſſeſs and govern, well or ill, ſhall continue ours, or be transferred with ourſelves to enemies.

At ſuch a time, in ſuch a ſtate, ſome talk to us of lenity and compaſſion. It is long that we have loſt the right names of things. The Commonwealth is in this deplorable ſituation, only becauſe we call beſtowing

ing other people's eſtates, liberality, and audaciouſneſs in perpetrating crimes, courage.

Let ſuch men, ſince they will have it ſo, and it is become the eſtabliſhed mode, value themſelves upon their liberality at the expenſe of the Allies of the empire, and of their lenity to the robbers of the public treaſury: but let them not make a largeſs of our blood; and, to ſpare a ſmall number of vile wretches, expoſe all good men to deſtruction.

Do not imagine, Fathers, that it was by arms our anceſtors rendered this Commonwealth ſo great, from ſo ſmall a beginning. If it had been ſo, we ſhould now ſee it much more flouriſhing, as we have more allies and citizens, more horſe and foot, than they had. But they had other things, that made them great, of which no traces remain amongſt us: at home, labor and induſtry; abroad, juſt and equitable government; a conſtancy of ſoul, and an innocence of manners, that kept them perfectly free in their councils; unreſtrained either by the remembrance of paſt crimes, or by craving appetites to ſatisfy.

For theſe virtues, we have luxury and avarice; or madneſs to ſquander, joined with no leſs, to gain; the State is poor, and private men are rich. We admire nothing but riches; we give ourſelves up to ſloth and effeminacy; we make no diſtinction between the good and the bad; whilſt ambition engroſſes all the rewards of virtue. Do you wonder, then, that dangerous conſpiracies ſhould be formed? Whilſt you regard nothing but your private intereſt; whilſt voluptuouſneſs ſolely employs you at home, and avidity or favour governs you here, the Commonwealth, without defence, is expoſed to the devices of any one who thinks fit to attack it.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE GHOSTS OF AN ENGLISH DUELLIST, A NORTH-AMERICAN SAVAGE, AND MERCURY.

Duelliſt. MERCURY, Charon's boat is on the other ſide of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have ſome converſation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before ſaw one of that ſpecies. He looks very grim. Pray, Sir, what is your name? I underſtand you ſpeak Engliſh.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred for ſome years among the Engliſh of New-York. But, before I was a man, I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villanouſly cheated by one of yours in the ſale of ſome rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the reſt of my tribe in the late war againſt France, and was killed while I was out upon a ſcalping party. But I died very well ſatisfied: for my brethren were victorious; and, before I was ſhot, I had glorioufly ſcalped ſeven men, and five women and children. In a former war, I had performed ſtill greater exploits. My name is the Bloody Bear; it was given me to expreſs my fierceneſs and valour.

Duel. Bloody Bear, I reſpect you, and am much your humble ſervant. My name is Tom Puſhwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profeſſion a gameſter and man of honor. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honorable ſingle combat; but don't underſtand cutting the throats of women and children.

Sav. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its cuſtoms. But by the grimneſs of your countenance, and that hole in your breaſt, I preſume you were

were killed as I was, in ſome ſcalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your ſcalp?

Duel. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a ſum of money; and after two or three years, being in great want himſelf, he aſked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was ſomewhat peremptory, an affront to my honor, and ſent him a challenge. We met in Hyde Park. The fellow could not fence: but I was abſolutely the adroiteſt ſwordſman in England. So I gave him three or four wounds; but at laſt he ran upon me with ſuch impetuoſity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honor ſhould; without any ſnivelling ſigns of contrition or repentance: and he will follow me ſoon; for his ſurgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is ſaid that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of ſeven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife. I always hated marriage: my miſtreſs will take good care of herſelf, and my children are provided for at the foundling hoſpital.

Sav. Mercury, I won't go in the boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman: he has murdered his friend: I ſay poſitively, I won't go in the boat with that fellow. I will ſwim over the river: I can ſwim like a duck.

Mer. Swim over the Styx! it muſt not be done; it is againſt the laws of Pluto's empire. You muſt go in the boat and be quiet.

Sav. Don't tell me of laws: I am a ſavage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Engliſhman: there are laws in his country; and yet you ſee he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-ſubject, in time of peace, becauſe he aſked him to pay an honeſt debt. I know, indeed, that the Engliſh are a barbarous nation: but they can't poſſibly be ſo brutal as to make ſuch things lawful.

Mer.

Mer. You reaſon well againſt him. But how comes it that you are ſo offended with murder; you, who have frequently maſſacred women in their ſleep, and children in the cradle?

Sav. I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but ſee that the murderer does not ſit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it inſtantly in the fire I ſee yonder. Farewel. I am determined to ſwim over the water.

Mer. By this touch of my wand, I deprive thee of all thy ſtrength. Swim now if thou canſt.

Sav. This is a potent enchanter. Reſtore me my ſtrength, and I promiſe to obey thee.

Mer. I reſtore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you; otherwiſe worſe will befal you.

Duel. Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, doſt thou pretend to be aſhamed of my company? Doſt thou not know that I have kept the beſt company in England?

Sav. I know thou art a ſcoundrel. Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend who lent thee money for aſking thee for it! Get out of my ſight. I will drive thee into the Styx.

Mer. Stop. I command thee. No violence. Talk to him calmly.

Sav. I muſt obey thee. Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duel. Sir, I gamed, as I told you. Beſides, I kept a good table. I eat as well as any man either in England or France.

Sav. Eat! did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his ſhoulder? There is fine eating for you! I have eat twenty. My table was always well ſerved. My wife was eſteemed the beſt cook for the dreſſing of man's fleſh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine?

Duel.

Duel. I danced very finely.

Sav. I'll dance with thee for thy ears. I can dance all day long. I can dance the war dance with more ſpirit than any man of my nation. Let us ſee thee begin it. How thou ſtandeſt like a poſt! Has Mercury ſtruck thee with his enfeebling rod? Or art thou aſhamed to let us ſee how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou haſt never yet learned. But what elſe canſt thou do, thou bragging raſcal?

Duel. O miſery! muſt I bear all this! What can I do with this fellow? I have neither ſword nor piſtol; and his ſhade ſeems to be twice as ſtrong as mine.

Mer. You muſt anſwer his queſtions. It was your own deſire to have a converſation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you ſome truths which you muſt neceſſarily hear, when you come before Rhadamanthus. He aſked you what you could do beſide eating and dancing.

Duel. I ſung very agreeably.

Sav. Let me hear you ſing your death ſong, or the war whoop. I challenge you to ſing. Come, begin. The fellow is mute. Mercury, this is a liar. He has told us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duel. The lie given me! and alas! I dare not reſent it! What an indelible diſgrace to the family of the Puſhwells! This is indeed tormenting.

Mer. Here, Charon, take theſe two ſavages to your care. How far the barbariſm of the Mohawk will excuſe his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be ſaid for the Engliſhman? Can we plead the cuſtom of Duelling! A bad excuſe at the beſt! but here it cannot avail. The ſpirit that urged him to draw his ſword againſt his friend is not that of honor; it is the ſpirit of the furies; and to them he muſt go.

Sav. If he is to be puniſhed for his wickedneſs, turn him over to me. I perfectly underſtand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this box on

your ears, and will ſoon teach you better manners than you have yet learned.

Duel. Oh my honor, my honor, to what infamy art thou fallen!

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF, OF THE STOCKBRIDGE TRIBE, TO THE MASSACHUSETTS CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1775.

BROTHERS!

YOU remember, when you firſt came over the great waters, I was great and you were little; very ſmall. I then took you in for a friend, and kept you under my arms, ſo that no one might injure you. Since that time we have ever been true friends: there has never been any quarrel between us. But now our conditions are changed. You are become great and tall. You reach to the clouds. You are ſeen all round the world. I am become ſmall; very little. I am not ſo high as your knee. Now you take care of me; and I look to you for protection.

Brothers! I am ſorry to hear of this great quarrel between you and Old England. It appears that blood muſt ſoon be ſhed to end this quarrel. We never till this day underſtood the foundation of this quarrel between you and the country you came from. Brothers! Whenever I ſee your blood running, you will ſoon find me about you to revenge my brothers' blood. Although I am low and very ſmall, I will gripe hold of your enemy's heel, that he cannot run ſo faſt, and ſo light, as if he had nothing at his heels.

Brothers! You know I am not ſo wiſe as you are, therefore I aſk your advice in what I am now going to ſay. I have been thinking, before you come to action, to take a run to the weſtward, and feel the mind of my Indian brethren, the Six Nations, and know how they ſtand; whether they are on your ſide, or for your

your enemies. If I find they are againſt you, I will try to turn their minds. I think they will liſten to me; for they have always looked this way for advice, concerning all important news that comes from the riſing ſun. If they hearken to me, you will not be afraid of any danger from behind you. However their minds are affected, you ſhall ſoon know by me. Now I think I can do you more ſervice in this way than by marching off immediately to Boſton, and ſtaying there. It may be a great while before blood runs. Now, as I ſaid, you are wiſer than I, I leave this for your conſideration, whether I come down immediately, or wait till I hear ſome blood is ſpilled.

Brothers! I would not have you think by this, that we are falling back from our engagements. We are ready to do any thing for your relief, and ſhall be guided by your counſel.

Brothers! one thing I aſk of you, if you ſend for me to fight, that you will let me fight in my own Indian way. I am not uſed to fight Engliſh faſhion; therefore you muſt not expect I can train like your men. Only point out to me where your enemies keep, and that is all I ſhall want to know.

On the Creation of the World.

To the ancient philoſophers, creation from nothing appeared an unintelligible idea. They maintained the eternal exiſtence of matter, which they ſuppoſed to be modelled by the ſovereign mind of the univerſe, into the form which the earth now exhibits. But there is nothing in this opinion which gives it any title to be oppoſed to the authority of revelation. The doctrine of two ſelf-exiſtent, independent principles, God and matter, the one active, the other paſſive, is a hypotheſis which preſents difficulties to human reaſon, at leaſt as great as the creation of matter from nothing. Adhering then to the teſtimony of ſcripture, we believe, that

that "in the beginning, God created," or from non-exiſtence brought into being, "the heavens and the earth."

But though there was a period when this globe, with all that we ſee upon it, did not exiſt, we have no reaſon to think, that the wiſdom and power of the Almighty were then without exerciſe or employment. Boundleſs is the extent of his dominion. Other globes and worlds, enlightened by other ſuns, may then have occupied, they ſtill appear to occupy, the immenſe regions of ſpace. Numberleſs orders of beings, to us unknown, people the wide extent of the univerſe, and afford an endleſs variety of objects to the ruling care of the great Father of all. At length, in the courſe and progreſs of his government, there arrived a period, when this earth was to be called into exiſtence. When the ſignal moment, predeſtinated from all eternity, was come, the Deity aroſe in his might, and with a word created the world.

What an illuſtrious moment was that, when, from non-exiſtence, there ſprang at once into being this mighty globe, on which ſo many millions of creatures now dwell! No preparatory meaſures were required. No long circuit of means was employed. "He ſpake; and it was done: He commanded, and it ſtood faſt." The earth was, at firſt, "without form, and void; and darkneſs was on the face of the deep." The Almighty ſurveyed the dark abyſs; and fixed bounds to the ſeveral diviſions of nature. He ſaid, "Let there be light, and there was light."

Then appeared the ſea, and the dry land. The mountains roſe; and the rivers flowed. The ſun and moon began their courſe in the ſkies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground. The air, the earth, and the waters, were ſtored with their reſpective inhabitants. At laſt, man was made after the image of God. He appeared, walking with countenance erect; and received his Creator's benediction, as the lord of this new world. The Almighty beheld his work when it was finiſhed, and pronounced it good. Superior beings ſaw

with

with wonder this new acceſſion to exiſtence. "The morning ſtars ſang together; and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy."

But, on this great work of creation, let us not merely gaze with aſtoniſhment. Let us conſider how it ſhould affect our conduct, by preſenting the divine perfections in a light which is at once edifying and comforting to man. It diſplays the Creator as ſupreme in power, in wiſdom, and in goodneſs. Let us look around, and ſurvey this ſtupendous edifice, which we have been admitted to inhabit. Let us think of the extent of the different climates and regions of the earth; of the magnitude of the mountains, and of the expanſe of the ocean. Let us conceive that immenſe globe which contains them, launched at once from the hand of the Almighty; made to revolve inceſſantly on its axis, that it might produce the viciſſitudes of day and night; thrown forth, at the ſame time, to run its annual courſe in perpetual circuit through the heavens.

After ſuch a meditation, where is the greatneſs, where is the pride of man? Into what total annihilation do we ſink, before an omnipotent Being? Reverence, and humble adoration ought ſpontaneouſly to ariſe. He, who feels no propenſity to worſhip and adore, is dead to all ſenſe of grandeur and majeſty; has extinguiſhed one of the moſt natural feelings of the human heart.

LINES SPOKEN AT A SCHOOL-EXHIBITION, BY A LITTLE BOY SEVEN YEARS OLD.

YOU'D ſcarce expect one of my age,
To ſpeak in public, on the ſtage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demoſthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But paſs my imperfections by.

Large

Large ſtreams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow:
And though I now am ſmall and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue;
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learn'd to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's ſoil
Rear men as great as Britain's iſle;
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the ſun?
Mayn't Maſſachuſetts boaſt as great
As any other ſiſter ſtate?
Or, where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than I?
Theſe thoughts inſpire my youthful mind
To be the greateſt of mankind;
Great, not like Ceſar, ſtain'd with blood;
But only great, as I am good.

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, IN THE YEAR 1766, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE STAMP-ACT.

IT is a long time, Mr. Speaker, ſince I have attended in parliament. When the reſolution was taken in the Houſe to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, ſo great was the agitation of my mind for the conſequences, that I would have ſolicited ſome kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my teſtimony againſt it. It is now an act that has paſſed. I would ſpeak with decency of every act of this Houſe; but I muſt beg the indulgence of the Houſe to ſpeak of it with freedom.

I hope a day may be ſoon appointed to conſider the ſtate of the nation with reſpect to America. I hope gentlemen

gentlemen will come to this debate with all the temper and impartiality that his Majeſty recommends, and the importance of the ſubject requires. A ſubject of greater importance than ever engaged the attention of this Houſe! that ſubject only excepted, when, nearly a century ago, it was the queſtion, whether you yourſelves were to be bond or free. In the mean time, as I cannot depend upon health for any future day, ſuch is the nature of my infirmities, I will beg to ſay a few words at preſent, leaving the juſtice, the equity, the policy, the expediency of the act to another time.

I will only ſpeak to one point, which ſeems not to have been generally underſtood. Some gentlemen ſeem to have conſidered it as a point of *honor*. If gentlemen conſider it in that light, they leave all meaſures of right and wrong, to follow a deluſion that may lead to deſtruction. It is my opinion that this kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the Colonies. When in this Houſe we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your Majeſty's Commons of Great-Britain, give and grant to your Majeſty, what? our own property? No. We give and grant to your Majeſty, the property of your Majeſty's Commons of America. It is an abſurdity in terms.

There is an idea in ſome, that the Colonies are virtually repreſented in this Houſe. I would fain know by whom an American is repreſented here? Is he repreſented by any knight of the ſhire, in any county in this kingdom? Or will you tell him that he is repreſented by any repreſentative of a borough; a borough, which perhaps no man ever ſaw? This is what is called the *rotten part* of the Conſtitution. It cannot continue a century. If it does not drop, it muſt be amputated. The idea of a virtual repreſentation of America, in this Houſe, is the moſt contemptible idea that ever entered into the head of a man. It does not deſerve a ſerious refutation.

The

The Commons of America, repreſented in their ſeveral aſſemblies, have ever been in poſſeſſion of the exerciſe of this, their conſtitutional right of giving and granting their own money. They would have been ſlaves if they had not enjoyed it.

A great deal has been ſaid without doors, of the power, of the ſtrength of America. It is a topic which ought to be cautiouſly meddled with. In a good cauſe, on a ſound bottom, the force of this country can cruſh America to atoms. I know the valour of your troops. I know the ſkill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has ſerved in America, out of which you may not pick a man of ſufficient knowledge and experience, to make a governor of a Colony there. But on this ground, on the Stamp-Act, when ſo many here will think it a crying injuſtice, I am one who will lift up my hands againſt it.

In ſuch a cauſe, your ſucceſs would be hazardous. America, if ſhe fell, would fall like the ſtrong man. She would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the conſtitution along with her. Is this your boaſted peace? Not to ſheath the ſword in its ſcabbard, but to ſheath it in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourſelves, now the whole Houſe of Bourbon is united againſt you?

The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madneſs by injuſtice. Will you puniſh them for the madneſs you have occaſioned? Rather let prudence and temper come firſt from this ſide. I will undertake for America, that ſhe will follow the example.

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the Houſe what is really my opinion. It is, that the Stamp-Act be repealed abſolutely, totally, and immediately.

SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF LETHE.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. TATOO, *and* ÆSOP.

Mrs. Tat. WHY don't you come along, Mr. Tatoo? what the deuce are you afraid of?

Æſ. Don't be angry, young lady; the gentleman is your huſband, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. Tat. How do you know that, Sir? What, you an't all conjurers in this world, are you?

Æſ. Your behaviour to him is a ſufficient proof of his condition, without the gift of conjuration.

Mrs. Tat. Why, I was as free with him before marriage as I am now; I never was coy or prudiſh in my life.

Æſ. I believe you, madam; pray, how long have you been married? You ſeem to be very young, madam.

Mrs. Tat. I am old enough for a huſband, and have been married long enough to be tired of one.

Æſ. How long, pray?

Mrs. Tat. Why above three months: I married Mr. Tatoo without my guardian's conſent.

Æſ. If you married him with your own conſent, I think you might continue your affection a little longer.

Mrs. Tat. What ſignifies what you think, if I don't think ſo? we are quite tired of one another, and are come to drink ſome of your le—lethaly—le-lethily, I think they call it, to forget one another, and be unmarried again.

Æſ. The waters can't divorce you, madam; and you may eaſily forget him without the aſſiſtance of lethe.

Mrs. Tat. Aye! how ſo?

Æſ. By remembering continually he is your huſband: there are ſeveral ladies have no other receipt. But what does the gentleman ſay to this?

Mrs. Tat. What ſignifies what he ſays? I an't ſo young and ſo fooliſh as that comes to, to be directed by my huſband, or to care what either he ſays, or you ſay.

Mr. Tat. Sir, I was a drummer in a marching regiment, when I ran away with that young lady. I immediately bought out of the corps, and thought myſelf made forever; little imagining that a poor vain fellow was purchaſing fortune at the expenſe of his happineſs.

Æſ. 'Tis even ſo, friend; fortune and felicity are as often at variance as man and wife.

Mr. Tat. I found it ſo, Sir. This high life (as I thought it) did not agree with me; I have not laugh'd, and ſcarcely ſlept, ſince my advancement; and unleſs your worſhip can alter her notions, I muſt e'en quit the bleſſings of a fine lady and her portion, and, for content, have recourſe to eightpence a-day and my drum again.

Æſ. Pray, who has adviſed you to a ſeparation?

Mrs. Tat. Several young ladies of my acquaintance; who tell me, they are not angry at me for marrying him, but for being fond of him ſince I have married him; and they ſay I ſhould be as complete a fine lady as any of them, if I would but procure a ſeparate divorcement.

Æſ. Pray, madam, will you let me know what you call a fine lady?

Mrs. Tat. Why, a fine lady, and a fine gentleman, are two of the fineſt things upon earth.

Æſ. I have juſt now had the honor of knowing what a fine gentleman is; ſo, pray confine yourſelf to the lady.

Mrs. Tat. A fine lady, before marriage, lives with her papa and mamma, who breed her up till ſhe learns to deſpiſe them, and reſolves to do nothing they bid her; this makes her ſuch a prodigious favourite, that ſhe wants for nothing. And when once ſhe is her own miſtreſs, then comes the pleaſure!

Æſ. Pray let us hear.

Mrs.

Mrs. Tat. She lies in bed all the morning, rattles about all day, and ſits up all night; ſhe goes every where, and ſees every thing; knows every body, and loves no body; ridicules her friends, coquets with her lovers, ſets them together by the ears, tells fibs, makes miſchief, buys china, cheats at cards, keeps a lap-dog, and hates the parſon; ſhe laughs much, talks loud, never bluſhes, ſays what ſhe will, does what ſhe will, goes where ſhe will, marries whom ſhe pleaſes, hates her huſband in a month, breaks his heart in four, becomes a widow, ſlips from her gallants, and begins the world again. There's a life for you; what do you think of a fine lady now?

Æſ. As I expected. You are very young, madam, and, if you are not very careful, your natural propenſity to noiſe and affectation will run you headlong into folly, extravagance, and repentance.

Mrs. Tat. What would you have me do?

Æſ. Drink a large quantity of lethe to the loſs of your acquaintance; and do you, Sir, drink another, to forget this falſe ſtep of your wife; for whilſt you remember her folly, you can never thoroughly regard her: and whilſt you keep good company, madam, as you call it, and follow their example, you can never have a juſt regard for your huſband; ſo both drink and be happy.

Mrs. Tat. Well, give it me whilſt I am in humour, or I ſhall certainly change my mind again.

Æſ. Be patient till the reſt of the company drink, and divert yourſelf in the mean time with walking in the grove.

Mrs. Tat. Well, come along, huſband, and keep me in humour, or I ſhall beat you ſuch an alarum as you never beat in all your life.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM THE EULOGY ON DR. FRANKLIN, PRONOUNCED BY THE ABBE FAUCHET, IN THE NAME OF THE COMMONS OF PARIS, 1790.

A SECOND creation has taken place; the elements of ſociety begin to combine together; the moral univerſe is now ſeen iſſuing from chaos; the genius of Liberty is awakened, and ſprings up; ſhe ſheds her divine light and creative powers upon the two hemiſpheres. A great nation, aſtoniſhed at ſeeing herſelf free, ſtretches her arms from one extremity of the earth to the other, and embraces the firſt nation that became ſo: the foundations of a new city are created in the two worlds; brother nations haſten to inhabit it. It is the city of mankind!

One of the firſt founders of this univerſal city was the immortal FRANKLIN, the deliverer of America. The ſecond founders, who accelerated this great work, made it worthy of Europe. The legiſlators of France have rendered the moſt ſolemn homage to his memory. They have ſaid, "A friend of humanity is dead; mankind ought to be overwhelmed with ſorrow! Nations have hitherto only worn mourning for Kings; let us aſſume it for a Man, and let the tears of Frenchmen mingle with thoſe of Americans, in order to do honor to the memory of one of the Fathers of Liberty!"

The city of Paris, which once contained this philoſopher within its walls, which was intoxicated with the pleaſure of hearing, admiring, and loving him; of gathering from his lips the maxims of a moral legiſlator, and of imbibing from the effuſions of his heart a paſſion for the public welfare, rivals Boſton and Philadelphia, his two native cities (for in one he was born as it were a man, and in the other a legiſlator) in its profound attachment to his merit and his glory.

It

It has commanded this funeral ſolemnity, in order to perpetuate the gratitude and the grief of this third country, which, by the courage and activity with which it has profited of his leſſons, has ſhown itſelf worthy of having him at once for an inſtructor and a model.

In ſelecting me for the interpreter of its wiſhes, it has declared, that it is leſs to the talents of an orator, than to the patriotiſm of a citizen, the zeal of a preacher of liberty, and the ſenſibility of a friend of men, that it hath confided this ſolemn function. In this point of view, I may ſpeak with firm confidence; for I have the public opinion, and the teſtimony of my own conſcience, to ſecond my wiſhes. Since nothing elſe is wanting than freedom, and ſenſibility, for that ſpecies of eloquence which this eulogium requires, I am ſatisfied; for I already poſſeſs them.

My voice ſhall extend to France, to America, to poſterity. I am now to do juſtice to a great man, the founder of tranſatlantic freedom; I am to praiſe him in the name of the mother city of French liberty. I myſelf alſo am a man; I am a free man; I poſſeſs the ſuffrages of my fellow-citizens: this is enough; my diſcourſe ſhall be immortal.

The academies, the philoſophical ſocieties, the learned aſſociations which have done themſelves honor by inſcribing the name of Franklin in their records, can beſt appreciate the debt due to his genius, for having extended the power of man over nature, and preſented new and ſublime ideas, in a ſtyle ſimple as truth, and pure as light.

It is not the naturaliſt and the philoſopher that the orator of the Commons of Paris ought to deſcribe; it is the *man*, who hath accelerated the progreſs of ſocial order; it is the *legiſlator*, who hath prepared the liberty of nations!

Franklin, in his periodical works, which had prodigious circulation on the continent of America, laid the ſacred foundations of ſocial morality. He was no leſs inimitable in the developements of the ſame morality,

when applied to the duties of friendſhip, general charity, the employment of one's time, the happineſs attendant upon good works, the neceſſary combination of private with public welfare, the propriety and neceſſity of induſtry; and to that happy ſtate which puts us at eaſe with ſociety and with ourſelves. The proverbs of "Old Henry," and "Poor Richard," are in the hands both of the learned and the ignorant; they contain the moſt ſublime morality, reduced to popular language and common comprehenſion; and form the catechiſm of happineſs for all mankind.

Franklin was too great a moraliſt, and too well acquainted with human affairs, not to perceive that women were the arbiters of manners. He ſtrove to perfect their empire; and accordingly engaged them to adorn the ſceptre of virtue with their graces. It is in their power to excite courage; to overthrow vice, by means of their diſdain; to kindle civiſm, and to light up in every heart the holy love of our country.

His daughter, who was opulent and honored with the public eſteem, helped to manufacture and to make up the clothing for the army with her own hands; and ſpread abroad a noble emulation among the female citizens, who became eager to aſſiſt thoſe by means of the needle and the ſpindle, who were ſerving the ſtate with their ſwords and their guns.

With the charm ever attendant upon true wiſdom and the grace ever flowing from true ſentiment, this grave philoſopher knew how to converſe with the other ſex; to inſpire them with a taſte for domeſtic occupations; to hold out to them the prize attendant upon honor unaccompanied by reproach, and inſtil the duty of cultivating the firſt precepts of education, in order to teach them to their children; and thus to acquit the debt due to nature, and fulfil the hope of ſociety. It muſt be acknowledged, that, in his own country, he addreſſed himſelf to minds capable of comprehending him.

Immortal

Immortal females of America! I will tell it to the daughters of France, and they only are fit to applaud you! You have attained the utmoſt of what your ſex is capable; you poſſeſs the beauty, the ſimplicity, the manners, at once natural and pure; the primitive graces of the golden age. It was among you that liberty was firſt to have its origin. But the empire of freedom, which is extended to France, is about to carry your manners along with it, and produce a revolution in morals as well as in politics.

Already our female citizens, (for they have lately become ſuch) are not any longer occupied with thoſe frivolous ornaments and vain pleaſures, which were nothing more than the amuſements of ſlavery; they have awakened the love of liberty in the boſoms of fathers, of brothers, and of huſbands; they have encouraged them to make the moſt generous ſacrifices; their delicate hands have removed the earth, dragged it along, and helped to elevate the immenſe amphitheatre of the grand confederation. It is no longer the love of voluptuous ſoftneſs that attracts their regard; it is the ſacred fire of patriotiſm.

The laws which are to reform education, and with it the national manners, are already prepared; they will advance, they will fortify the cauſe of liberty by means of their happy influence, and become the ſecond ſaviours of their country!

Franklin did not omit any of the means of being uſeful to men, or ſerviceable to ſociety. He ſpoke to all conditions, to both ſexes, to every age. This amiable moraliſt deſcended, in his writings, to the moſt artleſs details; to the moſt ingenuous familiarities; to the firſt ideas of a rural, a commercial, and a civil life; to the dialogues of old men and children; full at once of all the verdure and all the maturity of wiſdom. In ſhort, the prudent leſſons ariſing from the expoſition of thoſe obſcure, happy, eaſy virtues, which form ſo many links in the chain of a good man's life, derived immenſe weight from that reputation for genius which he had acquired,

acquired, by being one of the firſt naturaliſts and greateſt philoſophers in the univerſe.

At one and the ſame time, he governed nature in the heavens and in the hearts of men. Amidſt the tempeſts of the atmoſphere, he directed the thunder; amidſt the ſtorms of ſociety, he directed the paſſions. Think, Gentlemen, with what attentive docility, with what religious reſpect, one muſt hear the voice of a ſimple man, who preached up human happineſs, when it was recollected that it was the powerful voice of the ſame man who regulated the lightning.

He electrified the conſciences, in order to extract the deſtructive fire of vice, exactly in the ſame manner as he electrified the heavens, in order peaceably to invite them from the terrible fire of the elements.

Venerable old man! auguſt philoſopher! legiſlator of the felicity of thy country, prophet of the fraternity of the human race, what ecſtatic happineſs embelliſhed the end of thy career! From thy fortunate aſylum, and in the midſt of thy brothers who enjoyed in tranquillity the fruit of thy virtues, and the ſucceſs of thy genius, thou haſt ſung ſongs of deliverance. The laſt looks, which thou didſt caſt around thee, beheld America happy; France, on the other ſide of the ocean, free, and a ſure indication of the approaching freedom and happineſs of the world.

The United States, looking upon themſelves as thy children, have bewailed the death of the father of their republic. France, thy family by adoption, has honored thee as the founder of her laws; and the human race has revered thee as the univerſal patriarch who has formed the alliance of nature with ſociety. Thy remembrance belongs to all ages; thy memory to all nations; thy glory to eternity!

EPILOGUE TO ADDISON'S CATO.

YOU ſee mankind the ſame in ev'ry age:
Heroic fortitude, tyrannic rage,
Boundleſs ambition, patriotic truth,
And hoary treaſon, and untainted youth,
Have deeply mark'd all periods and all climes,
The nobleſt virtues, and the blackeſt crimes.
Did Ceſar, drunk with power, and madly brave,
Inſatiate burn, his country to enſlave?
Did he for this, lead forth a ſervile hoſt
To ſpill the choiceſt blood that Rome could boaſt?
The Britiſh Ceſar too hath done the ſame,
And doom'd this age to everlaſting fame.
Columbia's crimſon'd fields ſtill ſmoke with gore;
Her braveſt heroes cover all the ſhore:
The flower of Britain, in full martial bloom,
In this ſad war, ſent headlong to the tomb.
Did Rome's brave ſenate nobly dare t' oppoſe
The mighty torrent, ſtand confeſs'd their foes,
And boldly arm the virtuous few, and dare
The deſp'rate horrors of unequal war?
Our ſenate too the ſame bold deed have done,
And for a Cato, arm'd a Waſhington;
A chief, in all the ways of battle ſkill'd,
Great in the council, mighty in the field.
His martial arm and ſteady ſoul alone,
Have made thy legions ſhake, thy navy groan,
And thy proud empire totter to the throne.
O, what thou art, mayſt thou forever be,
And death the lot of any chief but thee!
We've had our Decius too; and Howe could ſay,
Health, pardon, peace, George ſends America;
Yet brought deſtruction for the olive wreath;
For health, contagion, and for pardon, death.
Riſe! then, my countrymen, for fight prepare;
Gird on your ſwords, and fearleſs ruſh to war:

'Tis

'Tis your bold taſk the gen'rous ſtrife to try ;
For your griev'd country nobly dare to die !
No pent-up Utica contracts your pow'rs ;
For the whole boundleſs continent is ours !

SELF-CONCEIT.

AN ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY A VERY SMALL BOY.

WHEN boys are exhibiting in public, the politeneſs or curioſity of the hearers frequently induces them to inquire the names of the performers. To ſave the trouble of anſwers, ſo far as relates to myſelf, my name is Charles Chatterbox. I was born in this town ; and have grown to my preſent enormous ſtature, without any artificial help. It is true, I eat, drink, and ſleep, and take as much care of my noble ſelf, as any young man about ; but I am a monſtrous great ſtudent. There is no telling the half of what I have read.

Why, what do you think of the Arabian Tales ? Truth ; every word truth ! There's the ſtory of the lamp, and of Rook's eggs as big as a meeting-houſe. And there is the hiſtory of Sindbad the ſailor. I have read every word of them. And I have read Tom Thumb's Folio through, Winter Evening Tales, and Seven Champions, and Pariſmus, and Pariſmenus, and Valentine and Orſon, and Mother Bunch, and Seven Wiſe Maſters, and a curious book, entitled, Think well on't.

Then there is another wonderful book, containing fifty reaſons why an old bachelor was not married. The firſt was, that nobody would have him ; and the ſecond was, he declared to every body, that he would not marry ; and ſo it went on ſtronger and ſtronger. Then, at the cloſe of the book, it gives an account of his marvellous death and burial. And in the appendix, it tells about his being ground over, and coming out

out as young, and as freſh, and as fair as ever. Then, every few pages, is a picture of him to the life.

I have alſo read Robinſon Cruſoe, and Reynard the Fox, and Moll Flanders; and I have read twelve delightful novels, and Iriſh Rogues, and Life of Saint Patrick, and Philip Quarle, and Conjurer Crop, and Æſop's Fables, and Laugh and be Fat, and Toby Lumpkins' Elegy on the Birth of a Child, and a Comedy on the Death of his Brother, and an Acroſtic, occaſioned by a mortal ſickneſs of his dear wife, of which ſhe recovered. This famous author wrote a treatiſe on the Riſe and Progreſs of Vegetation; and a whole Body of Divinity he compriſed in four lines.

I have read all the works of Pero Gilpin, whoſe memory was ſo extraordinary, that he never forgot the hours of eating and ſleeping. This Pero was a rare lad. Why, he could ſtand on his head, as if it were a real pedeſtal; his feet he uſed for drumſticks. He was trumpeter to the foot guards in Queen Betty's time; and if he had not blown his breath away, might have lived to this day.

Then, I have read the hiſtory of a man who married for money, and of a woman that would wear her huſband's ſmall-clothes in ſpite of him; and I have read four books of riddles and rebuſes; and all that is not half a quarter.

Now what ſignifies reading ſo much if one can't tell of it? In thinking over theſe things, I am ſometimes ſo loſt in company, that I don't hear any thing that is ſaid, till ſome one pops out that witty ſaying, "A penny for your thoughts." Then I ſay, to be ſure, I was thinking of a book I had been reading. Once, in this mood, I came very near ſwallowing my cup and ſaucer; and another time, was upon the very point of taking down a punch-bowl, that held a gallon. Now, if I could fairly have gotten them down, they would not have hurt me a jot; for my mind is capacious enough for a china-ſhop. There is no choaking a man of my reading. Why, if my mind can contain Genii and Giants,

Giants, ſixty feet high, and enchanted caſtles, why not a punch-bowl, and a whole tea-board?

It was always conjectured that I ſhould be a monſtrous great man; and I believe, as much as I do the Spaniſh war, that I ſhall be a perfect Brobdingnag in time.

Well now, do you ſee, when I have read a book, I go right off into the company of the ladies; for they are the judges whether a man knows any thing or not. Then I bring on a ſubject which will ſhow my parts to the beſt advantage; and I always mind and ſay a ſmart thing juſt before I quit.

You muſt know, moreover, that I have learned a great deal of wit. I was the firſt man who invented all that people ſay about cold tongues, and warm tongues, and may-bees. I invented the wit of kiſſing the candleſtick when a lady holds it; as alſo the plays of criminal and croſs-queſtion; and above all, I invented the wit of paying toll at bridges. In ſhort, ladies and gentlemen, take me all in all, I am a downright curious fellow.

HOWARD AND LESTER.

A DIALOGUE ON LEARNING AND USEFULNESS.

How. LIFE is much like a fiddle: every man plays ſuch a tune as ſuits him.

Leſt. The more like a fiddle, the better I like it. Any thing that makes a merry noiſe ſuits me; and the man that does not ſet his hours to muſic, has a dull time on't.

How. But, Leſter, are there no ſerious duties in life? Ought we not to improve our minds, and to prepare for uſefulneſs?

Leſt. Why, in the preſent day, a man's preparing himſelf for uſefulneſs, is like carrying coals to New-Caſtle. Our country is full of uſeful men; ten, at leaſt,

leaſt, to where one is wanted, and all of them ten times as ready to ſerve the public, as the public is to be ſerved. If every man ſhould go to Congreſs that's fit for it, the federal city would hardly hold them.

How. You mean, if all who think themſelves fit for it.

Leſt. No; I meant as I ſaid.

How. Then what do you think fits a man for Congreſs?

Leſt. Why he muſt be flippant and bold.

How. What good will that do him, if he is without knowledge?

Leſt. O! he muſt have knowledge to be ſure.

How. Well, muſt he not be a man in whom the people can truſt? Muſt he not underſtand politics? and muſt he not be able and willing to ſerve his country?

Leſt. I agree to all that.

How. Then you ſuppoſe that the federal city could hardly hold all our men who unite eloquence with confidence, knowledge with integrity, and policy with patriotiſm. I fear that a counting houſe would give them full accommodation.

Leſt. I don't go ſo deep into theſe matters: but this is certain, that when the election comes, more than enough are willing to go.

How. That, my friend, only proves that more than enough are ignorant of themſelves: but are there no other ways of ſerving the public?

Leſt. Yes; one may preach, if he will do it for little or nothing. He may practiſe law, if he can get any body to employ him; or he may be a Doctor or an Inſtructor; but I tell you the country is crowded with learned men begging buſineſs.

How. Then you intend to prepare yourſelf for the ignorant herd, ſo that you may not be crowded.

Leſt. I have ſerious thoughts of it. You may take your own way, but I'll never wear out a fine pair of eyes in preparing myſelf for uſefulneſs, till this ſame

public will give me a bond to employ me when I am ready to ſerve them. Till ſuch a bond is ſigned, ſealed, and delivered, I ſhall ſet my hours to the tune of "Jack's alive." To-day's the ſhip I ſail in, and that will carry the flag, in ſpite of the combined powers of yeſterdays and to-morrows.

How. Well, Leſter, you can take your choice. I ſhall ſet my hours to a more ſerious tune. I aſk no bond of the public. If my mind is well furniſhed with knowledge, and that ſame generous public, which has ſo uniformly called to her ſervice the diſcerning, ſhould *refuſe* my ſervices, ſtill I ſhall poſſeſs a treaſure, which, after a few years of diſſipation, you would give the world to purchaſe, THE RECOLLECTION OF TIME WELL SPENT.

CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

—NOW darkneſs fell
On all the region round; the ſhrouded ſun
From the impen'tent earth withdrew his light:
I thirſt, the Saviour cry'd; and lifting up
His eyes in agony, My God, my God!
Ah! why haſt thou forſaken me? exclaim'd.
Yet deem him not forſaken of his God!
Beware that error. 'Twas the mortal part
Of his compounded nature, breathing forth
Its laſt ſad agony, that ſo complain'd:
Doubt not that vail of ſorrow was withdrawn,
And heav'nly comfort to his ſoul vouchſaf'd,
Ere thus he cry'd, Father! into thy hands
My ſpirit I commend. Then bow'd his head
And died. Now Gabriel and his heav'nly choir
Of miniſt'ring angels hov'ring o'er the croſs
Receiv'd his ſpirit, at length from mortal pangs
And fleſhly pris'n ſet free, and bore it thence
Upon their wings rejoicing. Then behold

A prodigy,

A prodigy, that to the world announc'd
A new religion and diſſolv'd the old:
The temple's ſacred vail was rent in twain
From top to bottom, 'midſt th' atteſting ſhocks
Of earthquake and the rending up of graves.
Now thoſe myſterious ſymbols, heretofore
Curtain'd from vulgar eyes, and holieſt deem'd
Of holies, were diſplay'd to public view:
The mercy-ſeat, with its cherubic wings
O'erſhadow'd, and the golden ark beneath
Cov'ring the teſtimony, now through the rent
Of that diſſever'd vail firſt ſaw the light;
A world redeem'd had now no farther need
Of types and emblems, dimly ſhadowing forth
An angry Deity withdrawn from ſight
And canopy'd in clouds. Him, face to face,
Now in full light reveal'd, the dying breath
Of his dear Son appeas'd, and purchas'd peace
And reconcilement for offending man.
Thus the partition-wall, by Moſes built,
By Chriſt was levell'd, and the Gentile world
Enter'd the breach, by their great Captain led
Up to the throne of grace, opening himſelf
Through his own fleſh a new and living way.
Then were the oracles of God made known
To all the nations, ſprinkled by the blood
Of Jeſus, and baptiz'd into his death;
So was the birthright of the elder born,
Heirs of the promiſe, forfeited; whilſt they,
Whom ſin had erſt in bondage held, made free
From ſin, and ſervants of the living God,
Now gain'd the gift of God, eternal life.
Soon as thoſe ſigns and prodigies were ſeen
Of thoſe who watch'd the croſs, conviction ſmote
Their fear-ſtruck hearts. The ſun, at noon day dark:
The earth convulſive underneath their feet,
And the firm rocks, in ſhiver'd fragments rent,
Rous'd them at once to tremble and believe.
Then was our Lord by heathen lips confeſs'd,

When

When the centurion cry'd, In very truth
This righteous Perſon was the Son of God;
The reſt, in heart aſſenting, ſtood abaſh'd,
Watching in ſilence the tremendous ſcene.
The recollection of his gracious acts,
His dying pray'rs and their own impious taunts
Now roſe in ſad review; too late they wiſh'd
The deed undone, and ſighing ſmote their breaſts.
Straight from God's preſence went that angel forth,
Whoſe trumpet ſhall call up the ſleeping dead
At the laſt day, and bade the ſaints ariſe
And come on earth to hail this promis'd hour,
The day-ſpring of ſalvation. Forth they came
From their dark tenements, their ſhadowy forms
Made viſible as in their fleſhly ſtate,
And through the holy city here and there
Frequent they gleam'd, by night, by day, with fear
And wonder ſeen of many: holy ſeers,
Prophets and martyrs from the grave ſet free,
And the firſt fruits of the redeemed dead.
They, who with Chriſt transfigur'd on the mount
Were ſeen of his diſciples in a cloud
Of dazzling glory, now, in form diſtinct,
Mingling amidſt the public haunts of men,
Struck terror to all hearts: Ezekiel there,
The captive ſeer, to whom on Chebar's banks
The heavens were open'd and the fatal roll
Held forth, with dire denunciations fill'd,
Of lamentation, mourning and of woe,
Now falling faſt on Iſrael's wretched race:
He too was there, Hilkiah's holy ſon,
With loins cloſe girt, and glowing lips of fire
By God's own finger touch'd: there might be ſeen
The youthful prophet, Belteſhazzar nam'd
Of the Chaldees, interpreter of dreams,
Knowledge of God beſtow'd, in viſions ſkill'd,
And fair, and learn'd, and wiſe: the Baptiſt here,
Girt in his hairy mantle frowning ſtalk'd,
And pointing to his ghaſtly wound, exclaim'd,

Ye

Ye vipers! whom my warning could not move
Timely to flee from the impending wrath
Now fallen on your heads; whom I indeed
With water, Chriſt hath now with fire baptiz'd:
Barren ye were of fruits, which I preſcrib'd
Meet for repentance, and behold! the axe
Is laid to the unprofitable root
Of every ſapleſs tree, hewn down, condemn'd
And caſt into the fire. Lo! theſe are they,
Theſe ſhadowy forms now floating in your ſight,
Theſe are the harbingers of ancient days,
Who witneſs'd the Meſſias, and announc'd
His coming upon earth. Mark with what ſcorn
Silent they paſs you by: them had ye heard,
Them had ye noted with a patient mind,
Ye had not crucified the Lord of Life:
He of theſe ſtones to Abraham ſhall raiſe up
Children, than you more worthy of his ſtock;
And now his winnowing fan is in his hand,
With which he'll purge his floor, and having ſtor'd
The precious grain in garners, will conſume
With fire unquenchable the refuſe chaff.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

HOW mighty! how majeſtic! and how myſterious are nature's works! When the air is calm, where ſleep the ſtormy winds? In what chambers are they repoſed, or in what dungeons confined? But when He, "who holds them in his fiſt," is pleaſed to awaken their rage, and throw open their priſon doors, then, with irreſiſtible impetuoſity, they ruſh forth, ſcattering dread, and menacing deſtruction.

The atmoſphere is hurled into the moſt tumultuous confuſion. The ærial torrent burſts its way over mountains, ſeas, and continents. All things feel the dreadful ſhock. All things tremble before the furious blaſt. The foreſt, vexed and torn, groans under the ſcourge.

Her ſturdy ſons are ſtrained to the very root, and almoſt ſweep the ſoil they were wont to ſhade. The ſtubborn oak, that diſdains to bend, is daſhed headlong to the ground; and, with ſhattered arms, with proſtrate trunk, blocks up the road. While the flexile reed, that ſprings up in the marſh, yielding to the guſt, (as the meek and pliant temper, to injuries, or the reſigned and patient ſpirit, to misfortunes) eludes the force of the ſtorm, and ſurvives amidſt the wide-ſpread havoc.

For a moment, the turbulent and outrageous ſky ſeems to be aſſuaged; but it intermits its warmth, only to increaſe its ſtrength. Soon the ſounding ſquadrons of the air return to the attack, and renew their ravages with redoubled fury. The ſtately dome rocks amidſt the wheeling clouds. The impregnable tower totters on its baſis, and threatens to overwhelm whom it was intended to protect. The ragged rocks are rent in pieces; and even the hills, the perpetual hills, on their deep foundations are ſcarcely ſecure. Where now is the place of ſafety? when the city reels, and houſes become heaps! Sleep affrighted flies. Diverſion is turned into horror. All is uproar in the element; all is conſternation among mortals; and nothing but one wide ſcene of rueful devaſtation through the land.

The ocean ſwells with tremendous commotions. The ponderous waves are heaved from their capacious bed, and almoſt lay bare the unfathomable deep. Flung into the moſt rapid agitation, they ſweep over the rocks; they laſh the lofty cliffs, and toſs themſelves into the clouds. Navies are rent from their anchors; and, with all their enormous load, are whirled ſwift as the arrow, wild as the winds, along the vaſt abyſs. Now they climb the rolling mountain; they plough the frightful ridge; and ſeem to ſkim the ſkies. Anon they plunge into the opening gulf; they loſe the ſight of day; and are loſt themſelves to every eye.

How vain is the pilot's art! how impotent the mariner's ſtrength! "They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like

like a drunken man." Deſpair is in every face, and death ſits threatening on every ſurge. But when Omnipotence pleaſes to command, the ſtorm is huſhed to ſilence; the lightnings lay aſide their fiery bolts, and the billows ceaſe to roll.

DIALOGUE ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Enter FRANK *and* HENRY.

Frank. IT appears ſtrange to me that people can be ſo impoſed upon. There is no difficulty in judging folks by their looks. I profeſs to know as much of a man, at the firſt view, as by half a dozen years acquaintance.

Henry. Pray how is that done? I ſhould wiſh to learn ſuch an art.

Fr. Did you never read Lavater on Phyſiognomy?

Hen. No. What do you mean by ſuch a hard word?

Fr. Phyſiognomy means a knowledge of men's hearts, thoughts, and characters, by their looks. For inſtance, if you ſee a man, with a forehead jutting over his eyes, like a piazza, with a pair of eyebrows, heavy like the cornice of a houſe; with full eyes, and a Roman noſe, depend on it he is a great ſcholar, and an honeſt man.

Hen. It ſeems to me I ſhould rather go below his noſe to diſcover his ſcholarſhip.

Fr. By no means: if you look for beauty, you may deſcend to the mouth and chin; otherwiſe never go below the region of the brain.

Enter GEORGE.

Geor. Well, I have been to ſee the man hanged. And he is gone to the other world, with juſt ſuch a great forehead and Roman noſe, as you have always been praiſing.

Fr. Remember, George, all ſigns fail in dry weather.

Geor. Now, be honeſt, Frank, and own that there

is

is nothing in all this trumpery of yours. The only way to know men is by their actions. If a man commit burglary, think you a Roman noſe ought to ſave him from puniſhment?

Fr. I don't carry my notions ſo far as that; but it is certain that all faces in the world are different; and equally true, that each has ſome marks about it, by which one can diſcover the temper and character of the perſon.

Enter PETER.

Peter. [*To Frank.*] Sir, I have heard of your fame from Dan to Beerſheba; that you can know a man by his face, and can tell his thoughts by his looks. Hearing this, I have viſited you without the ceremony of an introduction.

Fr. Why, indeed, I do profeſs ſomething in that way.

Pet. By that forehead, noſe, and thoſe eyes of yours, one might be ſure of an acute, penetrating mind.

Fr. I ſee that *you* are not ignorant of phyſiognomy.

Pet. I am not; but ſtill I am ſo far from being an adept in the art, that, unleſs the features are very remarkable, I cannot determine with certainty. But yours is the moſt ſtriking face I ever ſaw. There is a certain firmneſs in the lines, which lead from the outer verge to the centre of the apple of your eye, which denotes great forecaſt, deep thought, bright invention, and a genius for great purpoſes.

Fr. You are a perfect maſter of the art. And to ſhow you that I know ſomething of it, permit me to obſerve, that the form of your face denotes frankneſs, truth, and honeſty. Your heart is a ſtranger to guile, your lips, to deceit, and your hands, to fraud.

Pet. I muſt confeſs that you have hit upon my true character; though a different one, from what I have ſuſtained in the view of the world.

Fr.

Fr. [*To Henry and George.*] Now ſee two ſtrong examples of the truth of phyſiognomy. [*While he is ſpeaking, this Peter takes out his pocket-book, and makes off with himſelf.*] Now, can you conceive, that without this knowledge, I could fathom the character of a total ſtranger?

Hen. Pray tell us by what marks you diſcovered that in his heart and lips was no guile, and in his hands, no fraud?

Fr. Aye, leave that to me; we are not to reveal our ſecrets. But I will ſhow you a face and character, which exactly ſuits him. [*Feels for his pocket-book in both pockets, looks wildly and concerned.*]

Geor. [*Tauntingly.*] Aye, "in his heart is no guile, in his lips no deceit, and in his hands no fraud! Now we ſee a ſtrong example of the power of phyſiognomy!"

Fr. He is a wretch! a traitor againſt every good ſign! I'll purſue him to the ends of the earth. [*Offers to go.*]

Hen. Stop a moment. His fine honeſt face is far enough before this time. You have not yet diſcovered the worſt injury he has done you.

Fr. What's that? I had no watch or money for him to ſteal.

Hen. By his deceitful lips, he has robbed you of any juſt conception of yourſelf; he has betrayed you into a fooliſh belief that you are poſſeſſed of moſt extraordinary genius and talents. Whereas, ſeparate from the idle whim about phyſiognomy, you have had no more pretence to genius or learning than a common ſchool-boy. Learn henceforth to eſtimate men's hands by their deeds, their lips, by their words, and their hearts, by their lives.

ORATION DELIVERED AT PARIS BY CITIZEN CARNOT, PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY, AT THE FESTIVAL OF GRATITUDE AND VICTORY, CELEBRATED AT THE CHAMP-DE-MARS, MAY 29, 1796.

IT is at the moment when nature is renovated, when the earth, adorned with flowers and dreſſed in green, promiſes new harveſts; when all beings proclaim in their own language, the beneficent Intelligence which renovates the univerſe, that the French people aſſemble, on this great feſtival, to render a diſtinguiſhed homage to thoſe talents and virtues of the friends of the country and humanity. What day can better unite all hearts! What citizen, what man can be a ſtranger to the influence of gratitude! We exiſt only through an uninterrupted courſe of beneficence, and our life is but a continual exchange of ſervices.

As ſoon as born, our eyes, fixed on the heavens, appear already to acknowledge a primary Benefactor. Weak, without ſupport, the love of our parents watches over our infancy, and provides for wants continually renewed. They direct our firſt ſteps; their patient ſolicitude aſſiſts in developing our organs; we receive from them our firſt ideas of what we are ourſelves, and of ſurrounding objects. Additional care models our hearts to affection, our minds to knowledge, and our bodies to uſeful labour. It is for our happineſs, that the wiſe have reflected on the duties of man; that the learned have diven into the ſecrets of nature; that the magiſtrate watches, and that the legiſlator prepares in deliberation protecting laws.

Soon we are enabled to be uſeful. Good children, we ſtrew flowers over the age of our parents, and their trembling voice bleſſes us in their laſt moments. Become parents in our turn, we prepare, in the education of our children, the felicity of our declining years; and

and we thus continue in a new generation the chain of benevolence and gratitude. Senſibility is not reſtricted within the family circle; the indigent is ſearched for under the thatch; ſuccours and conſolation are laviſhed; and the donor, at firſt paid for the good action by the pleaſure of having performed it, is doubly rewarded by the gratitude of the object. Benevolence! how happy are thy votaries, and how much to be pitied, the ſoul that knows thee not!

He who is a good ſon and a good father is alſo a good citizen. He loves his country; renders with alacrity the tribute of ſervices; he delights in returning to his brothers the protection he has received from them. Either magiſtrate or warrior, manufacturer or farmer; in the temple of the arts; in the Senate; in the fields of glory, or the workſhops of induſtry, he ſhows himſelf ambitious of contributing towards the proſperity of his country, and to deſerve one day its gratitude. For there is a national gratitude for individuals. At this moment a people are all aſſembled to expreſs their gratitude to the virtuous citizens who have deſerved it. How agreeable is the taſk! How we delight in paying you that homage; you to whom the country owes its ſafety, its glory, and the foundation of its proſperity!

You, to whom France owes its political regeneration; courageous philoſophers, whoſe writings have planted the ſeeds of the revolution, corroded the fetters of ſlavery, and blunted by degrees the ravings of fanaticiſm. You, citizens, whoſe dauntleſs courage effected this happy revolution; founded the republic, and contended theſe ſeven years againſt crime and ambition, royaliſm and anarchy. You all, in a word, who labour to render France happy and flouriſhing; who render it illuſtrious by your talents, and enrich it by your diſcoveries; receive the ſolemn teſtimony of national gratitude.

Receive that teſtimony particularly, republican armies; you, whoſe glory and ſucceſſes are freſh in the recollection

recollection of all. It is you who have defended us againſt ten combined kings; who have driven them from our territory; have tranſferred to their dominions the ſcourge of war. You have not only conquered men; you have overcome the obſtacles thrown in your way by nature. You have triumphed over fatigue, hunger, and winter. What a ſpectacle for the people! what a dreadful leſſon to the enemies of liberty!

A new-born republic arms its children to defend its independence; nothing can reſtrain their impetuoſity; traverſing rivers, carrying intrenchments, climbing rocks. Here, after a ſeries of victories, they puſhed back our limits to thoſe barriers that nature intended for us, and purſuing over ice the remains of three armies, tranſformed an oppreſſed and hoſtile nation into a free and allied people. There they fly to exterminate the hordes of traitors and villains, ſubſidized by England; puniſh their thieves, and reſtore to the republic brothers too long miſled. Here, ſurmounting the Pyrenees, and precipitating themſelves from their ſummit; overthrowing whatever oppoſes their progreſs, and checked only by an honorable peace; there aſcending the Alps and Appenines, they fly acroſs the Po and Adige.

The ardor of the ſoldier is ſeconded by the genius and boldneſs of the chiefs. They plan with ſcience, and execute with energy; now diſplaying their forces with calmneſs; then courting danger at the head of their brothers in arms. Oh that I could here diſplay the immenſe and glorious picture of their victories! that I could name our moſt intrepid defenders! What a crowd of ſublime images and beloved names preſs upon my recollection! Immortal warriors, poſterity will not believe the multitude of your triumphs; but to us hiſtory loſes all its improbabilities.

But do we not ſee, even on this ſpot, a portion of thoſe brave defenders? Victors over the exterior enemies of the ſtate, they have come to repreſs our internal enemies; and preſerve at home the republic which

which they have cauſed to be reſpected abroad. Do we not alſo ſee thoſe venerable warriors who have grown grey in the ſervice; thoſe whom honorable wounds have obliged to ſeek premature repoſe, and whoſe aſylum is in ſight? With what pleaſure our eyes feed on this intereſting reunion. With what agreeable emotions we contemplate thoſe victorious brows!

Heroes who have periſhed for liberty, why does there remain to us nothing but a recollection of your ſervices? You will, however, live forever in our hearts; your children will be dear to us; the republic will repay to them the debt they owe to you; and we diſcharge here the firſt, by proclaiming your glory and our gratitude. Republican armies, repreſented here, by warriors from your ranks; invincible phalanxes, whoſe trophies I obſerve on all ſides, whoſe freſh ſucceſſes I foreſee, come forward and receive the triumphal crowns which the French people command me to attach to your colours.

ADDRESS OF MR. ADET, FRENCH AMBASSADOR, ON PRESENTING THE COLOURS OF FRANCE, TO THE UNITED STATES, 1796.

MR. PRESIDENT,

I COME to acquit myſelf of a duty very dear to my heart. I come to depoſit in your hands, and in the midſt of a people juſtly renowned for their courage, and their love of liberty, the ſymbol of the triumph and of the enfranchiſement of my nation.

When ſhe broke her chains; when ſhe proclaimed the impreſcriptible rights of man; when, in a terrible war, ſhe ſealed with her blood the covenant made with liberty, her own happineſs was not alone the object of her glorious efforts; her views extended alſo to all free people; ſhe ſaw their intereſts blended with her

own, and doubly rejoiced in her victories, which, in aſſuring to her the enjoyments of her rights, became to them new guarantees of their independence.

Theſe ſentiments, which animated the French nation, from the dawn of their revolution, have acquired new ſtrength ſince the foundation of the republic. France, at that time, by the form of its government, aſſimilated to, or rather indentified with free people, ſaw in them only friends and brothers. Long accuſtomed to regard the American people as their moſt faithful allies, ſhe has ſought to draw cloſer the ties already formed in the fields of America, under the auſpices of victory over the ruins of tyranny.

The National Convention, the organs of the will of the French Nation, have more than once expreſſed their ſentiments to the American people; but above all, theſe burſt forth on that auguſt day, when the Miniſter of the United States preſented to the National Repreſentation, the colours of his country, deſiring never to loſe recollections as dear to Frenchmen as they muſt be to Americans. The Convention ordered that theſe colours ſhould be placed in the hall of their ſittings. They had experienced ſenſations too agreeable not to cauſe them to be partaken of by their allies, and decreed that to them the national colours ſhould be preſented.

Mr. Preſident, I do not doubt their expectations will be fulfilled; and I am convinced, that every citizen will receive, with a pleaſing emotion, this flag, elſewhere the terror of the enemies of liberty; here the certain pledge of faithful friendſhip; eſpecially when they recollect that it guides to combat, men who have ſhared their toils, and who were prepared for liberty, by aiding them to acquire their own.

PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S ANSWER.

BORN, Sir, in a land of liberty; having early learned its value; having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it; having, in a word, devoted the beſt years of my life to ſecure it a permanent eſtabliſhment in my own country; my anxious recollections, my ſympathetic feelings, and my beſt wiſhes are irreſiſtibly excited, whenſoever, in any country, I ſee an oppreſſed nation unfurl the banners of freedom. But above all, the events of the French revolution have produced the deepeſt ſolicitude, as well as the higheſt admiration. To call your nation brave, were to pronounce but common praiſe. WONDERFUL PEOPLE! ages to come will read with aſtoniſhment the hiſtory of your brilliant exploits.

I rejoice that the period of your toils and of your immenſe ſacrifices is approaching. I rejoice that the intereſting revolutionary movements of ſo many years have iſſued in the formation of a conſtitution deſigned to give permanency to the great object for which you have contended. I rejoice that liberty, which you have ſo long embraced with enthuſiaſm; liberty, of which you have been the invincible defenders, now finds an aſylum in the boſom of a regularly organized government: a government, which, being formed to ſecure the happineſs of the French people, correſponds with the ardent wiſhes of my heart, while it gratifies the pride of every citizen of the United States, by its reſemblance of their own. On theſe glorious events accept, Sir, my ſincere congratulations.

In delivering to you theſe ſentiments, I expreſs not my own feelings only, but thoſe of my fellow-citizens, in relation to the commencement, the progreſs, and the iſſue of the French revolution; and they will cordially join with me in pureſt wiſhes to the Supreme Being, that the citizens of our ſiſter republic, our magnanimous

nanimous allies, may ſoon enjoy, in peace, that liberty, which they have purchaſed at ſo great a price, and all the happineſs which liberty can beſtow.

I receive, Sir, with lively ſenſibility, the ſymbol of the triumphs and of the enfranchiſements of your nation, the colours of France, which you have now preſented to the United States. The tranſaction will be announced to Congreſs; and the colours will be depoſited with theſe archives of the United States, which are at once the evidences and the memorials of their freedom and independence. May theſe be perpetual; and may the friendſhip of the two republics be commenſurate with their exiſtence.

THE OPPRESSIVE LANDLORD.

Enter DON PHILIP *and* WIFE.

Don Philip. WELL, my dear, I have warned all the families out of my long range of buildings, and ordered them to pay double the rent they have done, for every day they remain. From every new tenant I am determined to have three times the ſum. The preſent rent will never do in theſe times. Our children will become beggars at this rate; and you and I ſhall have to betake ourſelves to hand labour, like the *common herd*, to earn our daily bread.

Wife. But I fear that ſome of our tenants are too poor to endure a rent, double to what they now pay; and I am certain it will be impoſſible for them all to remove, on account of the ſcarcity of houſes to be obtained.

Don P. That is not my look-out. It is enough for me to attend to my *own* intereſt, not theirs.

Wife. But you will exerciſe a little lenity towards them, at this diſtreſſing time. I am perſuaded, my dear, that you will not turn them into the ſtreet. Beſides, it is thought by ſome, that they already pay a reaſonable rent.

Don P.

Don P. I have nothing to do with lenity. Woman, would you not have your husband be looking out against a rainy day? What would become of you, and your children, if I were to spend my time in studying *lenity*, instead of my *interest-table?* I tell you, that now is the harvest time, and I am determined to thrust in the sickle, and reap my proportion of the crop, before the season's over. The town is crowded with foreigners who are exiled from their homes, and necessity obliges them to pay whatever price is demanded, for a shelter to cover their heads.

Wife. Would you then profit by the necessities and misfortunes of your fellow-creatures? These exiles are entitled to our compassion, instead of experiencing our oppression.

Don. P. You talk like a poor weak woman. Did I not tell you that I had nothing to do with other people's good or ill fortune? It is more than I can do to take care of my own dependants. We should make fine way ahead, if you were at helm. I believe in my conscience, that, if you possessed the keys of the strong-box, you would squander away to the full amount of a pistareen a week upon these poor starving runaways. I have not yet forgotten how you lavished a whole gallon of cider upon those three miserable wretches that cleared out our well, the day before thanksgiving. Does this look like taking a prudent care of your family? Pray how do you read your Bible? Has not Nebuchadnezzar said, that "He, who provides not for his own household, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel?"

Wife. If you had studied your Bible as faithfully as you have your *interest-table*, you would not have put Saint Paul's words into the mouth of the king of Babylon. Does not the same scripture say, that "He who oppresseth the poor, and ——"

Don P. Hush, I say; one of my tenants approaches. Banish your womanish feelings; and let not your unruly tongue betray your weakness.

Enter TENANT.

Ten. Sir, I come to inform you, that I have at laſt been fortunate enough to procure a ſhelter for my family, though an indifferent one; and have brought you the rent of your tenement, which I quitted with reluctance yeſterday.

Don P. It is well you are out; for you would have met with trouble, if you had remained three days longer. I had ordered my attorney to give directions to an officer to tumble all your goods into the ſtreet, and you and your children after them.

Ten. Then a good Providence has preſerved us.

Don P. Providence has ſmiled upon me, I confeſs, in granting me ſuch a riddance.

Ten. I contend not with an adverſary who is mantled in gold. Will you pleaſe to count your money, and give me a diſcharge?

Don P. [*Counts the money.*] Why, man, the ſum is deficient; I cannot receipt it.

Ten. It is the ſame, Sir, as I paid the laſt term.

Don P. That is very true; but did I not double the rent three days ago?

Ten. You did, indeed; but my reply was, that I was utterly unable to pay a higher price; and as the time was ſo ſhort, I thought you would not ſtand for trifles.

Don P. Trifles! If you were to receive it, I believe you would not call it a trifle; neither do I. I demand the utmoſt farthing.

Ten. For the ſake of peace, though I think your demand unjuſt, I will take your receipt for this, and bring the remainder to-morrow.

Don P. Not a cent will I receive without the whole, leſt by ſome quibble of the law I loſe the reſt.

Ten. Your avaricious diſpoſition leads you to act contrary to your own intereſt.

Don P. I ſhall not apply to you for leſſons of inſtruction. I ſhall conduct my own affairs according to my ſovereign will and pleaſure. Let me tell you, Sir, this

this impudence does not well become a man of your circumſtances.

Ten. "Sir, your honored father never uſed me thus." Alas! he little thought in what oppreſſive hands he left his large eſtate. Could he be permitted to reviſit the earth, his ghoſt would haunt your guilty ſoul; and, if you have any conſcience left, harrow up remorſe, and awaken you to repentance.

Don P. I did not admit a tenant into my houſe to hear a moral lecture from him.

Ten. If you will take your money, I will quit your houſe with pleaſure. But before we part, give me leave to tell you, that, though your great wealth has exalted you above yourſelf, and, in your own opinion, placed you beyond the reach of poverty, the time *may* come when you will *feel* what oppreſſion is.

Wife. I entreat you to receive the money, and be content.

Don P. A woman, who can't be ſilent in her huſband's preſence, eſpecially when he is negociating important buſineſs, may take a modeſt hint to leave the room. [*Exit Wife.*

Ten. If you are reſolved not to receive your money, I muſt carry it home again. And I hope the time is not far diſtant, when I ſhall be out of the reach of your oppreſſive hands. [*Exit.*

Don P. [*Solus.*] Every man I deal with is trying to cheat me. Mankind are by nature all knaves. I am afraid to truſt even my beſt friends. What an affliction it is to have property! The poor always think that the rich are bound to maintain them, and are never ſatisfied with what is done for them. My tenants would be glad to live in my houſes rent free if they could. This, I am perſuaded, they learned of my father; but I'll ſoon teach them to expect different things. Rather than matters ſhould go on at ſuch looſe ends, I'll ſell every one of my buildings, and put the money in bank. My mind is conſtantly on the ſtretch to contrive ways and means to preſerve what little

little I poſſeſs. It is well my father left his property to me. Had he left it to one of only *common* underſtanding, theſe plotting tenants would have run away with the whole of it.

Enter ſecond TENANT.

2*d. Ten.* Sir, I appear before you to crave your compaſſion. I am the moſt unfortunate of all your tenants. My misfortune is, to be obliged to remain in your houſe, after it is your pleaſure that I ſhould leave it.

Don P. To-morrow I will cure you of your misfortune; for if you cannot get out yourſelf, I will help you out.

2*d. Ten.* Why may I not remain? It may be for your intereſt as well as mine. I have ever made you punctual payment; and ſtand ready now to give as much as any other man, or as much as your conſcience will ſuffer you to demand.

Don P. My will and pleaſure is, that you depart immediately. My reaſons for my conduct I give to no man.

2*d. Ten.* But, Sir, I have a claim upon your mercy. You are not inſenſible of the pains I've taken to accompliſh what you wiſh. Neceſſity is the only reaſon why I aſk this favour. One ſpecial reaſon why you ought to grant it is, that I am now in your ſervice with the ſame ſalary as in years paſt; when your good father was ſatisfied with one fourth the ſum his craving ſon demands. I have been, you muſt allow, a faithful ſlave to your children. They have long received, and ſtill receive my beſt inſtruction, without an augmentation of reward. If you will not hear the plea of mercy, grant me juſtice. If you increaſe your price of rent, increaſe my pay.

Don P. I meddle not with your affairs. Look out for your pay among your employers. I am but one among many, and promiſe you that I ſhall not be foremoſt to enhance the price of inſtruction, while children are ſo numerous. My houſes are my own. I bought them

them with my own money; and ſhall diſpoſe of them at my own pleaſure.

2d. Ten. You ſpeak as though you were lord of the creation, and had the world at your command.

Don P. I am lord of my own poſſeſſions; and ſhall not aſk my tenants how I am to diſpoſe of them.

2d. Ten. Did you ever read, that "Riches take to themſelves wings, and fly away?"

Don P. I am not apprehenſive that any wings are attached to my property.

2d. Ten. Your mountain may not ſtand ſo ſtrong as you think it does. The cries of the fatherleſs and the widow, who have groaned under your oppreſſion, have reached the heavens, and you have reaſon to fear they will be anſwered with vengeance on your head. Did you but believe in a future day of retribution, as you have impiouſly profeſſed, you would ſeriouſly engage in the work of repentance and reformation; which, let me tell you, it is preſumption to neglect.

Re-enter firſt TENANT, *with a* LAWYER.

1ſt. Ten. I pray you to accept your money, and give me a diſcharge.

Don P. I told you, not a cent, till the whole amount was paid.

Law. That is ſufficient. The law allows no force in paying debts. Every creditor has an undoubted right to refuſe his money, when offered by his debtor. This he has done before witneſs. I now declare it forfeit. Keep it as your own.

Don P. Rogues will always combine againſt honeſt men. The whole world are endeavoring to cheat me out of my lawful earnings. My beſt friends have become my worſt enemies.

Law. You have no friends; nor will you ever have, ſo long as you make an idol of your own dear ſelf.

Don P. My property is my beſt friend, and one which I truſt will never forſake me.

[*Cry of fire without.*

Enter

Enter SERVANT *in haſte.*

Ser. Sir, your long row of buildings is all in flames!

Don P. Impoſſible!—They were all to be inſured to-morrow!

Ser. It is ſeriouſly true! and the roofs are now tumbling to the ground!

Don P. Then immediately call all hands, and put fire to this, and every other building I poſſeſs; that they may all go to deſtruction together.

2d. Ten. That looks ſomething like giving wings to your riches.

Don P. If I had had one thimble full of brains, I ſhould have got them inſured before. O horrible cataſtrophe! Not only wicked men and devils, but even the elements themſelves have turned againſt me.

Law. Compoſe yourſelf, dear Sir. Your beſt friend won't be ſo cruel as to forſake you, at this critical moment.

Don P. Is my money ſafe? If that is burnt, I'll burn myſelf. Oh that I had permitted my tenants to remain, that they and their property might all have periſhed in the flames together!

LORD MANSFIELD'S SPEECH, IN SUPPORT OF A BILL FOR PREVENTING DELAYS OF JUSTICE, BY REASON OF PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT, 1770.

MY LORDS,

I HAVE waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged againſt the bill; but I have waited in vain; the truth is, there is no argument that can weigh againſt it. The juſtice and expediency of the bill are ſuch as render it ſelf-evident. It is a propoſition of that nature, that can neither be weakened by argument, nor entangled with ſophiſtry.

We all know, that the very ſoul and eſſence of trade are regular payments; and ſad experience teaches us, that

that there are men, who will not make their regular payments without the compulſive power of the laws. The law then ought to be equally open to all. Any exemption to particular men, or particular ranks of men, is, in a free and commercial country, a ſoleciſm of the groſſeſt nature.

I will not trouble your lordſhips with arguments for that which is ſufficiently evident without any. I ſhall only ſay a few words to ſome noble lords, who foreſee much inconveniency from the perſons of their ſervants' being liable to be arreſted. One noble lord obſerves, that the coachman of a peer may be arreſted while he is driving his maſter to the Houſe; and, conſequently, he will not be able to attend his duty in Parliament. If this were actually to happen, there are ſo many ways by which the member might ſtill get to the Houſe, that I can hardly think the noble lord is ſerious in his objection. Another noble peer ſaid, that by this bill we might loſe our moſt valuable and honeſt ſervants. This I hold to be a contradiction in terms: for he can neither be a valuable ſervant, nor an honeſt man, who gets into debt which he is neither able nor willing to pay, till compelled by law.

If my ſervant, by unforeſeen accidents, has run into debt, and I ſtill wiſh to retain him, I certainly would pay the debt. But upon no principle of liberal legiſlation whatever, can my ſervant have a title to ſet his creditors at defiance, while for forty ſhillings only, the honeſt tradeſman may be torn from his family, and locked up in a jail. It is monſtrous injuſtice! I flatter myſelf, however, the determination of this day will entirely put an end to all ſuch partial proceedings for the future, by paſſing into a law the bill now under your lordſhips' conſideration.

I come now to ſpeak, upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been ſaid by a noble lord on my left hand, that I likewiſe am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord

lord means by popularity, that applauſe beſtowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been ſtruggling in that race. But if he mean that muſhroom popularity, which is raiſed without merit and loſt without a crime, he much miſtakes in his opinion.

I defy the noble lord to point out a ſingle action of my life, where the popularity of the times ever had the ſmalleſt influence on my determinations. I have a more permanent and ſteady rule for my conduct, the dictates of my own breaſt. Thoſe who have foregone that pleaſing adviſer, and given up their mind to be the ſlave of every popular impulſe, I ſincerely pity. I pity them ſtill more, if their vanity leads them to miſtake the ſhouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been ſaluted with the huzzas of a crowd, one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as ſpotleſs patriots, have, nevertheleſs, appeared upon the hiſtorian's page, when truth has triumphed over deluſion, the aſſaſſins of liberty.

Why then the noble lord can think I am ambitious of preſent popularity, that echo of folly, and ſhadow of renown, I am at a loſs to determine. Beſides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordſhips will be popular. It depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that caſe, the preſent muſt be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular neither to take away any of the privileges of parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your lordſhips may remember, that not long ago the popular cry was for the extenſion of privilege; and ſo far did they carry it at that time, that it was ſaid that the privilege protected members even in criminal actions. Nay, ſuch was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very deciſions of ſome of the courts were tinctured with that doctrine.

It

It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine. I thought ſo then, and think ſo ſtill: but nevertheleſs, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from thoſe who were called the friends of liberty; how deſervedly, time will ſhow. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exiſt when juſtice is equally adminiſtered to all; to the king, and to the beggar. Where is the juſtice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of parliament more than any other man, from the puniſhment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, nor any employment, to be a ſanctuary for crimes: and where I have the honor to ſit as judge, neither royal favour, nor popular applauſe ſhall ever protect the guilty.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

LET us endeavor to realize the majeſty and terror of the univerſal alarm on the final Judgment Day. When the dead are ſleeping in the ſilent grave; when the living are thoughtleſs and unapprehenſive of the grand event, or intent on other purſuits; ſome of them aſleep in the dead of night; ſome of them diſſolved in ſenſual pleaſures, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; ſome of them planning or executing ſchemes for riches or honors; ſome in the very act of ſin; the generality ſtupid and careleſs about the concerns of eternity, and the dreadful day juſt at hand; and a few here and there converſing with their God, and looking for the glorious appearance of their Lord and Saviour; when the courſe of nature runs on uniform and regular as uſual, and infidel ſcoffers are taking umbrage from thence to aſk, "Where is the promiſe of his coming?" In ſhort, when there are no more viſible appearances of this approaching day, than of the deſtruction of Sodom, on that clear morning in which Lot fled away; or of the deluge, when Noah entered

tered into the ark: then, in that hour of unapprehenſive ſecurity, then ſuddenly ſhall the heavens open over the aſtoniſhed world; then ſhall the alarming clangor break over their heads like a clap of thunder in a clear ſky.

Immediately the living turn their gazing eyes upon the amazing phenomenon: ſome hear the long-expected ſound with rapture, and lift up their heads with joy, aſſured that the day of their redemption is come; while the thoughtleſs world are ſtruck with the wildeſt horror and conſternation. In the ſame inſtant the ſound reaches all the manſions of the dead; and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they are raiſed, and the living are changed. This call will be as animating to all the ſons of men, as that call to a ſingle perſon, "Lazarus, come forth." O what a ſurpriſe will this be to the thoughtleſs world! Should this alarm burſt over our heads this moment, into what a terror would it ſtrike many in this aſſembly? Such will be the terror, ſuch the conſternation, when it actually comes to paſs. Sinners will be the ſame timorous, ſelf-condemned creatures then as they are now. And then they will not be able to ſtop their ears, who are deaf to all the gentler calls of the goſpel now.

Then the trump of God will conſtrain them to hear and fear, to whom the miniſters of Chriſt now preach in vain. Then they muſt all hear; for, "all that are in their graves," all without exception, "ſhall hear his voice." Now the voice of mercy calls, reaſon pleads, conſcience warns; but multitudes will not hear. But this is a voice which ſhall, which muſt reach every one of the millions of mankind, and not one of them will be able to ſtop his ears. Infants and giants, kings and ſubjects, all ranks, all ages of mankind ſhall hear the call. The living ſhall ſtart and be changed, and the dead riſe at the ſound. The duſt that was once alive and formed a human body, whether it flies in the air, floats in the ocean, or vegetates on earth, ſhall hear the new-creating fiat. Wherever the fragments of the human frame are ſcattered, this all-penetrating call

ſhall

ſhall reach and ſpeak them into life. We may conſider this voice as a ſummons not only to dead bodies to riſe, but to the ſouls that once animated them, to appear and be re-united to them.

This ſummons ſhall ſpread through every corner of the univerſe; and Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and all their inhabitants, ſhall hear and obey. Now methinks I ſee, I hear the earth heaving, charnal houſes rattling, tombs burſting, graves opening. Now the nations under ground begin to ſtir. There is a noiſe and a ſhaking among the dry bones. The duſt is all alive, and in motion, and the globe breaks and trembles, as with an earthquake, while this vaſt army is working its way through, and burſting into life. The ruins of human bodies are ſcattered far and wide, and have paſſed through many, and ſurpriſing transformations. A limb in one country, and another in another; here the head, and there the trunk; and the ocean rolling between.

And now, at the ſound of the trumpet, they ſhall all be collected, wherever they were ſcattered; all properly ſorted and united, however they were confuſed; atom to its fellow atom, bone to its fellow bone. Now methinks you may ſee the air darkened with fragments of bodies, flying from country to country, to meet and join their proper parts:

———"Scatter'd limbs and all
The various bones obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head, the diſtant legs, the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and complete the frame.
The ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Though realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each vagrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal, wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind."

CHRIST

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT OVER THE APOSTATE ANGELS.

SO ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too ſevere to be beheld;
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyrean ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues; they, aſtoniſh'd, all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er ſhields, and helms, and helmed heads, he rode,
Of thrones and mighty ſeraphim proſtrate,
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd Four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heav'n.
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or tim'rous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunderſtruck, purſued

With

With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of Heav'n, which, opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep; the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worſe
Urg'd them behind; headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe; Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they feel; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall:
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin. Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulſion of his foes,
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his ſaints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given
Worthieſt to reign. He, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father, thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.

SLAVES IN BARBARY;
A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

HAMET,	*Baſhaw of Tunis.*
OZRO, AMANDAR,	*Brothers, and Slaves in Tunis.*
FRANCISCO,	*Brother to Ozro and Amandar, ſent to redeem them.*
KIDNAP,	*An American Captive.*
ORAN,	*A Purchaſer of Slaves.*
ZANGA, GORTON,	*Sea Captains.*
TEAGUE,	*An Iriſh Captive.*
SHARP,	*An African, and Kidnap's Slave.*

Officer, Auctioneer, Guards, Attendants, Purchaſers of Slaves, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.
A Garden.

AMANDAR *ſolus, confined with a chain.*

IN vain the flowers ſpread their gaudy colours, and fill the air with fragrance. The ſun has not a cheering beam for me. All nature's ſmiles are frowns to him, who wears the chain of bondage. Fifteen long months have witneſſed my misfortune: what luckleſs winds delay Franciſco's paſſage?

Enter ORAN *with a cane.*

Oran. Moping fugitive! quick to your taſk. [*Beating him.*] I have not placed you here to mutter to the herbs and flowers: they need the labour of your hands. Let them have it; or heavier blows ſhall puniſh your neglect.

Aman. Then do your worſt! I aſk the fatal blow, to put a period to my miſeries.

Oran. Your life is in my hands; but it ſhall be prolonged; and with your life, I'll lengthen out your miſeries.

Aman.

Aman. Unfeeling tyrant! From you I only aſk the murderer's office. Speech was deſigned for friendly intercourſe; it ill becomes the tiger. In brutal ſilence, you may tear my fleſh: add not the ſting of words.

Enter OZRO.

Oran. Hah! Ozro. A ſlave enlarged is no grateful ſight to his old maſter. [*Aſide.*

Ozro. I come, my brother, to end your ſufferings.

Aman. Welcome! You know them to be more than man can bear.

Oran. Vile intruder! are you ſo ſoon intoxicated with your liberty? Quick, flee this place; or ſtronger chains, than bound you here before, ſhall ſober you again.

Ozro. Talk not of chains; but rather learn to dread the hand, on which they have been bound. I come to execute the orders of your lord and maſter; not to be frightened with your threats. Amandar's injuries have reached the ears of the Baſhaw; and I am ſent——

Oran. Tale-bearing renegade! Well, I ſhall learn to huſband my own property, and give up no more ſlaves for Hamet's counſellors. Attend your duty! [*To Amandar, ſtriking him.*

Ozro. Repeat that blow, and it ſhall coſt you dear.

Oran. Caitiff! begone from hence; or even the Baſhaw ſhall not defend you from my indignation. Quick, leave my ſight!

Ozro. Not while you have it in your power to exerciſe your tyranny over my brother. But yeſterday, you promiſed to ſell Amandar for this ſum: here it is, ready counted to your hands. I demand him of you.

Oran. One half this ſum would have bought him yeſterday. It is my preſent choice to ſacrifice my property for my revenge. I will double his taſk and ſhorten his allowance, till his pride is reduced, and he becomes more profitable, by additional ſeverity. This is my promiſe to-day: take it for your ſolace.

Ozro.

Ozro. Monſter! would you forever feaſt your ſoul on the miſeries of the unfortunate? Your word is paſſed; recal it at the peril of your life. There is your money. [*Flinging it at his feet.*] Amandar is——

Oran. When foreign ruffians, who ought to wear the chains of bondage, are armed with ſwords, all right is loſt: our property is given to the winds. Were it not for what weak heads, and ſickly hearts call juſtice, I'd feaſt my dogs upon your fleſh.

Ozro. Go vent your railings to the ſavage beaſts, that prey on one another. If you love the law that ſanctions cruelty, they are your fit aſſociates. Amandar, you are once more reſtored to liberty and life. [*Cutting off his bands with his ſword.*]

[*Exeunt Amandar and Ozro.*

Oran. [*Taking his money.*] Theſe high-bred fellows make but poor ſlaves. 'Tis well to ſhift them off at any rate. I will take care how I lay out my money for the future. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Highway.

Ozro *and* Amandar.

Aman. Am I deluded by a dream? or is this real? What angel eye of pity has glanced upon us?

Ozro. I would not interrupt thy bliſs, nor ſtir the dregs, which the fair ſurface of this draught conceals. But fortune ſeems to make our happineſs her ſport.

Aman. Has not the Baſhaw purchaſed our freedom? What are the conditions?

Ozro. That is for time or wild conjecture to determine. We muſt deliberate what courſe to take.

Aman. What doſt thou ſay? let me hear the worſt.

Ozro. You know the circumſtances of my liberation. All had the appearance of affability and pity in the Baſhaw. He queſtioned particularly concerning our ſituation, and ſeemed moved with the account I gave. I informed him, our brother was daily expected with the gleanings of an unfortunate father's intereſt to redeem

deem us from our chains, and reſtore us to a diſconſolate family. He turned aſide, as though ſome ſudden emotion had ſeized his mind; then exclaimed, "They ſhall be mine!" The money was paid for your ranſom, and committed to me. We are conſidered as his property.

Aman. What then creates ſuſpicion? This favour has ſome claim upon our gratitude. If we muſt err, let it be on the ſide of honor.

Ozro. So thought I, Amandar. Theſe were the impreſſions of the moment. But avarice often aſſumes the appearance of generoſity: and malice, to makes its prey more ſure, puts on the guiſe of pity. If the Baſhaw's motive were our happineſs, all, but my freedom, I would pledge to pay the debt of gratitude. But I would ſooner ſeek the lion's den, or truſt the mercy of a tiger, than commit myſelf to a mercenary Turk. A father's fortune well may tempt the hypocritic ſhow of kindneſs to his ſons.

Aman. This thought gives weight to your ſuſpicion. Are our misfortunes then the object of baſe ſpeculation? This well becomes the dignity of rulers; the honor of the prime magiſtrate of Tunis! to ſeek us out, like brutes, to buy and ſell, and fill his coffers on the ruins of our family. But ſtay. Is there no room for charity? Tunis, of all the ſtates of Barbary, is famed for its refinement. Every Turk is not an Oran. I think I have heard the Baſhaw noted for his humanity.

Ozro. That ruler has but an ill title to humanity, who ſuffers his ſubjects to traffic in the deareſt rights of man, and ſhares himſelf the execrated commerce.

Aman. True, my brother. But let us remember our native Venice. We have ſeen the Turk ſold there in open market, and expoſed to all the indignities which we have borne with Oran. Nay more; we may come nearer home, and ſpread the bluſh on our own faces. We both have heard the ſtory of the grateful Turk, who, by the interceſſion of Franciſco, was twice releaſed from ſervitude. He had a noble

ſoul,

ſoul, a feeling heart. Though his virtues were diſcovered, and finally rewarded by our father, we may bluſh that they were ſo long unheeded by our countrymen, and he ſuffered to languiſh in ignominious bondage.

Ozro. Your words have weight. For the ſake of this noble captive, I will take part of my cenſure from the Turks, and ſpare it for my countrymen. Though this was done before my memory, the ſtory paints his virtues to my mind; and had I no other claim, I would call Franciſco brother for this deed.

Aman. [*After a pauſe.*] Can it be! no; 'tis too much to think of.

Ozro. What, Amandar?

Aman. A thought has ſtruck my mind. Help to confirm, or to confute it.

Enter Guards abruptly.

Ozro. [*Drawing.*] Who is here! Stand off!

[*Guards draw.*

1ſt. Guard. But look, my lads! You ſee you are outmanned. We are more than two to one.

Ozro. Then keep your diſtance, and let us know your buſineſs: elſe, were you ten to one, I'd make your number leſs.

1ſt. Guard. As to our buſineſs, we are obliged to let you know it; or I believe your ſwords would not frighten us to it. It is to carry you to the Baſhaw.

Ozro. On what conditions muſt we go?

1ſt. Guard. As to that, we ſhall not be nice. We have no cavalry, ye ſee; ſo you muſt be content to march on foot. You may take the front, or centre, as ſuits you beſt. But we ſhall not truſt you in the rear, if you ſhow a diſpoſition to deſert us; and, if you are inclined to be hoſtile, we muſt ſecure that ſword.

Ozro. I aſk the terms on which we are to go; as ſlaves or freemen?

1ſt. Guard. We don't wiſh to take the trouble to bind you. If you are not free to go, we muſt quicken your

your march with the point of our ſwords. Our orders are to return immediately.

Ozro. Keep us no longer in ſuſpenſe. We now are free; and——

1ſt. Guard. As to that, I believe you are a little miſtaken. The Baſhaw has bought you both, and paid for you; and we ſhall look better to his intereſt than to loſe you for nothing; d'ye ſee? Come; march!

Ozro. What is the paltry price, compared with years of miſery? Perhaps you know our deſtiny. If we're for ſale again, tell him, we give the terms. This place ſhall be the fair, and life the price.

1ſt. Guard. I tell you again, we are not eaſily frighted. But I ſee you are afraid of getting into Oran's hands again. If you chooſe to be obſtinate, we could eaſily ſlice you in pieces and carry you on the points of our ſwords. But we don't wiſh to ſpoil you in ſuch a manner. Beſides, our maſter keeps no cut-throats. Our orders were to carry you ſafe to the Baſhaw, and neither hurt you ourſelves, nor let any body elſe. You may wonder at this extraordinary honor, and ſo do we. But he takes a liking to Chriſtians, and is very often doing them a good turn. I fancy ſomething uncommon is going forward to-day by this manœuvre. Perhaps he is inclined to ſin a little in your own way, by drinking a few bottles of wine with you.

Ozro. [*To Amandar.*] Their honeſt frankneſs quite unarms me. I hope my ſuſpicions have been groundleſs.

Aman. Let us truſt ourſelves to their care. I am anxious to know the ſequel.

Scene III.

Hamet's Houſe.

Hamet. [*Solus.*] The grateful day returns, that brings to mind my generous benefactors. The birth-

day

day of my happineſs, my fortune, and my honor. Let it be ſacred to gratitude, and devoted to the ſons of ſorrow.

Enter OFFICER.

Officer. Noble Sir, the ſale of priſoners begins in half an hour. Is it your pleaſure to attend the auction?

Hamet. It is. Have them upon the ſpot; and ſee that they are treated with humanity. [*Exit Officer.*] Ill-fated men! their lot is miſerable indeed. 'Twere almoſt juſt to riſe above the laws, and give them all their freedom. [*Exit Hamet.*

SCENE IV.

The ſtreet in Tunis.

Enter CRIER, *ringing his bell.*

At half an hour from this time! will be ſold at public auction! to the higheſt bidder! priſoners of all colours! ſorts and ſizes! lately captured! on the Mediteranean! and brought freſh into port! warranted free from ſickneſs, and wounds! Alſo, a conſiderable number! a little damaged! by muſket ſhot! and cannon balls! and careleſs handling, with long knives and broad ſwords! and for want of wholeſome air! on eaſy terms for the purchaſer! [*Exit Crier.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ORAN *walking to the fair.*

Oran. [*Solus.*] Yes, he who frees a ſlave, arms an aſſaſſin. The Baſhaw may learn this to his ſorrow. Let him look to that. He has given a high price for ſtock, that I ſhould have been glad to turn upon his hands. The money will purchaſe two for one. Gorton's and Zanga's freight of priſoners will almoſt glut the market.

ket. The Baſhaw may be as oſtentatious as he pleaſes of his boyiſh pity: thank fortune, I am not ſo tender-hearted. No: dominion is the right of man. The love of power is planted in his nature. But all men can't be kings. If there are lords, there muſt be ſlaves. And what muſt be is right. Let moralizers murmur at the doctrine: their arguments are ſlender threads; feeble as thoſe, who ſpin them out, from lovers' dreams, and children's notions. What is juſtice without power? The ſlave's ideal friend; whom he would wiſh to break his chains; on whoſe credit, he would eſtabliſh univerſal government; then diſſolve connexion, and ſhut his partner up in priſon. [*Exit Oran.*

SCENE II.

The fair, a large ſquare.

Enter OFFICER, *with a drawn ſword;* ZANGA *and* GORTON, *with ſwords, followed by priſoners pinioned; Sailors in the rear;* AUCTIONEER, *&c.* SHARP, *a negro, ſtanding by Gorton.*

OFFICER *bringing forward ſick and wounded.*

Auctioneer. Here, gentlemen, is a lot we ſhall not differ about. For the ſake of diſpatch, we will put up all the fragments together. Here are a number with broken legs, arms, &c. and a number more with mortal wounds, that may get well, or may not. That is your riſk; I ſhall not warrant them. Upwards of a dozen: count for yourſelves. Who bids?

Enter HAMET, *and attendants; ſilence obſerved, and all pay him obeiſance.*

Sharp. Dat a man, a planter, maſſer Gorton. [*To Gorton.*

Auct. Examine for yourſelves: who bids?

Oran. Four hundred ſequins for the whole.

Auct. That is ſcarce the price of one good able-bodied ſlave.

Oran. They will not do me half the ſervice at preſent. The greater part of them are not able to cook

their own food; much leſs to earn it. Yet they muſt be fed; or they will die on my hands, you know. And a ſick or dead ſlave is the very worſt of dead ſtock. I'll give no more.

Hamet. Theſe unfortunate men are the objects of compaſſion, not of unfeeling ſarcaſm. Raiſe their price to five hundred, and charge them to my account. Servants, ſee them removed to the hoſpital. Let a ſurgeon be employed to heal their wounds, and reſtore them to health. [*Priſoners bowing reſpectfully.*]

[*Exeunt ſervants and priſoners.*

Sharp. Dat a good planter, maſſer Gorton. He good to white man; an be he good to poor negur man too?

OFFICER *bringing forward a number.*

Auct. Here are a parcel of lads of the firſt quality; ſuperfine; the ſons of noblemen. Their relations will give their weight in gold to redeem them.

1ſt Purchaſer. And their country, twice their weight, rather than have them return.

Auct. Now is the time to make your fortunes. Who bids?

Zanga. [*To Gorton.*] Theſe, I ſuppoſe, are your champions, that took ſhelter in the hold, with their ſeafaring brethren, the rats, when you fought them?

Gorton. The ſame.

Auct. One! two! three! Juſt going for—nothing.

1ſt Purchaſer. Preciſely what they are valued at, at home. You know, captains, theſe men of the feminine gender, don't paſs very current with us. You would do well to exchange them for ballaſt, or freſh water. I will give you one hundred ſequins a piece for them.

Gorton. Strike them off! It is cheaper buying men than raiſing them at this rate. One, two, three, four, five of them. Clear the hatchway!

[*Exeunt 1ſt Purchaſer and priſoners.*

OFFICER *bringing forward three others.*

Auct. Here are three ſtout, able-bodied fellows for you; well made for labour. Who bids?

Sharp.

Sharp. Dat a man my maſſer. [*Pointing to Kidnap.*

2d Purchaſer. Mere bladders filled with wine. Our labour and climate will blaſt them like muſhrooms.

3d Purchaſer. Let me look at their hands; they are the index of the ſlave. A good hard hand is worth more than a dozen bloated cheeks and barrel bodies. Let me ſee how they are put together.

[*Shaking them by the ſhoulders.*

Kidnap. Stand off! baſe ruffian.

[*Officer ſtrikes him.*

Sharp. Dat larn you ſtrike poor negur. Me wiſh he killa you! [*Aſide.*

Kidnap. Black imp! be ſilent.

Officer. This fellow is a rare piece, I'll aſſure you. Rather mettleſome at preſent. Diſcipline him freely with a whip for ſeveral weeks, and he will be as patient as a Dutch horſe.

Kidnap. Severe reverſe! Now, Africans, I learn to pity you. [*Aſide.*

3d Purchaſer. What does he ſay?

Officer. I fancy he wiſhes to be excuſed from reading the new leaf we are turning over for him. His dreams have been very much inclined to tattle, ſince he has been in priſon. If I may judge from them, he has been a wholeſale dealer in ſlaves himſelf; and is juſt beginning the hard leſſon of repentance.

Gorton. Is this the man, who entertained you ſo agreeably in his ſleep? I ſhould ſuppoſe he might afford a deal of amuſement when awake.

Officer. He was in a very companionable mood laſt night. He muſt have thought himſelf at home: poor man, I am almoſt ſorry for his deluſion. In his ſocial glee, he ordered ſix dozen of port, gave Liberty and Independence for a toaſt, ſung an ode to Freedom; and after fancying he had kicked over the tables, broken all the glaſſes, and lay helpleſs on the floor, gave orders, attended by a volley of oaths, to have fifty of his ſlaves whipped thirty ſtripes each, for ſinging a liberty-ſong in echo to his own; and ſix more to be hung

hung up by the heels for petitioning him for a draught of milk and water, while he was revelling with his drunken companions. Then waked up, and exclaimed, O happy America! farewel forever! Juſtice! thou haſt overtaken me at laſt.

Auct. His dreams will be a caſh article. Who bids?

3d Purchaſer. Two hundred ſequins a piece, for the three.

Hamet. Officer, forward that man: I wiſh to ſpeak with him. [*Officer leads Kidnap to Hamet.*

From whence are you? [*To Kidnap.*

Kidnap. From North America.

Hamet. The boaſted land of liberty?

Kidnap. None more ſo.

Hamet. Then does ſhe realize thoſe ſcenes your fancy paints, and which your tongue deſcribes, when off its guard?

Kidnap. Take ſecond-handed dreams for evidence, and judge as you pleaſe of me, or my country.

Hamet. Your arrogance is evidence againſt you. Stand there in ſilence. Bring here that African. [*To the officer.*] [*Officer leads forward Sharp.* Was that man your maſter?

Sharp. Yes a maſſer. [*Bowing.*

Hamet. Is he a kind maſter? Do you wiſh to live with him?

Sharp. No, maſſer planter! he get drunk! he whip me! he knock a me down! he ſtamp on a me! he will kill a me dead! No! no! let a poor negur live wid a you, maſſer planter; live wid a maſſer officer; wid a dat a man; or any udder man, fore I go back America again; fore I live wid a maſſer Kidnap again.

Hamet. Fear not, honeſt feilow: no body ſhall hurt you.

Sharp. Tank a you, maſſer! bleſs a you, good maſſer planter! [*Bowing.*

Hamet. [*To Officer.*] Deliver this man to the higheſt bidder. Let miſery teach him, what he could never learn in affluence, the leſſon of humanity.

[*3d Purchaſer takes off Kidnap and the other two, and returns again.*] Common

Common ſailors brought forward.

Auct. Here are robuſt fellows for you; reduced to diſcipline; hardened by toil; proof againſt heat and cold, wind and weather. Now is your laſt opportunity. Who bids?

4th Purchaſer. Two hundred a piece for the whole.

5th Purchaſer. Two hundred and fifty.

Auct. Two hundred and fifty, and going. Their bare bones would be worth half that for ſkeletons. But they are well ſtrung with nerves, and covered with hardy fleſh: none of your muſhrooms, grown up in the ſhade. Look for yourſelves: they are almoſt bullet proof.

Zanga. Quite, you might have ſaid, or we ſhould have made riddling ſieves of them.

Oran. Three hundred a piece.

Auct. Three hundred, and going. One! two! three! [*Strikes.*

Zanga. [*To Oran.*] I am ſorry we were obliged to cut ſo many of them in pieces, before we could perſuade them to ſtrike. The whole crew would furniſh a fine plantation; and you might live in the ſtyle of a Weſt India planter.

Officer. Follow your maſter. [*Oran going; ſlaves following. Oran's ſervants follow the ſlaves with whips.*

Teague. [*Refuſing to follow.*] Ship-mates, you may do as you pleaſe. I ſhould be glad of your dear company; but, by my ſhoul, I will enter no man's ſhip by ſea, or by land, till I know the conditions, and receive a little advance pay.

Oran. Come on, my lad; or my ſervants ſhall ſee to your advance pay. [*Servant ſtrikes him with a whip.*

Teague. [*Burſting his pinions, and ſeizing Oran's ſervant.*] If this is your prompt pay, by ſaint Patrick! you ſhall have change in your own coin, my honey! D'ye ſee! I could tear your rigging before and aft like a hurricane. [*Shaking him. Officer attempts to ſtrike him with his ſword; other ſervants, with their whips.*

Hamet. Forbear! his honeſt indignation is the effuſion of humanity. Let him ſpeak for himſelf. There is ſomething in this ingenuous tar, that moves me to do him a kindneſs. [*Aſide.*

Teague. I think, an't pleaſe your honor, a poor ſailor has a hard time enough on't to encounter wind and weather, hunger and thirſt, and all the other dangers of the main ſea; and when rain and ſtorms have frowned on him for ſeveral months, he ought to find a little ſunſhine in every man's face; and not be bought and ſold like dumb beaſts in the market. I believe in my ſhoul, if one were to get rich in a Chriſtian country by ſuch a vile trade, the judgments of heaven would keep him poor as long as he lived. Ah, and if men were made to be ſlaves and maſters, why was not one man born with a whip in his hand and gold ſpoon in his mouth; and another, with a chain on his arm, or a fetter to his heel; aye, and without a tongue, or a pair of jaws, ſo long as one muſt not be allowed to uſe them? And if I had known I were to live a dog's life in this hard-hearted country, as I am a Chriſtian, I would have fought ye till I died. But, look ye! all hands upon deck; this muckle arm of mine is free; and by the blood of my heart, it ſhall be torn from my body, before I will be bound once more, it ſhall.

Oran. I muſt leave that unmanageable creature with you, Zanga; I have had too much to do with ſuch fellows already.

Hamet. Truſt him with me. His are the inborn virtues I admire: virtues, that ought to make the tyrant bluſh before him, and find him friends, wherever there are men.

Teague. On my honeſt word, I am your honor's good friend and ſervant, ſo long as I live, let the winds blow as they will. Yes, I will be any man's good friend and faithful ſervant, that will ſecure my liberty in the mean time, I will.

Auct.

Auct. Here is this honeſt negro lad, who has been under the benevolent inſtruction of a taſk-maſter, and converted to Chriſtianity by lectures applied to the naked back with a rope's end, or nine-tail whip. He is bred to his buſineſs; you will find him an excellent purchaſe; and he can loſe nothing by exchange of maſters. Who bids?

5th Purchaſer. Three hundred ſequins.

3d Purchaſer. Four hundred.

Officer. Follow that man; he is your maſter. [*To Sharp.*

Sharp. Yes a maſter. [*Bowing to his new maſter.*

5th Purchaſer. You give too much. You will raiſe the price of ſlaves above their profit.

3d Purchaſer. I have my reaſons. He is trained to his buſineſs: I intend to put his old maſter under his inſtruction, that he may occaſionally have the advantage of a whip-lecture from his former ſlave, whom he has treated ſo kindly.

5th Purchaſer. Perfectly right, Sir. Every dog muſt have his day. [*Exeunt 3d Purchaſer and Sharp.*

Zanga. [*Leading forward Franciſco.*] This man has coſt me dear; he muſt command a price accordingly.

Auct. Here is the laſt purchaſe: who bids?

5th Purchaſer. What extraordinary things can this fellow do?

Zanga. He can clip off men's heads and arms with an uncommon ſlight of hand. Had it not been for his dexterity at this art, and his loud acclamations to his crew, I ſhould not have been repulſed three times from their deck, with the loſs of half my men.

5th Purchaſer. This is your misfortune; not ours. Men in your way muſt run the riſk of loſing an arm and even a head once in a while. Courage is a very good recommendation for a ſailor, or ſoldier; but for a ſlave, I would give as much for one of your faint-hearted cowards, that you find hid in the hold in time of action, as for half a dozen, who will meet you with a piſtol at your head.

Auct.

Auct. What, does nobody bid?

Zanga. Theſe are the marks of gratitude and honor ſhown to us, who expoſe our lives to procure the means of eaſe and luxury for our countrymen. My men, whoſe wounds are witneſſes againſt him, would give a generous price to ſatisfy their vengeance.

Franciſco. Deteſted ruffian! blaſt not the names of gratitude and honor with your breath. Has not my life already been enough expoſed? Then let thoſe men, who wear the marks my courage gave, return me wound for wound. 'Tis not enough that you poſſeſs my father's fortune; the effects of an induſtrious life, deſigned to purchaſe from your barbarous land, two darling ſons; more than his life to him; and dearer than my own to me. Their miſery is not ſufficient. Myſelf, the only ſtay of his declining years, muſt be forever exiled from his ſight. But I can bear the worſt that malice can invent, or tyranny inflict. If you have pity, ſpare it for my father; for my brothers: they have ſlain none of your friends; none of your nation. I can endure my own misfortunes: theirs are inſupportable.

Hamet. Magnanimous, and dutiful ſon! your virtues ſhall be rewarded; and your father's ſorrow ſhall be turned to joy. You ſay you have two brothers, whom you came to ranſom. What are their names? Perhaps they now are free.

Franciſco. Ozro and Amandar.

Hamet. Your buſineſs is accompliſhed. They have their liberty. Each minute I expect them here.

Franciſco. O kind reverſe! Franciſco, thou ſhalt be happy.

Hamet. Franciſco! did he ſay? Good Heavens! Can it be he! [*Aſide.*] Art thou Franciſco?

Franciſco. That is my father's name. I am Franciſco the younger.

Hamet. Thou art! O my delivering angel! Doſt thou know thy Hamet?

Franciſco.

Franciſco. It cannot be! Sure I'm entranced. [*Looking earneſtly at Hamet.*

Hamet. Come to my arms! I am thy friend, thy Hamet. [*Hamet riſes. Franciſco meets him pinioned.*

Franciſco. Thou art the ſame! the beſt of men. [*Embracing.*

Enter OZRO *and* AMANDAR *at a diſtance, attended by guards. They advance ſlowly, looking at each other and at Hamet, in ſuſpenſe.*

Hamet. [*Unlooſing Franciſco's pinions.*] Off, ſhameful bands! Theſe ill become thee! Thy hands are worthy of a ſceptre. Twice thou haſt freed me from the chains of bondage. Thus I, in part, diſcharge the debt. [*Ozro and Amandar diſcover Franciſco and run to embrace him.*]

Ozro. O Franciſco!

Amandar. My brother! [*They embrace each other.*

Franciſco. Welcome to my arms again! Bounteous Heaven! thy ſmiles have pierced the cloud, and changed the night to day. Next to Heaven, Hamet deſerves our thanks.

Ozro and Amandar. As firſt on earth he has them.

Hamet. I am the debtor. Heaven has given me a grateful heart: but it is to you, Franciſco, I owe my fortune and my honor, and have it in my power to ſhow my gratitude. Had it not been for you, I might till now have been a ſlave in Venice.

Teague. On my life, I would live and die here all my days, if all the people were like this ſame good Hamet. [*Aſide.*

Zanga. They ſail ſo pleaſantly, I muſt fall in with them after all. (*Aſide.*) [*Takes a cheſt, containing the money and jewels of Franciſco, and carries it to him.*] Good Sir, I have been brought up to the trade of fighting; this, you know, Sir, is not an employment to ſoften one's heart. I have generally been obliged to reſiſt the current of compaſſion; but it ſets ſo ſtrong upon me now, I will e'en follow its motion, as you have been pleaſed to lead the way. Here is this man's money: I give

give up my ſhare both in that and him too; and wiſh him and his good friends a pleaſant gale upon whatever courſe they may ſteer through life.

Hamet. This deed becomes thee, Zanga, and ſhall hereafter be rewarded.

Franciſco. Zanga, thou haſt my thanks. Let me anticipate the joyous hour when our aged father ſhall hear the tranſactions of this day; and expreſs in his name the effuſions of his grateful heart, when he ſhall receive his ſons from you as the author of their ſecond exiſtence; their delivery from the heavy chains of bondage. [*To Hamet.*

Hamet. By untoward fortune, my father and myſelf were ſlaves in Venice. By your interceſſion I was emancipated. I cheerfully procured the freedom of a declining parent at the expenſe of my own. The thought of relieving him from a burden, which his tottering age was unable to ſupport, ſweetened my toil, and made that ſervitude a pleaſure, which otherwiſe had been intolerable. But the generoſity of your family exceeded what I dared to hope. You gratuitouſly reſtored me to liberty a ſecond time. This was the morning of my proſperity, the birth-day of my happineſs. It is by your means, I have it in my power thus to acknowledge and diſcharge a ſacred debt, the debt of gratitude.

Ozro. This day more than compenſates for our paſt misfortunes.

Amandar. Henceforth we will celebrate its anniverſary in grateful remembrance of our benefactor.

Hamet. Generous brothers, enjoy your fortune, and let your father participate your happineſs. A ſhip ſhall be prepared to convey you to your native land, and reſtore you to your friends. Let it be remembered, there is no luxury ſo exquiſite as the exerciſe of humanity, and no poſt ſo honorable as his, who defends THE RIGHTS OF MAN. [*Exeunt omnes.*

CONCLUSION

CONCLUSION OF A CELEBRATED SPEECH OF MR. PITT, IN 1770, IN SUPPORT OF A MOTION MADE IN PARLIAMENT, TO REQUEST THE KING TO LAY BEFORE THAT BODY ALL THE PAPERS, RELATIVE TO CERTAIN DEPREDATIONS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND LIKEWISE, TO A TREATY WHICH HE WAS THEN NEGOCIATING WITH SPAIN.

MY LORDS,

I HAVE taken a wide circuit, and treſpaſſed, I fear, too long upon your patience. Yet I cannot conclude without endeavoring to bring home your thoughts to an object more immediately intereſting to us, than any I have yet conſidered: I mean the internal condition of this country. We may look abroad for wealth, or triumphs, or luxury; but England, my lords, is the main ſtay, the laſt reſort of the whole empire. To this point every ſcheme of policy, whether foreign or domeſtic, ſhould ultimately refer.

Have any meaſures been taken to ſatisfy, or to unite the people? Are the grievances they have ſo long complained of removed? or do they ſtand not only unredreſſed, but aggravated? Is the right of free election reſtored to the elective body? My lords, I myſelf am one of the people. I eſteem that ſecurity and independence, which is the original birthright of an Engliſhman, far beyond the privileges, however ſplendid, which are annexed to the peerage. I myſelf am by birth an Engliſh elector, and join with the freeholders of England as in a common cauſe. Believe me, my lords, we miſtake our real intereſt as much as our duty, when we ſeparate ourſelves from the maſs of the people.

Can it be expected that Engliſhmen will unite heartily in defence of a government, by which they feel themſelves inſulted and oppreſſed? Reſtore them to their rights;

rights; that is the true way to make them unanimous. It is not a ceremonious recommendation from the throne, that can bring back peace and harmony to a diſcontented people. That inſipid annual opiate has been adminiſtered ſo long, that it has loſt its effect. Something ſubſtantial, ſomething effectual muſt be done.

The public credit of the nation ſtands next in degree to the rights of the conſtitution; it calls loudly for the interpoſition of Parliament. There is a ſet of men, my lords, in the city of London, who are known to live in riot and luxury, upon the plunder of the ignorant, the innocent, the helpleſs; upon that part of the community, which ſtands moſt in need of, and beſt deſerves the care and protection of the legiſlature. To me, my lords, whether they be miſerable jobbers of Exchange Alley, or the lofty Aſiatic plunderers of Leadenhall-ſtreet, they are all equally deteſtable. I care but little whether a man walks on foot, or is drawn by eight or ſix horſes. If his luxury be ſupported by the plunder of his country, I deſpiſe and deteſt him.

My lords, while I had the honor of ſerving his Majeſty, I never ventured to look at the treaſury but at a diſtance; it is a buſineſs I am unfit for, and to which I never could have ſubmitted. The little I know of it has not ſerved to raiſe my opinion of what is vulgarly called the *monied intereſt*; I mean that blood-ſucker, that muck-worm, which calls itſelf the friend of government; that pretends to ſerve this or that adminiſtration, and may be purchaſed, on the ſame terms, by *any* adminiſtration; that advances money to government, and takes ſpecial care of its own emoluments.

I hope, my lords, that nothing I have ſaid will be underſtood to extend to the honeſt, induſtrious tradeſman, who holds the middle rank, and has given repeated proofs, that he prefers law and liberty to gold. I love that claſs of men. Much leſs would I be thought to reflect upon the fair merchant, whoſe liberal com-

merce

merce is the prime ſource of national wealth. I eſteem his occupation, and reſpect his character.

My lords, if the general repreſentation, which I have had the honor to lay before you, of the ſituation of public affairs, has in any meaſure engaged your attention, your lordſhips, I am ſure, will agree with me, that the ſeaſon calls for more than common prudence and vigour in the direction of your councils. The difficulty of the criſis demands a wiſe, a firm, and a popular adminiſtration. The diſhonorable traffic of places has engaged us too long. Upon this ſubject, my lords, I ſpeak without intereſt or enmity. I have no perſonal objection to any of the king's ſervants. I ſhall never be miniſter; certainly, not without full power to cut away all the rotten branches of government. Yet, unconcerned as I truly am for myſelf, I cannot avoid ſeeing ſome capital errors in the diſtribution of the royal favour.

I know I ſhall be accuſed of attempting to revive diſtinctions. My lords, if it were poſſible, I would aboliſh all diſtinctions. I would not wiſh the favours of the crown to flow invariably in one channel. But there are ſome diſtinctions which are inherent in the nature of things. There is a diſtinction between right and wrong; between whig and tory.

When I ſpeak of an adminiſtration, ſuch as the neceſſity of the ſeaſon calls for, my views are large and comprehenſive. It muſt be popular, that it may begin with reputation. It muſt be ſtrong within itſelf, that it may proceed with vigour and deciſion. An adminiſtration, formed upon an excluſive ſyſtem of family connexions, or private friendſhips, cannot, I am convinced, be long ſupported in this country.

I ſhall trouble your lordſhips with but a few words more. His Majeſty tells us in his ſpeech, that he will call upon us for our advice, if it ſhould be neceſſary in the farther progreſs of this affair. It is not eaſy to ſay whether or not the miniſtry are ſerious in this declaration; nor what is meant by the *progreſs* of an affair,

which reſts upon one fixed point. Hitherto we have not been called upon. But though we are not conſulted, it is our right and duty, as the king's great, hereditary council, to *offer* him our advice. The papers, mentioned in the noble Duke's motion, will enable us to form a juſt and accurate opinion of the conduct of his Majeſty's ſervants, though not of the actual ſtate of their honorable negociations.

The miniſtry, too, ſeem to want advice upon ſome points, in which their own ſafety is immediately concerned. They are now balancing between a war, which they ought to have foreſeen; but for which they have made no proviſion, and an ignominious compromiſe. Let me warn them of their danger. If they are forced into a war, they ſtand it at the hazard of their heads. If, by an ignominious compromiſe, they ſhould ſtain the honor of the crown, or ſacrifice the rights of the people, let them look to their conſciences, and conſider whether they will be able to walk the ſtreets in ſafety.

SOCRATES' DEFENCE BEFORE HIS ACCUSERS AND JUDGES.

I AM accuſed of corrupting the youth, and of inſtilling dangerous principles into them, as well in regard to the worſhip of the gods, as the rulers of government. You know, Athenians, I never made it my *profeſſion* to teach; nor can envy, however violent againſt me, reproach me with having ever ſold my inſtructions. I have an undeniable evidence for me in this reſpect, which is my poverty. Always equally ready to communicate my thoughts either to the rich or poor, and to give them entire leiſure to queſtion or anſwer me, I lend myſelf to every one who is deſirous of becoming virtuous; and if amongſt thoſe who hear me, there are any who prove either good or bad, neither the virtues of the one, nor the vices of the other,

to

to which I have not contributed, are to be aſcribed to me.

My whole employment is to perſuade the young and old againſt too much love for the body, for riches, and all other precarious things of whatſoever nature they be, and againſt too little regard for the ſoul, which ought to be the object of their affection. For I inceſſantly urge to you, that virtue does not proceed from riches, but on the contrary, riches from virtue; and that all the other goods of human life, as well public as private, have their ſource in the ſame principle.

If to ſpeak in this manner be to corrupt youth, I confeſs, Athenians, that I am guilty, and deſerve to be puniſhed. If what I ſay be not true, it is moſt eaſy to convict me of my falſehood. I ſee here a great number of my diſciples: they have only to appear. But perhaps the reſerve and conſideration for a maſter, who has inſtructed them, will prevent them from declaring againſt me: at leaſt their fathers, brothers, and uncles cannot, as good relations and good citizens, diſpenſe with their not ſtanding forth to demand vengeance againſt the corrupter of their ſons, brothers, and nephews. But theſe are the perſons who take upon them my defence, and intereſt themſelves in the ſucceſs of my cauſe.

Paſs on me what ſentence you pleaſe, Athenians; but I can neither repent nor change my conduct. I muſt not abandon or ſuſpend a function, which God himſelf has impoſed on me, ſince he has charged me with the care of inſtructing my fellow-citizens. If, after having faithfully kept all the ports, wherein I was placed by our generals, the fear of death ſhould at this time make me abandon that in which the Divine Providence has placed me, by commanding me to paſs my life in the ſtudy of philoſophy, for the inſtruction of myſelf and others; this would be a moſt criminal deſertion indeed, and make me highly worthy of being cited before this tribunal, as an impious man who does not believe the gods.

Should

Should you reſolve to acquit me for the future, I ſhould not heſitate to make anſwer, Athenians, I honor and love you; but I ſhall chooſe rather to obey God than you; and to my lateſt breath ſhall never renounce my philoſophy, nor ceaſe to exhort and reprove you according to my cuſtom. I am reproached with abject fear and meanneſs of ſpirit, for being ſo buſy in imparting my advice to every one in private, and for having always avoided to be preſent in your aſſemblies, to give my counſels to my country. I think I have ſufficiently proved my courage and fortitude, both in the field, where I have borne arms with you, and in the Senate, when I alone, upon more than one occaſion, oppoſed the violent and cruel orders of the thirty tyrants. What is it then that has prevented me from appearing in your aſſemblies? It is that demon, that voice divine, which you have ſo often heard me mention, and Melitus has taken ſo much pains to ridicule.

That ſpirit has attached itſelf to me from my infancy: it is a voice, which I never hear, but when it would prevent me from perſiſting in ſomething I have reſolved; for it never exhorts me to undertake any thing. It is the ſame being that has always oppoſed me, when I would have intermeddled in the affairs of the republic; and that with the greateſt reaſon; for I ſhould have been amongſt the dead long ago, had I been concerned in the meaſures of the ſtate, without effecting any thing to the advantage of myſelf, or our country.

Do not take it ill, I beſeech you, if I ſpeak my thoughts without diſguiſe, and with truth and freedom. Every man who would generouſly oppoſe a whole people, either amongſt us or elſewhere, and who inflexibly applies himſelf to prevent the violation of the laws, and the practice of iniquity in a government, will never do ſo long with impunity. It is abſolutely neceſſary for him, who would contend for juſtice, if he has any thoughts of living, to remain in a private ſtation, and never to have any ſhare in public affairs.

For

For the reſt, Athenians, if, in the extreme danger I now am, I do not imitate the behavior of thoſe, who, upon leſs emergencies, have implored and ſupplicated their judges with tears, and have brought forth their children, relations, and friends, it is not through pride or obſtinacy, or any contempt for you; but ſolely for your honor, and for that of the whole city. At my age, and with the reputation, true or falſe, which I have, would it be conſiſtent for me, after all the leſſons I have given upon the contempt of death, to be afraid of it myſelf, and to belie in my laſt action all the principles and ſentiments of my paſt life?

But without ſpeaking of my fame, which I ſhould extremely injure by ſuch a conduct, I do not think it allowable to entreat a judge, nor to be abſolved by ſupplications: he ought to be perſuaded and convinced. The judge does not ſit upon the bench to ſhow favour by violating the laws; but to do juſtice in conforming to them. He does not ſwear to diſcharge with impunity whom he pleaſes; but to do juſtice where it is due. We ought not therefore to accuſtom you to perjury, nor you to ſuffer yourſelves to be accuſtomed to it; for in ſo doing, both the one and the other of us equally injure juſtice and religion, and both are criminals.

Do not therefore expect from me, Athenians, that I ſhould have recourſe to means which I believe neither honeſt nor lawful; eſpecially upon this occaſion, wherein I am accuſed of impiety by Melitus. For, if I ſhould influence you by my prayers, and thereby induce you to violate your oaths, it would be undeniably evident, that I teach you not to believe in the gods; and even in defending and juſtifying myſelf, ſhould furniſh my adverſaries with arms againſt me, and prove that I believe no divinity. But I am very far from ſuch wicked thoughts. I am more convinced of the exiſtence of God than my accuſers; and ſo convinced, that I abandon myſelf to God and you, that you may judge of me as you ſhall think it beſt.

DIALOGUE ON COWARDICE AND KNAVERY.

CHARACTERS.

HECTOR, *An Officer caſhiered for Cowardice.*
HAMBURGH, *A fraudulent Bankrupt.*
SIMON, *A Pawn-Broker.*
TRUSTY, *In Diſguiſe, acquainted with all.*
(Sitting together; ſome with Segars.)

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. GENTLEMEN, you all come different ways; and I s'poſe are ſtrangers; but may be, you'd like to cut and come again upon a roaſt turkey with good trimmings.

Truſty. With all my heart. I'd play knife and fork even with a cut-throat over ſuch a ſupper: and I dare ſay, you'll find none of us cowards or bankrupts in that buſineſs.

Up ſtart HECTOR, HAMBURGH, *and* SIMON.

All three. [*To Truſty.*] Do you call me names, Sir?

Truſty. Gentlemen, I meant no perſonalities.

Hector. [*Puts his hand to his ſword.*] But you called me a coward, you raſcal.

Hamb. [*Takes off his coat.*] You called me a bankrupt, you knave.

Simon. [*Doubles his fiſt.*] You called me cut-throat, you villain.

Truſty. I told you all, I meant no perſonalities; but [*To Hector*] pray what are you?

Hector. A ſoldier, to your ſorrow. Fear and tremble.

Truſty. [*To Hamburgh.*] Pray what are you?

Hamb. A merchant.

Truſty. [*To Simon.*] And what are you?

Simon. A banker.

Truſty.

Truſty. Then if you are ſuch as ſoldiers, merchants, and bankers *ought to be*, I could not mean you; otherwiſe you may take the words, cut-throat, bankrupt, and coward, and divide 'em among you. And as to knave, raſcal, and villain, I return them to the right owners.

Hector. Gentlemen, ſtand by. I'll fight for you all. [*Draws and turns to Truſty.*] I challenge you to fight me.

Land. Poh! challenge him to eat with you; the ſupper's waiting.

Hect. [*To Landlord.*] Don't interfere, Sir: here's ſerious work; blood will be ſpilt.

Truſty. Well, ſpill your own then: I have no notion of having my veins pricked.

Hector. Chooſe your mode of fighting inſtantly, or fall beneath this ſword, which has drank the blood of thouſands.

Truſty. Well, if I muſt fight, my mode will be to uſe that ſword five minutes upon your body: then you ſhall uſe it upon me as long, and ſo we will take turns.

Hector. You inflame my choler.

Truſty. Then unpin your collar.

Hector. I ſhall burſt with rage.

Truſty. Then we ſhall have one leſs at table.

Hector. [*Brandiſhes his ſword.*] Are you prepared for your exit?

Truſty. I am. [*Exit.*

Hector. Now he is gone to arm himſelf with panoply, to meet this valorous ſword. Guard me, ye powers! who, in the day of battle, 'mid claſhing ſwords and all the thunder of my father Mars, have been my ſhield and buckler. Now I am ready for him: why does he not return?

Land. He's gone to ſupper. This is an eating houſe, not a fighting houſe. Sheath your ſword.

Hector. [*Sheaths.*] There, ſword, ſmother thy rage till ſome dauntleſs adverſary ſhall call thee out: then ſeek his heart and make report of victory.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Interval five minutes.

Enter TRUSTY *and* LANDLORD.

Land. I take that officer-looking man to be Colonel Home, one of the braveſt men in the army.

Truſty. Colonel Home and he are very different characters. That wretch was but an enſign, and was caſhiered for cowardice.

Land. Is that poſſible? Why he told me himſelf that he had alone ſurpriſed a whole regiment and cut them in pieces; and that all the army ſtood in awe of him.

Truſty. Well, you may depend on what I tell you: and the one that ſits next to him is a bankrupt, who has been guilty of every ſhameful practice to defraud his creditors; and the other is a baſe pawn-broker, who has got all the property of this bankrupt in his hands for concealment.

Land. You ſurpriſe me! Why that bankrupt, as you call him, was juſt now telling the other, how he was afraid the late ſtorms at ſea might affect his ſhipping; and the other was offering to inſure them.

Enter HECTOR, HAMBURGH, *and* SIMON.

Hector. [*To Truſty.*] Since my wrath is a little abated, I am perſuaded you meant no offence; but look ye, Sir, if any man was ſeriouſly to diſpute my courage, you ſee my ſword!

Truſty. I ſee it.

Hector. And don't you fear it?

Truſty. No; nor its owner.

Hector. [*Offers to draw.*] Forbear, or "I will tell a tale will make it bluſh." [*Hector ſneaks off.*

Hamb. [*To Truſty.*] I am not diſpoſed, Sir, to believe that you meant me by any expreſſion you made, as to coward and cut-throat: they certainly don't belong to me. And as to bankrupt, the four winds can give the lie to ſuch a charge.

Truſty. They could give but *windy* teſtimony in your favour.

Hamb.

Hamb. Then I appeal to this worthy gentleman, [*Speaking of Simon*] and an honeſter man lives not on earth, if I have not thouſands in his hands.

Simon. [*Aſide to Hamb.*] You had better leave it to the four winds.

Hamb. [*Loud and haſtily.*] Have I not monies of a great amount in your hands?

Simon. Did you not take an oath, a few days ſince, that you had not, directly nor indirectly, five pounds on earth?

Hamb. Yes. I had not *on earth;* but it was then in your coffers, and you know it.

Simon. If your oath that you had no property can't be relied on, why ſhould your word be taken, that you have?

Hamb. But I aſk you, have you not my property in your hands?

Simon. Not a farthing. You are a bankrupt for thouſands, and the four winds may tell of that.

Hamb. O knavery!

Simon. O perjury!

Truſty. You are perfectly welcome to uſe the words I juſt now toſſed out to you; and it appears to me, they are a very proper currency between you.

Hamb. O that I had the money out of that wretch's hands, to give to my honeſt creditors!

Simon. O that I had the character, which I have loſt by my connexion with you!

Truſty. I am ſorry for the depravity of you both. It has led you to deceive honeſt men, and to betray each other. You have now learned the value of reputation and peace of mind, by the loſs of them. Let your future days be days of atonement. Let them be devoted to honeſty and fair dealing; and ever remember that integrity is the only road to deſirable wealth, and that the path of virtue is alone the path of peace.

Mr. Sheridan's Speech against Mr. Taylor.

WE have this day been honored with the counsels of a complete gradation of lawyers. We have received the opinion of a Judge, of an Attorney-General, of an Ex-Attorney-General, and of a practising Barrister. I agree with the learned gentleman in his admiration of the abilities of my honorable friend, Mr Fox. What he has said of his quickness and of his profoundness, of his boldness and his candor, is literally just and true, which the mental accomplishment of my honorable friend is, on every occasion, calculcated to extort even from his adversaries.

The learned gentleman has, however, in this insidious eulogium, connected such qualities of mind with those he has praised and venerated, as to convert his encomiums into reproach, and his tributes of praise into censure and invective. The boldness he has described is only craft, and his candor, hypocrisy. Upon what grounds does the learned gentleman connect those assemblages of great qualities and of cardinal defects? Upon what principles, either of justice or of equity, does he exult with one hand, whilst he insidiously reprobates and destroys with the other?

If the wolf is to be feared, the learned gentleman may rest assured, it will be the wolf in sheep's clothing, the masked pretender to patriotism. It is not from the fang of the lion, but from the tooth of the serpent, that reptile which insidiously steals upon the vitals of the constitution, and gnaws it to the heart, ere the mischief is suspected, that destruction is to be feared.

With regard to the acquisition of a learned gentleman, Mr. Taylor, who has declared that he means to vote with us this day, I am sorry to acknowledge, that from the declaration he has made at the beginning of his speech, I see no great reason to boast of such an auxiliary. The learned gentleman, who has with peculiar

culiar modeſty ſtyled himſelf a *chicken lawyer*, has declared, that, thinking us in the right with reſpect to the ſubject of this day's diſcuſſion, he ſhall vote with us; but he has at the ſame time thought it neceſſary to aſſert, that he has never before voted differently from the miniſter and his friends, and perhaps he never ſhall again vote with thoſe whom he means to ſupport this day.

It is rather ſingular to vote with us, profeſſedly becauſe he finds us to be in the right, and, in the very moment that he aſſigns ſo good a reaſon for changing his ſide, to declare, that in all probability he never ſhall vote with us again. I am ſorry to find the chicken is a bird of ill omen, and that its augury is ſo unpropitious to our future intereſts. Perhaps it would have been as well, under theſe circumſtances, that the chicken had not left the barn-door of the treaſury; but continued ſide by ſide with the old cock, to pick thoſe crumbs of comfort which would doubtleſs be dealt out in time, with a liberality proportioned to the fidelity of the feathered tribe.

PART OF CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

IT is now a long time, conſcript fathers, that we have trod amidſt the dangers and machinations of this conſpiracy: but I know not how it comes to paſs, the full maturity of all thoſe crimes, and of this long-ripening rage and inſolence, has now broken out during the period of my conſulſhip. Should Catiline alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate, perhaps, our fears and anxieties for a while; but the danger will ſtill remain, and continue lurking in the veins and vitals of the republic.

For, as men, oppreſſed with a ſevere fit of illneſs, and labouring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at firſt ſeemingly relieved by a draught of cold water;

water; but afterwards find the diſeaſe return upon them with redoubled fury; in like manner, this diſtemper, which has ſeized the commonwealth, eaſed a little by the puniſhment of this traitor, will, from his ſurviving aſſociates, ſoon aſſume new force. Wherefore, conſcript fathers, let the wicked retire; let them ſeparate themſelves from the honeſt; let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often ſaid, let a wall be between them and us; let them ceaſe to lay ſnares for the conſul in his own houſe; to beſet the tribunal of the city prætor; to inveſt the ſenate-houſe with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city: in ſhort, let every man's ſentiments with regard to the public be inſcribed on his forehead.

This I engage for, and promiſe, conſcript fathers, that by the diligence of the conſuls, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmneſs of the Roman knights, and the unanimity of all the honeſt, Catiline being driven from the city, you ſhall behold all his treaſons detected, expoſed, cruſhed, and puniſhed.

With theſe omens, Catiline, of all proſperity to the republic, but of deſtruction to thyſelf, and all thoſe who have joined themſelves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war: whilſt thou, Jupiter, whoſe religion was eſtabliſhed with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Stator, the ſtay and prop of this empire, wilt drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houſes and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of us all; and wilt deſtroy with eternal puniſhments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this deteſtable league and partnerſhip of villany.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS; FROM THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS look'd; and ſtill around them ſpread,
From ſouth to north, th' immeaſurable ſhade;
At laſt, the central ſhadows burſt away,
And riſing regions open'd on the day.
He ſaw, once more, bright Del'ware's ſilver ſtream,
And Penn's throng'd city caſt a cheerful gleam;
The dome of ſtate, that met his eager eye,
Now heav'd its arches in a loftier ſky.
The burſting gates unfold: and lo, within,
A ſolemn train, in conſcious glory, ſhine.
The well-known forms his eye had trac'd before,
In diff'rent realms along th' extended ſhore;
Here, grac'd with nobler fame, and rob'd in ſtate,
They look'd and mov'd magnificently great.
High on the foremoſt ſeat, in living light,
Majeſtic Randolph caught the hero's ſight:
Fair on his head, the civic crown was plac'd,
And the firſt dignity his ſceptre grac'd.
He opes the cauſe, and points in proſpect far,
Through all the toils that wait th' impending war.
But, hapleſs ſage, thy reign muſt ſoon be o'er,
To lend thy luſtre, and to ſhine no more.
So the bright morning-ſtar, from ſhades of ev'n,
Leads up the dawn, and lights the front of heav'n,
Points to the waking world the ſun's broad way,
Then veils his own, and ſhines above the day.
And ſee great Waſhington behind thee riſe,
Thy following ſun, to gild our morning ſkies;
O'er ſhadowy climes to pour th' enliv'ning flame,
The charms of freedom and the fire of fame.
Th' aſcending chief adorn'd his ſplendid ſeat,
Like Randolph, enſign'd with a crown of ſtate,
Where the green patriot bay beheld, with pride,
The hero's laurel ſpringing by its ſide;
His ſword, hung uſeleſs, on his graceful thigh,

On Britain ſtill he caſt a filial eye;
But ſovereign fortitude his viſage bore,
To meet their legions on th' invaded ſhore.
Sage Franklin next aroſe, in awful mien,
And ſmil'd, unruffled, o'er th' approaching ſcene;
High, on his locks of age, a wreath was brac'd,
Palm of all arts, that e'er a mortal grac'd;
Beneath him lies the ſceptre kings have borne,
And crowns and laurels from their temples torn.
Naſh, Rutledge, Jefferſon, in council great,
And Jay and Laurens op'd the rolls of fate.
The Livingſtons, fair Freedom's gen'rous band,
The Lees, the Houſtons, fathers of the land,
O'er climes and kingdoms turn'd their ardent eyes,
Bade all th' oppreſs'd to ſpeedy vengeance riſe;
All pow'rs of ſtate, in their extended plan,
Riſe from conſent to ſhield the rights of man.
Bold Wolcot urg'd the all-important cauſe;
With ſteady hand the ſolemn ſcene he draws;
Undaunted firmneſs with his wiſdom join'd,
Nor kings nor worlds could warp his ſtedfaſt mind.
Now, graceful riſing from his purple throne,
In radiant robes, immortal Hoſmer ſhone;
Myrtles and bays his learned temples bound,
The ſtateſman's wreath, the poet's garland crown'd:
Morals and laws expand his liberal ſoul,
Beam from his eyes, and in his accents roll.
But lo! an unſeen hand the curtain drew,
And ſnatch'd the patriot from the hero's view;
Wrapp'd in the ſhroud of death, he ſees deſcend
The guide of nations and the muſe's friend.
Columbus dropp'd a tear. The angel's eye
Trac'd the freed ſpirit mounting through the ſky.
Adams, enrag'd, a broken charter bore,
And lawleſs acts of miniſterial pow'r;
Some injur'd right in each looſe leaf appears,
A king in terrors and a land in tears;
From all the guileful plots the veil he drew,
With eye retortive look'd creation through;

Op'd

Op'd the wide range of nature's boundleſs plan,
Trac'd all the ſteps of liberty and man;
Crowds roſe to vengeance while his accents rung,
And independence thunder'd from his tongue.

SPEECH OF BUONAPARTE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN ITALY, TO HIS BRETHREN IN ARMS.

SOLDIERS,

YOU are precipitated like a torrent from the heights of the Appenines; you have overthrown and diſperſed all that dared to oppoſe your march. Piedmont, reſcued from Auſtrian tyranny, is left to its natural ſentiments of regard and friendſhip to the French. Milan is yours; and the republican ſtandard is diſplayed throughout all Lombardy. The dukes of Parma and Modena are indebted for their political exiſtence only to your generoſity.

The army, which ſo proudly menaced you, has had no other barrier than its diſſolution to oppoſe your invincible courage. The Po, the Teſſen, the Adda, could not retard you a ſingle day. The vaunted bulwarks of Italy were inſufficient. You ſwept them with the ſame rapidity that you did the Appenines. Thoſe ſucceſſes have carried joy into the boſom of your country. Your repreſentatives decreed a feſtival dedicated to your victories, and to be celebrated throughout all the communes of the republic. Now your fathers, your mothers, your wives, and your ſiſters, will rejoice in your ſucceſs, and take pride in their relation to you.

Yes, ſoldiers, you have done much; but more ſtill remains for you to do. Shall it be ſaid of us, that we know how to conquer, but not to profit by our victories? Shall poſterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy? But already I ſee you fly to arms. You are fatigued with an inactive repoſe. You lament the days that are loſt to your glory? Well, then,

then, let us proceed; we have other forced marches to make; other enemies to ſubdue; more laurels to acquire, and more injuries to avenge.

Let thoſe who have unſheathed the daggers of civil war in France; who have baſely aſſaſſinated our miniſters; who have burnt our ſhips at Toulon; let them tremble! the knell of vengeance has already tolled!

But to quiet the apprehenſions of the people, we declare ourſelves the friends of all, and particularly of thoſe who are the deſcendants of Brutus, of Scipio, and thoſe other great men whom we have taken for our models.

To re-eſtabliſh the capitol; to replace the ſtatues of thoſe heroes who have rendered it immortal; to rouſe the Roman people entranced in ſo many ages of ſlavery; this ſhall be the fruit of your victories. It will be an epoch for the admiration of poſterity; you will enjoy the immortal glory of changing the aſpect of affairs in the fineſt part of Europe. The free people of France, not regardleſs of moderation, ſhall accord to Europe a glorious peace; but it will indemnify itſelf for the ſacrifices of every kind which it has been making for ſix years paſt. You will again be reſtored to your fire-ſides and homes; and your fellow-citizens, pointing you out, ſhall ſay, "There goes one who belonged to the army of Italy!"

Reflections over the Grave of a Young Man.

HERE lies the grief of a fond mother, and the blaſted expectation of an indulgent father. The youth grew up, like a well-watered plant; he ſhot deep, roſe high, and bade fair for manhood. But juſt as the cedar began to tower, and promiſed ere long, to be the pride of the wood, and prince among the neighbouring trees, behold! the axe is laid unto the root; the

the fatal blow ſtruck; and all its branching honors tumbled to the duſt. And did he fall alone? No: the hopes of his father that begat him, and the pleaſing proſpects of her that bare him, fell, and were cruſhed together with him.

Doubtleſs it would have pierced one's heart, to have beheld the tender parents following the breathleſs youth to his long home. Perhaps, drowned in tears, and all overwhelmed with ſorrows, they ſtood, like weeping ſtatues, on this very ſpot. Methinks I ſee the deeply-diſtreſſed mourners attending the ſad ſolemnity. How they wring their hands, and pour forth floods from their eyes! Is it fancy? or do I really hear the paſſionate mother, in an agony of affliction, taking her final leave of the darling of her ſoul? Dumb ſhe remained, while the awful obſequies were performing; dumb with grief, and leaning upon the partner of her woes. But now the inward anguiſh ſtruggles for vent; it grows too big to be repreſſed. She advances to the brink of the grave. All her ſoul is in her eyes. She faſtens one more look upon the dear doleful object, before the pit ſhuts its mouth upon him. And as ſhe looks, ſhe cries; in broken accents, interrupted by many a riſing ſob, ſhe cries, Farewel, my ſon! my ſon! my only beloved! would to God I had died for thee! Farewel, my child! and farewel all earthly happineſs! I ſhall never more ſee good in the land of the living. Attempt not to comfort me. I will go mourning all my days, till my grey hairs come down with ſorrow to the grave.

SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF "MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES."

JOCHEBED, MIRIAM.

Jochebed. WHY was my prayer accepted? why did Heaven
In anger hear me, when I aſk'd a ſon?

Ye dames of Egypt! happy! happy mothers!
No tyrant robs you of your fondeſt hopes;
You are not doom'd to ſee the babes you bore,
The babes you nurture, bleed before your eyes!
You taſte the tranſports of maternal love,
And never know its anguiſh! Happy mothers!
How diff'rent is the lot of thy ſad daughters,
O wretched Iſrael! Was it then for this?
Was it for this the righteous arm of God
Reſcu'd his choſen people from the jaws
Of cruel want, by pious Joſeph's care?
Joſeph, th' elected inſtrument of Heav'n,
Decreed to ſave illuſtrious Abram's race,
What time the famine rag'd in Canaan's land.
Iſrael, who then was ſpar'd, muſt periſh now!
O thou myſterious Pow'r! who haſt involv'd
Thy wiſe decrees in darkneſs, to perplex
The pride of human wiſdom, to confound
The daring ſcrutiny, and prove the faith
Of thy preſuming creatures! clear this doubt;
Teach me to trace this maze of Providence;
Why ſave the fathers, if the ſons muſt periſh?

Miriam. Ah me, my mother! whence theſe floods of grief?

Joch. My ſon! my ſon! I cannot ſpeak the reſt.
Ye who have ſons can only know my fondneſs!
Ye who have loſt them, or who fear to loſe,
Can only know my pangs! None elſe can gueſs them.
A mother's ſorrows cannot be conceiv'd,
But by a mother. Wherefore am I one?

Mir. With many pray'rs thou didſt requeſt this ſon,
And Heav'n has granted him.

Joch. O ſad eſtate
Of human wretchedneſs! So weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we aſk,
We ſhould be ruin'd at our own requeſt.
Too well thou know'ſt, my child, the ſtern decree
Of Egypt's cruel king, hard-hearted Pharaoh;

"That ev'ry male, of Hebrew mother born,
"Muſt die." Oh! do I live to tell it thee?
Muſt die a bloody death! My child, my ſon,
My youngeſt born, my darling muſt be ſlain!
Mir. The helpleſs innocent! and muſt he die?
Joch. No: if a mother's tears, a mother's pray'rs,
A mother's fond precautions can prevail,
He ſhall not die. I have a thought, my Miriam!
And ſure the God of mercies, who inſpir'd,
Will bleſs the ſecret purpoſe of my ſoul,
To ſave his precious life.
Mir. Hop'ſt thou that Pharaoh—
Joch. I have no hope in Pharaoh; much in God;
Much in the Rock of Ages.
Mir. Think, O think,
What perils thou already haſt incurr'd;
And ſhun the greater, which may yet remain.
Three months, three dang'rous months thou haſt preſerv'd
Thy infant's life, and in thy houſe conceal'd him!
Should Pharaoh know!
Joch. Oh! let the tyrant know,
And feel what he inflicts! Yes, hear me, Heav'n!
Send the right aiming thunderbolts——But huſh,
My impious murmurs! Is it not thy will,
Thou infinite in mercy? Thou permitt'ſt
This ſeeming evil for ſome latent good.
Yes, I will laud thy grace, and bleſs thy goodneſs
For what I have, and not arraign thy wiſdom
For what I fear to loſe. O, I will bleſs thee,
That Aaron will be ſpar'd! that my firſt-born
Lives ſafe and undiſturb'd! that he was given me
Before this impious perſecution rag'd!
Mir. And yet who knows, but the fell tyrant's rage
May reach *his* precious life?
Joch. I fear for him,
For thee, for all. A doting parent lives
In many lives; through many a nerve ſhe feels;
From child to child the quick affections ſpread,
Forever wand'ring, yet forever fix'd.

Nor

Nor does diviſion weaken, nor the force
Of conſtant operation e'er exhauſt
Parental love. All other paſſions change,
With changing circumſtances; riſe or fall,
Dependent on their object; claim returns;
Live on reciprocation, and expire
Unfed by hope. A mother's fondneſs reigns
Without a rival, and without an end.

Mir. But ſay what Heav'n inſpires, to ſave thy ſon?

Joch. Since the dear fatal morn which gave him birth,
I have revolv'd in my diſtracted mind
Each mean to ſave his life: and many a thought,
Which fondneſs prompted, prudence has oppos'd
As perilous and raſh. With theſe poor hands
I've fram'd a little ark of ſlender reeds;
With pitch and ſlime I have ſecur'd the ſides.
In this frail cradle I intend to lay
My little helpleſs infant, and expoſe him
Upon the banks of Nile.

Mir. 'Tis full of danger.

Joch. 'Tis danger to expoſe, and death to keep him.

Mir. Yet, Oh reflect! Should the fierce crocodile,
The native and the tyrant of the Nile,
Seize the defenceleſs infant!

Joch. Oh, forbear!
Spare my fond heart. Yet not the crocodile,
Nor all the deadly monſters of the deep,
To me are half ſo terrible as Pharaoh,
That heathen king, that royal murderer!

Mir. Should he eſcape, which yet I dare not hope,
Each ſea born-monſter; yet the winds and waves
He cannot 'ſcape.

Joch. Know, God is ev'ry where;
Not to one narrow, partial ſpot confin'd;
No, not to choſen Iſrael. He extends
Through all the vaſt infinitude of ſpace.
At his command the furious tempeſts riſe,
The blaſting of the breath of his diſpleaſure:
He tells the world of waters when to roar;

And

And at his bidding, winds and ſeas are calm.
In Him, not in an arm of fleſh I truſt;
In Him, whoſe promiſe never yet has fail'd,
I place my confidence.
Mir. What muſt I do?
Command thy daughter, for thy words have wak'd
An holy boldneſs in my youthful breaſt.
Joch. Go then, my Miriam; go, and take the infant.
Buried in harmleſs ſlumbers, there he lies:
Let me not ſee him. Spare my heart that pang.
Yet ſure, one little look may be indulg'd;
One kiſs; perhaps the laſt. No more, my ſoul!
That fondneſs would be fatal. I ſhould keep him.
I could not doom to death the babe I claſp'd:
Did ever mother kill her ſleeping boy?
I dare not hazard it. The taſk be thine.
Oh! do not wake my child; remove him ſoftly;
And gently lay him on the river's brink.
Mir. Did thoſe magicians, whom the ſons of Egypt
Conſult, and think all-potent, join their ſkill,
And was it great as Egypt's ſons believe;
Yet all their ſecret wizard arts combin'd,
To ſave this little ark of bulruſhes,
Thus fearfully expos'd, could not effect it.
Their ſpells, their incantations, and dire charms
Could not preſerve it.
Joch. Know, this ark is charm'd
With ſpells, which impious Egypt never knew.
With invocations to the living God,
I twiſted every ſlender reed together,
And with a pray'r did ev'ry ozier weave.
Mir. I go.
Joch. Yet ere thou go'ſt, obſerve me well.
When thou haſt laid him in his wat'ry bed,
O leave him not; but at a diſtance wait,
And mark what Heav'n's high will determines for him.
Lay him among the flags on yonder beach,
Juſt where the royal gardens meet the Nile.
I dare not follow him. Suſpicion's eye

Would

Would note my wild demeanor; Miriam, yes,
The mother's fondneſs would betray the child.
Farewel! God of my fathers, Oh protect him!

SPEECH OF CAIUS CASSIUS TO HIS COLLECTED FORCES, AFTER THE DEATH OF CESAR.

SOLDIERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THE unjuſt reproaches of our enemies we could eaſily diſprove, if we were not, by our numbers, and by the ſwords which we hold in our hands, in condition to deſpiſe them. While Ceſar led the armies of the republic againſt the enemies of Rome, we took part in the ſame ſervice with him; we obeyed him; we were happy to ſerve under his command. But when he declared war againſt the commonwealth, we became his enemies; and when he became an uſurper and a tyrant, we reſented, as an injury, even the favours which he preſumed to beſtow upon ourſelves.

Had he been to fall a ſacrifice to private reſentment, we ſhould not have been the proper actors in the execution of the ſentence againſt him. He was willing to have indulged us with preferments and honors; but we were not willing to accept, as the gift of a maſter, what we were entitled to claim as free citizens. We conceived, that, in preſuming to confer the honors of the Roman republic, he encroached on the prerogatives of the Roman people, and inſulted the authority of the Roman ſenate. Ceſar cancelled the laws, and overturned the conſtitution of his country; he uſurped all the powers of the commonwealth, ſet up a monarchy, and himſelf affected to be a king. This our anceſtors, at the expulſion of Tarquin, bound themſelves and their poſterity, by the moſt ſolemn oaths, and by the moſt direful imprecations, never to endure. The ſame obligation has been entailed upon us as a debt by our fathers; and we, having faithfully paid and diſcharged it,

it, have preformed the oath, and averted the conſequences of failure from ourſelves, and from our poſterity.

In the ſtation of ſoldiers, we might have committed ourſelves, without reflection, to the command of an officer, whoſe abilities and whoſe valour we admired; but, in the character of Roman citizens, we have a far different part to ſuſtain. I muſt ſuppoſe, that I now ſpeak to the Roman people, and to citizens of a free republic; to men who have never learned to depend upon others for gratifications and favours; who are not accuſtomed to own a ſuperiour, but who are themſelves the maſters, the diſpenſers of fortune and of honor, and the givers of all thoſe dignities and powers by which Ceſar himſelf was exalted, and of which he aſſumed the entire diſpoſal.

Recollect from whom the Scipios, the Pompeys, and even Ceſar himſelf derived his honors; from your anceſtors, whom you now repreſent, and from yourſelves, to whom, according to the laws of the republic, we, who are now your leaders in the field, addreſs ourſelves as your fellow-citizens in the commonwealth, and as perſons depending on your pleaſure for the juſt reward and retribution of our ſervices. Happy in being able to reſtore to you what Ceſar had the preſumption to appropriate to himſelf, the power and the dignity of your fathers, with the ſupreme diſpoſal of all the offices of truſt that were eſtabliſhed for your ſafety, and for the preſervation of your freedom; happy in being able to reſtore to the tribunes of the Roman people the power of protecting you, and of procuring to every Roman citizen that juſtice, which, under the late uſurpation of Ceſar, was withheld, even from the ſacred perſons of thoſe magiſtrates themſelves.

An uſurper is the common enemy of all good citizens; but the taſk of removing him could be the buſineſs only of a few. The ſenate and the Roman people, as ſoon as it was proper for them to declare their judgment, pronounced their approbation of thoſe who were concerned

cerned in the death of Ceſar, by the rewards and the honors which they beſtowed upon them; and they are now become a prey to aſſaſſins and murderers; they bleed in the ſtreets, in the temples, in the moſt ſecret retreats, and in the arms of their families; or they are diſperſed, and fly wherever they hope to eſcape the fury of their enemies.

Many are now preſent before you, happy in your protection, happy in witneſſing the zeal which you entertain for the commonwealth, for the rights of your fellow-citizens, and for your own. Theſe reſpectable citizens, we truſt, will ſoon, by your means, be reſtored to a condition in which they can enjoy, together with you, all the honors of a free people; concur with you, in beſtowing, and partake with you in receiving, the rewards which are due to ſuch eminent ſervices as you are now engaged to perform.

Part of Mr. Erskine's Speech against Mr. Pitt, 1784.

Mr. Speaker,

IT becomes us to learn, not from the miniſter, but from the Throne itſelf, whether this country is to be governed by men, in whom the Houſe of Commons can confide, or whether we, the people of England's Repreſentatives, are to be the ſport and football of any junto that may hope to rule over us, by an unſeen and unexplorable principle of government, utterly unknown to the Conſtitution. This is the great queſtion, to which every public-ſpirited citizen of this country ſhould direct his view. A queſtion which goes very wide of the policy to be adopted concerning India, about which very wiſe and very honeſt men, not only might, but have, and did materially differ.

The total removal of all the executive ſervants of the crown, while they are in the full enjoyment of the confidence

confidence of that Houſe, and, indeed, without any other viſible or avowed cauſe of removal, than becauſe they do enjoy that confidence; and the appointment of others in their room, without any other apparent ground of ſelection than becauſe they enjoy it not, is, in my mind, a moſt alarming and portentous attack on the public freedom; becauſe, though no outward form of the government is relaxed or violated by it, ſo as inſtantly to ſupply the conſtitutional remedy of oppoſition, the whole ſpirit and energy of the government is annihilated by it.

If the Right Honorable Gentleman retain his own opinions, and if the Houſe likewiſe retain its own, is it not evident that he came into office without the moſt diſtant proſpect of ſerving the public? Is it not evident that he has brought on a ſtruggle between executive and legiſlative authority, at a time when they are pointing with equal vigour, unity, and effect, to the common intereſts of the nation?

The Right Honorable Gentleman may imagine that I take pleaſure in making theſe obſervations. If ſo, I can aſſure him, upon my honor, that it is far from being the caſe. So very far the contrary, that the inconveniencies which the country ſuffers at this moment, from the want of a ſettled government, are greatly heightened to my feelings, from the reflection that they are increaſed by his unguided ambition.

Our fathers were friends; and I was taught, from my infancy, to reverence the name of Pitt; an original partiality, which, inſtead of being diminiſhed, was ſtrongly confirmed by an acquaintance with the Right Honorable Gentleman himſelf, which I was cultivating with pleaſure, when he was taken from his profeſſion into a different ſcene. Let him not think that I am the leſs his friend, or the mean envier of his talents, becauſe they have been too much the topic of panegyric here already, and both I and the public are now reaping the bitter fruits of theſe intemperate praiſes.

"It is good," ſaid Jeremiah, "for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;" and if the Right Honorable Gentleman had attended to this maxim, he would not, at ſo early a period, have declared againſt a ſubordinate ſituation; but would have lent the aid of his faculties to carry on the affairs of this country, which wanted nothing but ſtability to render them glorious, inſtead of ſetting up at once for himſelf to be the firſt.

How very different has been the progreſs of my honorable friend who ſits near me; who was not hatched at once into a miniſter, by the heat of his own ambition; but who, as it was good for him to do, in the words of the prophet, "bore the yoke in his youth;" paſſed through the ſubordinate offices, and matured his talents, in long and laborious oppoſitions; arriving, by the natural progreſs of his powerful mind, to a ſuperiority of political wiſdom and comprehenſion, which this Houſe had long, with delight and ſatisfaction, acknowledged.

To pluck ſuch a man from the councils of his country in the hour of her diſtreſſes, while he enjoyed the full confidence of the Houſe, to give effect to vigorous plans for her intereſts; and to throw every thing into confuſion, by the introduction of other men, introduced, as it ſhould ſeem, for no other purpoſe than to beget that confuſion, is an evil, which, if we cannot rectify, we may at leaſt have leave to lament.

Theſe evils are, however, imputed, by the Right Honorable Gentleman and his colleagues, to another ſource; to the bill for the regulation of the Eaſt Indies; from the miſchiefs of which they had ſtepped forth to ſave the country; a language moſt indecent in this Houſe of Commons, which thought it their duty to the public to paſs it by a majority of above one hundred: but which was, however, to be taken to be deſtructive and dangerous, notwithſtanding that authority; becauſe it had been diſapproved by a majority of eighteen votes in the Houſe of Lords. Some of whoſe opinions I reverence as conſcientious and independent; but

but the majority of that ſmall majority voted upon principles which the forms of the Houſe will not permit me to allude to, farther than to ſay, that individual *Noblemen* are not always *Gentlemen*.

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. SEPT. 17, 1796.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THE period for a new election of a citizen to adminiſter the executive government of the United States, being not far diſtant; and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts muſt be employed in deſignating the perſon, who is to be clothed with that important truſt, it appears to me proper, eſpecially as it may conduce to a more diſtinct expreſſion of the public voice, that I ſhould now appriſe you of the reſolution I have formed, to decline being conſidered among the number of thoſe, out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the ſame time, to do me the juſtice to be aſſured, that this reſolution has not been taken, without a ſtrict regard to all the conſiderations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of ſervice which ſilence in my ſituation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future intereſt; no deficiency of grateful reſpect for your paſt kindneſs; but am ſupported by a full conviction that the ſtep is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in the office to which your ſuffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform ſacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your deſire. I conſtantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, conſiſtently with motives,

tives, which I was not at liberty to diſregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The ſtrength of my inclination to do this, previous to the laſt election, had even led to the preparation of an addreſs to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical poſture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of perſons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice, that the ſtate of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the purſuit of inclination incompatible with the ſentiment of duty, or propriety; and am perſuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my ſervices, that in the preſent circumſtances of our country, you will not diſapprove my determination to retire.

The impreſſions, with which I firſt undertook the arduous truſt, were explained on the proper occaſion. In the diſcharge of this truſt, I will only ſay, that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organization and adminiſtration of the government, the beſt exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconſcious, in the outſet, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps ſtill more in the eyes of others, has ſtrengthened the motives to diffidence of myſelf: and every day the increaſing weight of years admoniſhes me more and more, that the ſhade of retirement is as neceſſary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumſtances have given peculiar value to my ſervices, they were temporary, I have the conſolation to believe, that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political ſcene, patriotiſm does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to ſuſpend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me; ſtill more for the ſtedfaſt confidence with which

which it has ſupported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifeſting my inviolable attachment, by ſervices faithful and perſevering, though in uſefulneſs unequal to my zeal. If benefits have reſulted to our country from theſe ſervices, let it always be remembered to your praiſe, as an inſtructive example in our annals, that under circumſtances in which the paſſions, agitated in every direction, were liable to miſlead; amidſt appearances ſometimes dubious; viciſſitudes of fortune often diſcouraging; in ſituations in which, not unfrequently, want of ſucceſs has countenanced the ſpirit of criticiſm; the conſtancy of your ſupport was the eſſential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I ſhall carry it with me to my grave, as a ſtrong incitement to unceaſing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choiceſt tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free conſtitution, which is the work of your hands, may be ſacredly maintained; that its adminiſtration in every department may be ſtamped with wiſdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happineſs of the people of theſe States, under the auſpices of liberty, may be made complete, by ſo careful a preſervation and ſo prudent a uſe of this bleſſing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applauſe, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a ſtranger to it.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my adminiſtration, I am unconſcious of intentional error; I am nevertheleſs too ſenſible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beſeech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they tend. I ſhall alſo carry with me the hope that my country will never ceaſe to view them with indulgence; and after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its ſervice, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent

abilities will be conſigned to oblivion, as myſelf muſt ſoon be to the manſions of reſt.

Relying on its kindneſs in this as in other things; and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is ſo natural to a man who views in it the native ſoil of himſelf and his progenitors for ſeveral generations, I anticipate with pleaſing expectation that retreat, in which I promiſe myſelf to realize, without alloy, the ſweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midſt of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government; the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I truſt, of our mutual cares, labours, and dangers.

DIALOGUE ON THE CHOICE OF BUSINESS FOR LIFE.

Enter EDWARD, CHARLEY, *and* THOMAS.

Edward. IT appears to me high time for us to chooſe our buſineſs for life. Our academical ſtudies will ſoon be completed; and I wiſh to look a little forward. What ſay you? am I right?

Charley. It may be well for *you*: poor men's ſons muſt look out for themſelves. My father is able to ſupport me at my eaſe; and my mamma ſays ſhe would rather ſee me laid in a coffin than ſhut up in a ſtudy, ſpoiling my eyes and racking my brains, plodding over your nonſenſical miniſter, doctor, and lawyer books; and I am ſure ſhe would never have me confined behind a counter, or a merchant's deſk. She intends I ſhall be brought up a gentleman. My mother is of noble blood, and ſhe don't intend that I ſhall diſgrace it.

Edw. Pray, maſter Charley, who was the father of your noble-blooded mother?

Char. A gentleman, I'd have you to know.

Edw. Yes, a gentleman cobler, to my knowledge.

Char. Aye, he followed that buſineſs, to be ſure, ſometimes, to ſtop the clamour of the vulgar. Then poor

poor people could not bear to ſee a rich man living at his eaſe, or give a nobleman his title. But times are altering for the better, my mamma ſays: the rich begin to govern now. We ſhall ſoon live in ſtyle, and wear titles here as well as in England. She intends to ſend over and get my coat of arms, and ſhe hopes to add a title to them.

Edw. High ſtyle! titles! and coats of arms! fine things in America, to be ſure! Well, after all, I can't really diſapprove of your mamma's plan. A lapſtone, an awl, and ſhoe-hammer will make a fine picture, and may appear as well in your mother's parlour, as in her father's ſhop: and the title of cobler, or ſhoe-maker would well become her darling Charley.

Char. I will not be inſulted on account of my grandfather's employment, I'll have you to know! I have heard my mother ſay, her father was grandſon of an aunt of 'ſquire Thorn, who once had a horſe that run a race with the famous horſe of a couſin of the Duke of Bedford, of ——

Edw. Quite enough! I am fully convinced of the juſtice of your claim to the title of Duke, or whatever you pleaſe. About as much merit in it, I perceive, as in your father's title to his eſtate. Ten thouſand dollars drawn in a lottery; already two thirds ſpent. A title to nobility derived from the grandſon of an aunt of 'ſquire Thorn, from 'ſquire Thorn's horſe, or perhaps from ſome monkey, that has been a favourite playmate with the prince of Wales. Theſe are to be the ſupport of your eaſe and honor through life. Well, I believe there is no need of your troubling yourſelf about your future employment: that is already determined. Depend upon it, you will repent of your folly, or ſcratch a poor man's head as long as you live. I adviſe you to ſet about the former, in order to avoid the latter.

Char. I did not come to you for advice. I'll not bear your inſults, or diſgrace myſelf with your company any longer. My parents ſhall teach you better manners.

[*Exit Charley.*

Thomas. I pity the vanity and weakneſs of this poor lad. But reflection and experience will teach him the fallacy of his hopes.

Edw. Poor child; he does not know that his lottery money is almoſt gone; that his father's houſe is mortgaged for more than it is worth; and that the only care of his parents is to keep up the appearance of preſent grandeur, at the expenſe of future ſhame. Happy for us, that we are not deluded with ſuch deceitful hopes.

Tho. My parents were poor; not proud. They experienced the want of learning; but were reſolved their children ſhould ſhare the benefit of a good education. I am the fourth ſon, who owe the debt of filial gratitude. All but myſelf are well ſettled in buſineſs, and doing honor to themſelves and their parents. If I fall ſhort of their example, I ſhall be moſt ungrateful.

Edw. I have neither father nor mother to excite my gratitude, or ſtimulate my exertions. But I wiſh to behave in ſuch a manner, that if my parents could look down and obſerve my actions, they might approve my conduct. Of my family, neither root nor branch remains: all have paid the debt of nature. They left a name for honeſty; and I eſteem that higher than a pretended title to greatneſs. They have left me a ſmall farm, which, though not enough for my ſupport, will, with my own induſtry, be ſufficient. For employment to paſs away the winter ſeaſon, I have determined upon keeping a ſchool for my neighbours' children.

Tho. I heartily approve of your determination. Our mother Earth rewards, with peace and plenty, thoſe, who cultivate her face; but loads, with anxious cares, thoſe, who dig her bowels for treaſure. The life you contemplate is favourable to the enjoyment of ſocial happineſs, improvement of the mind, and ſecurity of virtue; and the taſk of training the tender mind is an employment, that ought to meet the encouragement, the gratitude of every parent, and the reſpect of every child.

Edw.

Edw. I am pleaſed that you approve my choice. Will you as frankly tell me your own?

Tho. I will: my intention is to follow the inclination of my kind parents. It is their deſire that I ſhould be a preacher. Their other ſons have taken to other callings; and they wiſh to ſee one of their children in the deſk. If their prayers are anſwered, I ſhall be fitted for the important taſk. To my youth, it appears formidable; but others, with leſs advantages, have ſucceeded, and been bleſſings to ſociety, and an honor to their profeſſion.

Edw. You have choſen the better part. Whatever the licentious may ſay to the contrary, the happineſs of ſociety muſt reſt on the principles of virtue and religion; and the pulpit muſt be the nurſery, where they are cultivated.

Tho. "————The pulpit;
And I name it, fill'd with ſolemn awe,
Muſt ſtand acknowledg'd, while the world ſhall ſtand,
The moſt important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cauſe.
There ſtands the meſſenger of truth. There ſtands
The legate of the ſkies: his theme divine,
His office ſacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law ſpeaks out
Its thunders, and by him, in ſtrains as ſweet
As angels uſe, the goſpel whiſpers peace."

My heart glows with the ſubject; and if my abilities could equal my zeal, I could at leaſt hope to realize the ſublime character, ſo beautifully drawn by Cowper.

Edw. It is a laudable ambition to aim at eminence in religion, and excellence in virtue.

SPEECH OF BUONAPARTE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN ITALY, BEFORE HIS ATTACK ON MILAN, APRIL 26, 1796.

SOLDIERS,

YOU have in a fortnight gained ſix victories; taken twenty-one ſtands of colours; ſeventy-one pieces of cannon; ſeveral ſtrong places; conquered the richeſt part of Piedmont; you have made fifteen thouſand priſoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thouſand men. You had hitherto fought only for ſterile rocks, rendered illuſtrious by your courage, but uſeleſs to the country; you have equalled by your ſervices the victorious army of Holland and the Rhine. Deprived of every thing, you have ſupplied every thing. You have won battles without cannon; made forced marches without ſhoes; watched without brandy, and often without bread. The republican phalanxes, the ſoldiers of liberty were alone capable of ſuffering what you have ſuffered.

Thanks be to you, ſoldiers. The grateful country will, in part, be indebted to you for her proſperity; and if, when victorious at Toulon, you predicted the immortal campaign of 1794, your preſent victories will be the preſages of more brilliant victories. The two armies which attacked you with audacity, fly diſheartened before you. Men, who ſmiled at your miſery, and rejoiced in thought at the idea of the triumphs of your enemies, are confounded and appalled. But it muſt not, ſoldiers, be concealed from you, that you have done *nothing*, ſince *ſomething* remains yet to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan are in your power. The aſhes of the conquerors of the Tarquins are ſtill diſgraced by the aſſaſſins of Baſſeville. At the commencement of the campaign you were deſtitute of every thing; now you are amply provided; the magazines

zines taken from your enemies are numerous; the artillery for the field and for beſieging is arrived.

Soldiers, the country has a right to expect great things from you; juſtify her expectations. The greateſt obſtacles are undoubtedly overcome; but you have ſtill battles to fight, cities to take, rivers to paſs. Is there one among you whoſe courage is diminiſhed? Is there one who would prefer returning to the ſummits of the Alps and the Appenines? No: all burn with the deſire of extending the glory of the French; to humble the proud kings who dare to meditate putting us again in chains; to dictate a peace that ſhall be glorious, and that ſhall indemnify the country for the immenſe ſacrifices which ſhe has made. All of you burn with a deſire to ſay on your return to your home, I belonged to the victorious army of Italy.

Friends, I promiſe this conqueſt to you; but there is one condition which you muſt ſwear to fulfil; it is to reſpect the people whom you deliver; to repreſs the horrible pillage which ſome wretches, inſtigated by our enemies, had practiſed. Unleſs you do this, you will no longer be the friends, but the ſcourges of the human race; you will no longer form the honor of the French people. They will diſavow you. Your victories, your ſucceſſes, the blood of your brethren who died in battle; all, even honor and glory will be loſt. With reſpect to myſelf; to the generals who poſſeſs your confidence, we ſhall bluſh to command an army without diſcipline, and who admit no other law than that of force.

People of Italy, the French army comes to break your chains; the French people are the friends of all people; come with confidence to them; your property, religion, and cuſtoms ſhall be reſpected. We make war as generous enemies; and wiſh only to make war againſt the tyrants who oppreſs you.

Mr. Pitt's Speech, Nov. 18, 1777, in Opposition to Lord Suffolk, who proposed to Parliament to employ the Indians against the Americans; and who said, in the Course of the Debate, that "they had a Right to use all the Means, that God and Nature had put into their Hands, to conquer America."

My Lords,

I AM aſtoniſhed to hear ſuch principles confeſſed! I am ſhocked to hear them avowed in this Houſe, or in this country! Principles, equally unconſtitutional, inhuman, and unchriſtian!

My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention; but I cannot repreſs my indignation. I feel myſelf impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this Houſe, as men, as Chriſtian men, to proteſt againſt ſuch notions ſtanding near the throne, polluting the ear of Majeſty. "That God and nature put into our hands!" I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know, that ſuch abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

What! to attribute the ſacred ſanction of God and nature to the maſſacres of the Indian ſcalping knife! to the cannibal ſavage, torturing, murdering, roaſting, and eating; literally, my lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions ſhock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they ſhock every ſentiment of honor; they ſhock me as a lover of honorable war, and a deteſter of murderous barbarity.

Theſe abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the moſt deciſive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, thoſe holy miniſters

miniſters of the goſpel, and pious paſtors of our Church: I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wiſdom and the law of this *learned bench*, to defend and ſupport the juſtice of their country. I call upon the biſhops, to interpoſe the unſullied ſanctity of their *lawn;* upon the learned judges, to interpoſe the purity of their *ermine*, to ſave us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordſhips, to reverence the dignity of your anceſtors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the ſpirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the conſtitution.

From the tapeſtry that adorns theſe walls, the immortal anceſtor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the diſgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets againſt the boaſted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and eſtabliſhed the honor, the liberties, the religion, the proteſtant religion of this country, againſt the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquiſition, if theſe more than popiſh cruelties and inquiſitorial practices are let looſe among us; to turn forth into our ſettlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the mercileſs cannibal, thirſting for the blood of man, woman and child! to ſend forth the infidel ſavage—againſt whom? againſt your proteſtant brethren; to lay waſte their country; to deſolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with theſe horrible hell-hounds of ſavage war!

Spain armed herſelf with blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spaniſh cruelty. We turn looſe theſe ſavage hell-hounds againſt our brethren and countrymen in America, of the ſame language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that ſhould ſanctify humanity.

My lords, this awful ſubject, ſo important to our honor, our conſtitution, and our religion, demands the moſt ſolemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call

upon your lordſhips, and the united powers of the ſtate, to examine it thoroughly, and deciſively, and to ſtamp upon it an indelible ſtigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore thoſe holy prelates of our religion, to do away theſe iniquities from among us. Let them perform a luſtration; let them purify this Houſe, and this country from this ſin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at preſent unable to ſay more; but my feelings and indignation were too ſtrong to have ſaid leſs. I could not have ſlept this night in my bed, nor repoſed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of ſuch prepoſterous and enormous principles.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SCHOOL-MASTER, AND SCHOOL-COMMITTEE.

[N. B. *The Author is happy in believing, that the following Dialogue is applicable to but* few *towns and* few *teachers in this country; but, ſo long as there are* any *remaining to whom it may apply, he thinks a ſufficient apology exiſts for its publication.*]

SCENE, *a Public Houſe, in the Town of* ——.

Enter SCHOOL-MASTER, *with a pack on his back.*

Schoolmaſter. HOW fare you, landlord? what have you got that's good to drink?

Landlord. I have gin, Weſt-India, genuine New-England, whiſkey, and cider brandy.

Schoolm. Make us a ſtiff mug of flip. Put in a gill and a half of your New-England; and ſweeten it well with laſſes.

Land. It ſhall be done, Sir, to your liking.

Schoolm. Do you know of any vacancy in a ſchool in your part of the country, landlord?

Land. There is a vacancy in our diſtrict; and I expect the parſon, with our three ſchool-committee men, will

will be at my houſe directly, to conſult upon matters relative to the ſchool.

Schoolm. Well, here's the lad that will ſerve them as *cheap* as any man in America; and I believe I may venture to ſay as *well* too; for I profeſs no ſmall ſhare of ſkill in that buſineſs. I have kept ſchool eleven winters, and have often had matter of fifty ſcholars at a time. I have teach'd a child its letters in a day, and to read in the Pſalter in a fortnight: and I always feel very much aſhamed, if I uſe more than one quire of paper in larnin a boy to write as well as his maſter. As for government, I'll turn my back to no man. I never flog my ſcholars; for that monſtrous doctrine of whippin children, which has been ſo long preached and practiſed by our rigid and ſuperſtitious forefathers, I have long ſince exploded. I have a rare knack of *flattering* them into their duty. And this, according to a celebrated Doctor at Philadelphia, whoſe works I have heard of, though I never read them, is the grand criterion of ſchool government. It is, landlord, it is the very philoſopher's ſtone. I am told, likewiſe, that this ſame great Doctor does not believe that Solomon and others really meant *lickin*, in the proper ſenſe of the word, when they talked ſo much about uſing the rod, &c. He ſuppoſes, that they meant confining them in dungeons; ſtarving them for three or four days at a time; and then giving them a potion of tatromattucks, and ſuch kinds of mild puniſhment. And, zounds, landlord, I believe he's above half right.

Land. [*Giving the cup to the maſter.*] Maſter—— What may I call your name, Sir, if I may be ſo bold?

Schoolm. Ignoramus, at your ſervice, Sir.

Land. Maſter Ignoramus, I am glad to ſee you. You are the very man we wiſh for. Our committee won't heſitate a moment to employ you, when they become acquainted with your talents. Your ſentiments on government I know will ſuit our people to a nicety. Our laſt maſter was a tyrant of a fellow, and very extravagant in his price. He grew ſo important,

the

the latter part of his time, that he had the frontery to demand *ten dollars* a month and his board. And he might truly be ſaid to rule with a rod of iron; for he kept an *ironwood* cudgel in his ſchool, four feet long; and it was enough to chill one's blood to hear the ſhrieks of the little innocents, which were cauſed by his barbarity. I have heard my wife ſay, that Sue Goſſip told her, that ſhe has ſeen the marks of his laſhes on the back of her neighbour Rymple's ſon Darling, for twelve hours after the drubbing. At leaſt, the boy told her with his own mouth, that they *might* be ſeen, if they would only take the trouble to ſtrip his ſhirt off. And, beſides, Maſter Ignoramus, he was the moſt niggardly of all the human race. I don't ſuppoſe that my bar-room was one dollar the richer for him, in the courſe of the whole time which he tarried with us. While the young people of the town were recreating themſelves, and taking a ſociable glaſs, of an evening, at my houſe, the ſtupid blockhead was eternally in his chamber, poring over his muſty books. But finally he did the job for himſelf, and I am rejoiced. The wretch had the dacity to box little Sammy Puney's ears at ſuch an intolerable rate, that his parents fear the poor child will be an idiot all the days of his life. And all this, for nothing more, than, partly by deſign, and partly through mere accident, he happened to ſpit in his maſter's face. The child being nephew to the 'ſquire, you may well ſuppoſe, that the whole neighbourhood was ſoon in an uproar. The indignation of the mother, father, aunts, uncles, couſins, and indeed the whole circle of acquaintance, was rouſed; and the poor fellow was hooted out of town in leſs than twenty-four hours.

Schoolm. [*Drinking off his liquor.*] This is a rare doſe. Believe me, landlord, I have not taſted a drop before, ſince ſix o'clock this morning. [*Enter Parſon and Committee Men.*] Your humble ſarvant, gentlemen. I underſtand you are in want of a ſchool-maſter.

Parſon.

Parſon. Yes, Sir; that is the occaſion of our preſent meeting. We have been ſo unfortunate as to loſe one good man; and we ſhould be very glad to find another.

1*ſt. Committee Man.* Pray don't ſay *unfortunate*, Parſon. I think we may conſider ourſelves as very *fortunate*, in having rid the town of an extravagant coxcomb, who was draining us of all the money we could earn, to fill his purſe, and rig himſelf out with fine clothes.

2*d. Com.* Ten dollars a month, and board, for a man whoſe taſk is ſo eaſy, is no ſmall ſum.

3*d. Com.* I am bold to affirm, that we can procure a better man for half the money.

Schoolm. That I believe, friend; for, though I eſteem myſelf as good as the beſt; that is to ſay, in the common way; yet I never ax'd but five dollars a month in all my life.

Par. For my own part, whatever theſe gentlemen's opinion may be, I muſt tell you, that I am much leſs concerned about the wages we are to give, than I am about the character and abilities of the man with whom we intruſt the education of our children. I had much rather you had ſaid you had received forty dollars a month, than five.

1*ſt. Com.* Dear Sir, you are beſide yourſelf. You will encourage the man to *riſe* in his price; whereas I was in hopes he would have *fallen*, at leaſt one dollar.

Par. Before we talk any further about the price, it is neceſſary that we examine the gentleman according to law, in order to ſatisfy ourſelves of his capability to ſerve us. Friend, will you be ſo obliging as to inform us where you received your education, and what your pretenſions are, with reſpect to your profeſſion?

Schoolm. Law, Sir! I never went to college in my life.

Par. I did not aſk you whether you had been to college or not. We wiſh to know what education you have had; and whether your abilities are ſuch, as that

you can do yourſelf honor in taking the charge of a common Engliſh ſchool.

Schoolm. Gentlemen, I will give you a ſhort hiſtory of my life. From ſeven, to fifteen years of age, I went to ſchool perhaps as much as one year. In which time, I went through Dilworth's Spelling-Book, the Pſalter, the New-Teſtament; and could read the newſpaper without ſpelling more than half the words. By this time, feeling a little above the common level, I enliſted a ſoldier in the army, where I continued ſix years; and made ſuch proficiency in the military art, that I was frequently talked of for a corporal. I had likewiſe larn'd to write conſiderably, and to cypher as fur as Diviſion. The multiplication table I had at my tongue's end, and have not forgot it to this day. At length receiving a ſevere flogging for nothing at all, I am not aſhamed to own that I deſerted, and went into one of the back ſettlements, and offered myſelf as a teacher. I was immediately employed in that ſervice; and, though I am obliged to ſay it myſelf, I do aſſure you I ſoon became very famous. Since that time, which is eleven years, I have followed the buſineſs conſtantly; at leaſt, every winter; for in the ſummer, it is not cuſtomary in the towns in general, to continue a man's ſchool. One thing I would not forget to mention; and that is, I have travelled about the country ſo much, and been in the army ſo long (which is allowed to be the beſt ſchool in the world) that I conſider myſelf as being thoroughly acquainted with mankind. You will not be inſenſible, gentlemen, of what great importance this laſt acquiſition is, to one who has the care of youth.

3d. Com. I admire his converſation. I imagine, by this time, you have cyphered *clear through;* have you not, Sir?

Schoolm. Why, as to that, I have gone ſo fur, that I thought I could *ſee through.* I can tell how many minutes old my great grandfather was when his firſt ſon was born; how many barley corns it would take

to

to meaſure round the world; and how old the world will be at the end of ſix thouſand years from the creation.

1ſt. Com. It is very ſtrange! You muſt have ſtudied hard, to learn all theſe things, and that without a maſter too.

Schoolm. Indeed I have, Sir; and if I had time, I could tell you things ſtranger ſtill.

Par. Can you tell in what part of the world you were born; whether in the torrid, frigid, or temperate zone?

Schoolm. I was not born in the *zoon*, Sir, nor in any other of the Weſt-India Iſlands; but I was born in New-England, in the ſtate of New-Jerſey, and Commonwealth of the United States of America.

Par. Do you know how many parts of ſpeech there are in the Engliſh language?

Schoolm. How many ſpeeches! Why as many as there are "ſtars in the ſky, leaves on the trees, or ſands on the ſea ſhore."

1ſt. Com. Pleaſe to let *me* aſk him a queſtion, Parſon. How many commandaments are there?

Schoolm. Ten, Sir; and I knew them all before I went into the army.

2d. Com. Can you tell when the moon changes, by the almanac?

Schoolm. No; but I'll warrant you, I could ſoon tell by cyphering.

3d. Com. How many varſes are there in the 119th Pſalm?

Schoolm. Ah! excuſe me there, if you pleaſe, Sir; I never meddle with pſalmody, or metaphyſics.

Par. Will you tell me, my friend, what is the difference between the circumference and the diameter of the globe?

Schoolm. There you are too hard for me again. I never larn'd the rule of circumſtance nor geometry. I'll tell you what, gentlemen, I make no pretenſions to miniſter larnin, lawyer larnin, or doctor larnin; but put

me

me upon your clear ſchoolmaſter larnin, and there I am even with you.

1ſt. Com. I am ſatisfied with the gentleman. He has miſſed but one queſtion, and that was ſuch a metatiſical one, that it would have puzzled a Jeſuit himſelf to have anſwered it. Gentlemen, ſhall the maſter withdraw a few minutes, for our further conſultation?

[*Exit Maſter.*

2d. Com. I am much pleaſed with the ſtranger. He appears to be a man of wonderful parts; and I ſhall cheerfully agree to employ him.

3d. Com. For my part, I don't think we ſhall find a *cheaper* maſter; and I move for engaging him at once.

Par. Gentlemen, how long will you be blind to your own intereſt? I can ſay with you, that I am perfectly ſatisfied—that the man is, in his profeſſion, emphatically what he calls himſelf by name, an *ignoramus*; and totally incapable of inſtructing our children. You know not who he is, or what he is; whether he be a thief, a liar, or a drunkard. The very terms, on which he offers himſelf, ought to operate as a ſufficient objection againſt him. I am ſenſible that my vote will now be of no avail, ſince you are all agreed. I have been for years ſtriving to procure a man of abilities and morals, ſuitable for the employment; and ſuch a one I had obtained; but, alas! we were unworthy of him. We aſperſed his character; invented a multitude of falſehoods; magnified every trifling error in his conduct; and even converted his virtues into vices. We refuſed to give him that pecuniary reward which his ſervices demanded; and he, knowing his own worth, and our unworthineſs, has left us forever.

1ſt. Com. Come, come, Parſon, it is eaſy for ſalary men to talk of *liberality*, and to vote away money which they never earned; but it won't do. The new maſter, I dare engage, will do as well, or better than the old one. Landlord, call him in for his anſwer.

Par. I proteſt againſt your proceeding, and withdraw myſelf forever from the committee. But I muſt tell

tell you, your children will reap the bitter conſequences of ſuch injudicious meaſures. It has always been ſurpriſing to me, that people in general are more willing to pay their money for any thing elſe, than for "the one thing needful," that is, for the education of their children. Their tailor muſt be a workman, their carpenter, a workman, their hairdreſſer, a workman, their hoſtler, a workman; but the inſtructor of their children muſt——work *cheap!* [*Exit Parſon.*

Re-enter SCHOOL-MASTER.

1ſt. Com. We have agreed to employ you, Sir; and have only to recommend to you, not to follow the ſteps of your predeceſſor. This is an "age of reaſon;" and we do not imagine our children ſo ſtupid, as to need the rod to quicken their ideas, or ſo vicious, as to require a moral leſſon from the ferule. Be gentle and accommodating, and you have nothing to fear.

Land. I'll anſwer for him. He's as generous and merry a lad as I've had in my houſe this many a day.

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH, IN ANSWER TO LORD MANSFIELD, ON THE AFFAIR OF MR. WILKES, 1770.

MY LORDS,

THERE is one plain maxim, to which I have invariably adhered through life; that in every queſtion in which my liberty or my property were concerned, I ſhould conſult and be determined by the dictates of common ſenſe. I confeſs, my lords, that I am apt to diſtruſt the refinements of learning, becauſe I have ſeen the ableſt and the moſt learned men equally liable to deceive themſelves, and to miſlead others.

The condition of human nature would be lamentable indeed, if nothing leſs than the greateſt learning and talents, which fall to the ſhare of ſo ſmall a number of men, were ſufficient to direct our judgment and

our

our conduct. But Providence has taken better care of our happineſs, and given us, in the ſimplicity of common ſenſe, a rule for our direction, by which we ſhall never be miſled.

I confeſs, my lords, I had no other guide in drawing up the amendment, which I ſubmitted to your conſideration. And before I heard the opinion of the noble lord who ſpoke laſt, I did not conceive, that it was even within the limits of poſſibility for the greateſt human genius, the moſt ſubtle underſtanding, or the acuteſt wit, ſo ſtrangely to miſrepreſent my meaning; and to give it an interpretation ſo entirely foreign from what I intended to expreſs, and from that ſenſe, which the very terms of the amendment plainly and diſtinctly carry with them.

If there be the ſmalleſt foundation for the cenſure thrown upon me by that noble lord; if, either expreſsly or by the moſt diſtant implication, I have ſaid or inſinuated any part of what the noble lord has charged me with, diſcard my opinions forever; diſcard the motion with contempt.

My lords, I muſt beg the indulgence of the Houſe. Neither will my health permit me, nor do I pretend to be qualified, to follow that learned lord minutely through the whole of his argument. No man is better acquainted with his abilities and learning, nor has a greater reſpect for them, than I have. I have had the pleaſure of ſitting with him in the other Houſe, and always liſtened to him with attention. I have not now loſt a word of what he ſaid, nor did I ever. Upon the preſent queſtion, I meet him without fear.

The evidence, which truth carries with it, is ſuperior to all arguments; it neither wants the ſupport, nor dreads the oppoſition of the greateſt abilities. If there be a ſingle word in the amendment to juſtify the interpretation, which the noble lord has been pleaſed to give it, I am ready to renounce the whole. Let it be read, my lords; let it ſpeak for itſelf. In what inſtance does it interfere with the privileges of the Houſe

Houſe of Commons? In what reſpect does it queſtion their juriſdiction, or ſuppoſe an authority in this Houſe to arraign the juſtice of their ſentence?

I am ſure that every lord who hears me, will bear me witneſs that I ſaid not one word touching the merits of the Middleſex election. Far from conveying any opinion upon that matter in the amendment, I did not, even in diſcourſe, deliver my own ſentiments upon it. I did not ſay that the Houſe of Commons had done either right or wrong; but when his Majeſty was pleaſed to recommend it to us to cultivate unanimity amongſt ourſelves, I thought it the duty of this Houſe, as the great hereditary council of the crown, to ſtate to his Majeſty the diſtracted condition of his dominions, together with the events which had deſtroyed unanimity among his ſubjects.

But, my lords, I ſtated thoſe events merely as facts, without the ſmalleſt addition either of cenſure or of opinion. They are facts, my lords, which I am not only convinced are true, but which I know are indiſputably true.

Do they not tell us, in ſo many words, that Mr. Wilkes, having been expelled, was thereby rendered incapable of ſerving in that Parliament? and is it not their reſolution alone, which refuſes to the ſubject his common right? The amendment ſays farther, that the electors of Middleſex are deprived of their free choice of a repreſentative. Is this a fact, my lords? or have I given an unfair repreſentation of it? Will any man preſume to affirm that Colonel Luttrell is the free choice of the electors of Middleſex? We all know the contrary.

We all know that Mr. Wilkes (whom I mention without either praiſe or cenſure) was the favourite of the county, and choſen, by a very great and acknowledged majority, to repreſent them in Parliament. If the noble lord diſlikes the manner in which theſe facts are ſtated, I ſhall think myſelf happy in being adviſed by him how to alter it. I am very little anxious about terms,

terms, provided the ſubſtances be preſerved; and theſe are facts, my lords, which I am ſure will always retain their weight and importance, in whatever form of language they are deſcribed.

The conſtitution of this country has been openly invaded in fact; and I have heard, with horror and aſtoniſhment, that very invaſion defended upon principle. What is this myſterious power, undefined by law, unknown to the ſubject; which we muſt not approach without awe, nor ſpeak of without reverence; which no man may queſtion, and to which all men muſt ſubmit? My lords, I thought the ſlaviſh doctrine of paſſive obedience had long ſince been exploded: and, when our kings were obliged to confeſs that their title to the crown, and the rule of their government, had no other foundation than the known laws of the land, I never expected to hear a divine right, or a divine infallibility, attributed to any other branch of the legiſlature.

My lords, I beg to be underſtood. No man reſpects the Houſe of Commons more than I do, or would contend more ſtrenuouſly than I would, to preſerve to them their juſt and legal authority. Within the bounds preſcribed by the conſtitution, that authority is neceſſary to the well-being of the people: beyond that line, every exertion of power is arbitrary, is illegal; it threatens tyranny to the people, and deſtruction to the State. Power without right is the moſt odious and deteſtable object that can be offered to the human imagination: it is not only pernicious to thoſe who are ſubject to it, but tends to its own deſtruction.

On the general Judgment-Day; from Dwight's Conquest of Canaan.

MID theſe dire ſcenes, more awful ſcenes ſhall riſe;
Sad nations quake, and trembling ſeize the ſkies.
From the dark tomb ſhall fearful lights aſcend,
And ſullen ſounds the ſleeping manſion rend;
Pale ghoſts with terror break the dreamer's charm,
And death-like cries the liſtening world alarm.
Then midnight pangs ſhall toſs the cleaving plains;
Fell famine wanton o'er unburied trains;
From crumbling mountains baleful flames aſpire;
Realms ſink in floods, and towns diſſolve in fire;
In every blaſt, the ſpotted plague be driven,
And angry meteors blaze athwart the heaven.
Clouds of dark blood ſhall blot the ſun's broad light,
Spread round th' immenſe, and ſhroud the world in night;
With pale, and dreadful ray, the cold moon gleam;
The dim, lone ſtars diffuſe an anguiſh'd beam;
Storms rock the ſkies; afflicted oceans roar,
And ſanguine billows die the ſhuddering ſhore;
And round earth thunder, from the Almighty throne,
The voice irrevocable, IT IS DONE.

Rous'd on the fearful morn, ſhall nature hear
The trump's deep terrors rend the troubled air;
From realm to realm the ſound tremendous roll;
Cleave the broad main, and ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd pole;
The ſlumbering bones th' archangel's call inſpire;
Rocks ſink in duſt, and earth be wrapp'd in fire;
From realms far diſtant, orbs unnumber'd come,
Sail through immenſity, and learn their doom:
And all yon changeleſs ſtars, that, thron'd on high,
Reign in immortal luſtre round the ſky,
In ſolemn ſilence ſhroud their living light,
And leave the world to undiſtinguiſh'd night.

Hark, what dread ſounds deſcending from the pole,
Wave following wave, in ſwelling thunders roll;

How the tombs cleave! What awful forms ariſe!
What crowding nations pain the failing eyes!
From land to land behold the mountains rend;
From ſhore to ſhore the final flames aſcend;
Round the dark poles with boundleſs terror reign,
With bend immeaſurable ſweep the main;
From morn's far kingdoms ſtretch to realms of even,
And climb and climb with ſolemn roar to heaven.
What ſmoky ruins wrap the leſſening ground!
What fiery ſheets ſail through the vaulted round!
Pour'd in one maſs, the lands and ſeas decay;
Involv'd, the heavens, diſſolving, fleet away;
The moon departs; the ſun's laſt beams expire,
And nature's buried in the boundleſs fire.

Lo, from the radiance of the bleſs'd abode
Meſſiah comes, in all the pomp of God!
Borne on ſwift winds, a ſtorm before him flies;
Stars crown his head, and rainbows round him riſe;
Beneath his feet a ſun's broad terrors burn,
And cleaving darkneſs opes a dreadful morn:
Through boundleſs ſpace careering flames are driven;
Truth's ſacred hoſts deſcend, and all the thrones of heaven.
See crowding millions, call'd from earth's far ends,
See hell's dark world, with fearful gloom, aſcends,
In throngs incomprehenſible! Around,
Worlds after worlds, from nature's fartheſt bound,
Call'd by th' archangel's voice, from either pole,
Self-mov'd, with all created nations, roll.
From this great train, his eyes the juſt divide,
Price of his life, and being's faireſt pride;
Rob'd by his mighty hand, the ſtarry throngs
From harps of tranſport call ecſtatic ſongs.

Hail, heirs of endleſs peace! ordain'd to rove
Round the pure climes of everlaſting love.
For you the ſun firſt led the lucid morn;
The world was faſhion'd and Meſſiah born;
For you high heaven with fond impatience waits,
Pours her fair ſtreams, and opes her golden gates;

Each

Each hour, with purer glory, gaily ſhines,
Her courts enlarges, and her air refines.
But O unhappy race! to woes conſign'd,
Lur'd by fond pleaſure, and to wiſdom blind,
What new Meſſiah ſhall the ſpirit ſave,
Stay the pent flames, and ſhut th' eternal grave?
Where ſleeps the muſic of his voice divine?
Where hides the face, that could ſo ſweetly ſhine?
Now hear that ſlighted voice to thunder turn!
See that mild face with flames of vengeance burn!
High o'er your heads the ſtorm of ruin roars,
And, round th' immenſe, no friend your fate deplores.
Lo, there to endleſs woe in throngs are driven,
What once were angels, and bright ſtars of heaven!
The world's gay pride! the king with ſplendor crown'd!
The chief reſiſtleſs, and the ſage renown'd!
Down, down, the millions ſink; where yon broad main
Heaves her dark waves, and ſpreads the ſeats of pain;
Where long, black clouds, emblaz'd with awful fire,
Pour ſullen round their heads, and in dread gloom retire.

On the Works of Creation and Providence.

WHEN I contemplate thoſe ample and magnificent ſtructures, erected over all the ethereal plains: when I look upon them as ſo many repoſitories of light, or fruitful abodes of life: when I remember that there may be other orbs, vaſtly more remote than thoſe which appear to our unaided ſight; orbs, whoſe effulgence, though travelling ever ſince the creation, is not yet arrived upon our coaſts: when I ſtretch my thoughts to the innumerable orders of being, which inhabit all thoſe ſpacious ſyſtems; from the loftieſt ſeraph, to the loweſt reptile; from the armies of angels which ſurround the Almighty's throne, to the *puny* nations, which tinge with purple the ſurface of the plum, or mantle the ſtanding pool with green; how various

appear

appear the links of this immeaſurable chain! how vaſt the gradations in this univerſal ſcale of exiſtence! Yet all theſe, though ever ſo vaſt and various, are the work of the Creator's hand, and are full of his preſence.

He rounded in his palm thoſe ſtupendous globes, which are pendulous in the vault of Heaven. He kindled thoſe aſtoniſhingly bright fires, which fill the firmament with a flood of glory. By Him they are ſuſpended in fluid ether, and cannot be ſhaken: by Him they diſpenſe a perpetual tide of beams, and are never exhauſted. He formed, with inexpreſſible nicety, that delicately fine collection of tubes; that unknown multiplicity of ſubtile ſprings, which organize and actuate the frame of the minuteſt inſect.

He bids the crimſon current roll; the vital movements play; and aſſociates a world of wonders, even in an animated point. In all theſe is a ſignal exhibition of creating power; to all theſe are extended the ſpecial regards of preſerving goodneſs. From hence let me learn to rely on the providence, and to revere the preſence, of Supreme Majeſty. Amidſt that inconceivable number and variety of beings, which ſwarm through the regions of creation, not one is overlooked, not one is neglected, by the great Omnipotent Cauſe of all.

SPEECH OF MR. FOX, IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS, 1778.

YOU have now two wars before you, of which you muſt chooſe one, for both you cannot ſupport. The war againſt America has hitherto been carried on againſt her alone, unaſſiſted by any ally whatever. Notwithſtanding ſhe ſtood alone, you have been obliged uniformly to increaſe your exertions, and to puſh your efforts to the extent of your power, without being able to bring it to an iſſue. You have exerted all your force hitherto without effect, and you cannot now divide a force, found already inadequate to its object.

My

My opinion is for withdrawing your forces from America entirely; for a defenſive war you can never think of there. A defenſive war would ruin this nation at any time; and in any circumſtances, offenſive war is pointed out as proper for this country; our ſituation points it out; and the ſpirit of the nation impels us to attack rather than defend. Attack France, then, for ſhe is your object. The nature of the wars is quite different: the war againſt America is againſt your own countrymen; you have ſtopped me from ſaying againſt your fellow-ſubjects; that againſt France is againſt your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you ſtrike in America is againſt yourſelves; it is againſt all idea of reconciliation, and againſt your own intereſt, though you ſhould be able, as you never will be, to force them to ſubmit. Every ſtroke againſt France is of advantage to you: America muſt be conquered in France; France never can be conquered in America.

The war of the Americans is a war of paſſion; it is of ſuch a nature as to be ſupported by the moſt powerful virtues, love of liberty and of their country; and, at the ſame time, by thoſe paſſions in the human heart which give courage, ſtrength, and perſeverance to man; the ſpirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them; of retaliation for the hardſhips you have inflicted on them; and of oppoſition to the unjuſt powers you have exerciſed over them. Every thing combines to animate them to this war, and ſuch a war is without end; for whatever obſtinacy, enthuſiaſm ever inſpired man with, you will now find in America. No matter what gives birth to that enthuſiaſm; whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the ſame; it inſpires a ſpirit which is unconquerable, and ſolicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardſhip: and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed ſuch as we are, you will have him preſent himſelf againſt you in the field.

The war of France is a war of another ſort; the war of France is a war of intereſt: it was her intereſt which firſt induced her to engage in it, and it is by that inter-

eſt that ſhe will meaſure its continuance. Turn your face at once againſt her; attack her wherever ſhe is expoſed; cruſh her commerce wherever you can; make her feel heavy and immediate diſtreſs throughout the nation: the people will ſoon cry out to their government. Whilſt the advantages ſhe promiſes herſelf are remote and uncertain, inflict preſent evils and diſtreſſes upon her ſubjects: the people will become diſcontented and clamorous; ſhe will find it a bad bargain, having entered into this buſineſs; and you will force her to deſert any ally that brings ſo much trouble and diſtreſs upon her.

What is become of the ancient ſpirit of this nation? Where is the national ſpirit that ever did honor to this country? Have the preſent miniſtry ſpent that too, with almoſt the laſt ſhilling of your money? Are they not aſhamed of the temporizing conduct they have uſed towards France? Her correſpondence with America has been clandeſtine. Compare that with their conduct towards Holland, ſome time ago; but it is the characteriſtic of little minds to be exact in little things, whilſt they ſhrink from their rights in great ones.

The conduct of France is called clandeſtine: look back but a year ago to a letter from one of your Secretaries of State to Holland; "it is with ſurpriſe and indignation" your conduct is ſeen, in ſomething done by a petty governor of an iſland, while they affect to call the meaſures of France clandeſtine. This is the way that miniſters ſupport the character of the nation, and the national honor and glory. But look again how that ſame Holland is ſpoken of to-day. Even in your correſpondence with her your littleneſs appears.

From this you may judge of your ſituation; from this you may know what a ſtate you are reduced to. How will the French party in Holland exult over you, and grow ſtrong! She will never continue your ally, when you meanly crouch to France, and do not dare to ſtir in your defence! But it is nothing extraordinary that ſhe ſhould not, while you keep the miniſters you have.

have. No power in Europe is blind; there is none blind enough to ally itſelf with weakneſs, and become partner in bankruptcy; there is no one blind enough to ally themſelves to obſtinacy, abſurdity, and imbecility.

THE CONJURER, A DIALOGUE.

RICHARD *and* JACK.

Jack. WHAT a ſtrange man this is, Richard! Did you ever ſee a conjurer before?

Richard. There was one travelled this way before your remembrance; but he miſſed his figure very much. I was to have been an officer before this time, according to his predictions; and you, Jack, were to have had a fine rich young lady for your ſiſter-in-law. But he was only an apprentice in the art; no more than A, B, C, to this man.

Jack. Aye, he is maſter of his trade, I warrant you. I dare ſay, when father comes home, he can tell him which way the thief is gone with our old Trot. Uncle Bluſter is coming over here this evening to find out who has got his watch. The conjurer is juſt gone out to look at the ſtars. I ſuppoſe, after he has viewed them a while, he will caſt a figure in his great black-art book in the other room, and tell in a trice what things are ſtolen, and where they are, to a hair's breadth.

Rich. He muſt have a hawk's eye to ſee the ſtars this evening. Why don't you know, Jack, it is cloudy out a'doors?

Jack. That's nothing with him. He could look through the clouds with his glaſs, if it was as dark as Egypt, as eaſy as you can look into the other room; or, if he had a mind, he could bruſh away the clouds in a trice, with that long wand he carries in his hand.

Rich. No doubt he is a great almanac maker. I'll be bound he could foretel the weather to a tittle for a thouſand

thouſand years to come. I wiſh I knew the tenth part as much about the planets as he does.

Jack. So do I. Don't you think our neighbours could hire him to keep our ſchool, inſtead of Maſter Thinkwell? I believe he has fifty times as much learning. Aunt Betty told me this afternoon, that he knew every ſtar in the ſky as well as I do the cattle in our ſtable; and that he was as well acquainted with every crook and turn in the milky-way, as I am with the road to mill. They ſay he rode round to all the planets one night, in a chaiſe made of moonlight, drawn by flying horſes.

Conjurer. [*Without, in a grum hollow voice.*] Hoc noxe conventio planetorum tenetur eſt in domus Jovum.

Rich. Hark! he is going by the window: don't you hear him talking to himſelf?

Jack. What a ſtrange language he uſes! He is talking to the man in the moon, I dare ſay. He will go into the back room and caſt a figure now: I will look through the key-hole and ſee him. [*Exit Jack.*

Rich. [*Solus.*] What a prodigious learned man this conjurer muſt be! I ſhould ſuppoſe he had read all the books in the world, and converſed with ſpirits a hundred years, to know as much as he does.

Enter THINKWELL.

I am glad to ſee you, Maſter Thinkwell. Have you heard the rare news of the conjurer that is come to town?

Thinkwell. Yes; and I am informed he has taken up lodgings at your houſe to-night. You are greatly honored to be ſure.

Rich. He is a very extraordinary man, I'll aſſure you.

Think. So far I agree with you, Richard. I believe he is an extraordinary man, and an extraordinary impoſtor too.

Rich. You are always on the ſide of contraries, Maſter Thinkwell; but every body is not of ſo ſtubborn faith as you. Why, there is as great a ſtir in town as there

there was when Prince Edward went through it. All the ladies are as much in the fidgets to ſee the conjurer, as they were to ſee him.

Think. It is much eaſier to account for theſe things than to juſtify them. We ſhall always act beneath ourſelves, while we look up to worthleſs wretches as our ſuperiours. Prince Edward was certainly no more than a man. This conjurer, in my opinion, is much leſs: I conſider him beneath contempt. I am as great a friend to mirth as yourſelf; but it is really mortifying that my friends ſhould be ſo anxious to make themſelves the objects of ridicule.

Rich. This is your old ſtrain, Maſter Thinkwell. I know you are apt to get round me in your arguments; but I believe the conjurer knows much more than both of us. I might go to you to learn grammar, arithmetic, and the common branches that are taught at ſchool; but I ſhall go to him to have my fortune told.

Think. Have patience; and time, the only true fortune-teller, will diſcloſe the future, without any pay, faſt enough for your happineſs or profit. Let me adviſe you to lay out your money for more valuable commodities than ſuch groſs impoſition. Believe me, Richard, this man was never admitted into the cabinet of futurity any more than you or I, and knows no more of the events of to-morrow, next day, or next year, than the orang-outang.

Rich. All our neighbours think very differently. He has told Mrs. Primble where ſhe may find her ſilver ſpoon; and Sam Hodkins, the very day he is to be married; and the very firſt moment he caſt his eyes on Bill Blunder's face, he ſaw the ſcar on his foot, and told him he had been wounded with an axe.

Think. Depend on it, Richard, it is all groſs impoſition. What careleſs lad is there, who uſes an axe, that has not a ſcar on his feet?

Rich. If a man of common learning can foretel what is paſt, I don't ſee, for my part, why a conjurer may not

not foretel what is to come. [*Knocking at the door.*] Ah! Aunt Betty Wrinkle, I know by her rap.

Enter BETTY WRINKLE.

Betty. How do you do, Richard? A word with you, if you pleaſe, couſin. [*To Richard. They go to the other ſide of the room.*] Is the fortune-teller at your houſe, Richard?

Rich. He is caſting a figure in the back room.

Betty. Can I ſee him? I wiſh to aſk him a few queſtions in private.

Enter Mrs. CREDULOUS *and* JACK, *in haſte.*

Mrs. Credulous. Law, ſiſter Betty! I am glad to ſee you! I am half frighted out of my ſenſes!

Betty. What is the matter, ſiſter?

Mrs. Cred. I have been looking through the key-hole to ſee the conjurer. I believe there is a ſpell of enchantment upon him! The room will be full of ſpirits in five minutes!

Betty. O, don't be frighted, ſiſter; if he can conjure them up, he can conjure them down again. He won't let them hurt you. I ſhould'nt be afraid to go right into the room among them, not I.

Rich. If they were to come in the ſhape of widowers or old bachelors, perhaps you would not.

Betty. Law, how you joke, couſin. [*Cuffing his ears.*

Mrs. Cred. This is no jeſting matter, I aſſure you. I could ſee plainly the candle burnt blue; there was a circle of fire round his head, and it began to ſmoke out of his mouth and noſe.

Betty. Poh! nothing more than his breath, I dare ſay.

Jack. And I thought I ſaw the ſhadow of a ſpirit. The cat ſaw it too; for ſhe looked as wild as though ſhe would fly out of the window.

Betty. Well, you won't frighten me. I am determined to ſee him, if he breathes nothing but fire and ſmoke.

Conj. [*Speaking loud in the other room.*] Horum quorum ſpiritorum, veniunto!

Mrs. Cred. Law me! the very ghoſts are come now! he is talking to them.

Think.

Think. They will never underſtand him unleſs he uſes better Latin.

Mrs. Cred. O, good Maſter Thinkwell! you can talk Latin; do go and pray them, for mercy's ſake! beſeech them to leave the houſe. Do, quick!

Think. Do compoſe yourſelf, Mrs. Credulous: there are no worſe ſpirits here than ignorance and folly; and they, of all others, are the moſt incorrigible. If you pleaſe, I will go and turn this ſcape-gallows out of your houſe, and put an end to your fears. [*Going.*

Mrs. Cred. O, ſtop! don't think of ſuch a thing for the world. If you ſhould affront him, he would raiſe a tempeſt and carry the houſe away in a minute. Mercy on me! he knows what you have ſaid now! how dark it grows! O, the wind begins to riſe! I will leave the houſe! we ſhall all be flying in the air in an inſtant!

Rich. Don't be ſo terrified, ma'am. I don't hear any wind.

Jack. I do; and ſee it too. [*Looking out at the window.*] Dear me! how black it is!

Betty. You are very much frighted, ſiſter. For my part, I am not afraid of the conjurer or any other man.

Rich. You were never quite ſo ſhy of them as they are of you.

Betty. Shy of me!

Mrs. Cred. Well, you muſt all take care of yourſelves. I will run over to Mr. Rector's the miniſter. He may ſave the houſe; he is a good man. What would I give, if I had never ſeen this wicked conjurer! [*Going out of the door.*] Mercy! the ground riſes up under my feet; I can almoſt hear it thunder! Dear me, I ſhall meet a ſpirit! Maſter Thinkwell, you are not apt to be frighted; do go with me to the miniſter's.

Think. At your requeſt I will. For your credit's ſake, compoſe yourſelves, and not let this ſhameful affair be related abroad. [*Exit Thinkwell.*

Betty.

Betty. I'm ſure I don't ſee any cauſe for all this flutteration.

Jack. I believe I was more ſcared than hurt. The cat, I ſee, has got over her fright: ſhe is playing in the entry as ſprightly as you, aunt Betty.

Betty. Well ſaid, Jack. [*Patting his cheeks.*] Do you think I could ſpeak with the conjurer now, Richard?

Rich. I ſee nothing of any ſpirits yet. We will venture to go and ſee what he is about.

[*They go out of the room.*

SCENE *changes, and diſcovers the Conjurer ſitting at a table and making characters in a large book. He riſes, takes his wand, and moves it ſlowly round a large circle, drawn on the floor, and filled with characters.*

Betty. [*Advancing ſlowly.*] Law me, my heart is in my mouth! I dare not ſpeak to him. [*She ſtands and looks at him, and on Richard and Jack at the other ſide of the room, alternately.*]

Conj. Horum charactarius in hoc circulum omnes planetorum atque eorum inhabitantibuſque recto repreſentur; et atque genii ſpiritorumque.

Betty. Bleſs me! what a world of learning he has! I can't underſtand a word he ſays.

Jack. [*To Richard.*] That circle is full of ſpirits, I ſuppoſe. He has made them put on their coats of air that we might not ſee them.

Conj. I perceive, lady, by the myſtic characters of this circle, you approach this way to inquire into the occult myſteries of fate, and to know of me your future deſtiny.

Betty. He knows my very thoughts. [*Aſide*] Learned Sir, be ſo good as to take this, and anſwer me a few queſtions I ſhall aſk you.

[*Offering him a piece of money.*

Conj. You muſt firſt anſwer *me* a few queſtions. Your name, madam?

Betty.

Betty. Elizabeth Wrinkle, at your ſervice, Sir.

Conj. [*Writing her name in his book.*] Do you recollect whether the day that Burgoyne was captured was clear or cloudy?

Betty. That was quite before my remembrance, Sir. [*Looking in a glaſs.*] I am ſure nobody could take me for more than twenty-five. [*Aſide.*

Conj. I am not to be deceived, madam.

[*Looking out at the window through his glaſs.*

Jack. [*To Richard.*] Hark! we ſhall know her age now. He looks clear through time, with that glaſs, as eaſy as you can look through a key-hole.

Betty. Good Sir, don't expoſe me! pray ſpeak low.

Conj. Young men, withdraw, and ſhut that door.

[*Richard and Jack leave the room.*

I told you I was not to be deceived. You were born, Anno Domini, one thouſand, ſeven hundred and —

Betty. Law me! how ſhould he know I was born in fifty-five? The treacherous ſtars muſt have betrayed me; not my looks, I am ſure. [*Aſide.*

Conj. I tell you furthermore, the very man, whom the fates had ſingled out for your huſband, by the fatal deſtiny of the ſtars, was ſlain at the taking of Burgoyne.

Betty. Dear me! O cruel ſtars, and more cruel Britons! how many huſbands and wives have ye ſeparated! Were it not for you, I ſhould have been married twenty years ago. But ſince the fates have been ſo very cruel, don't you think they will be ſo kind as to provide me——you know what I mean, Mr. Conjurer.

Conj. Another huſband. I will inquire.

[*Moving his wand round the circle.*

Enter Mr. CREDULOUS *and* BLUSTER.

Betty. Law, brother, you have come in the very nick of time. I was juſt going to aſk the Conjurer about your horſe.

Conj. By the myſterious numbers of this circle, and the hidden virtue of this wand, I perceive you have loſt a horſe.

Cred. You have caſt your figure right. My poor Trot has been gone ever ſince the twentieth day of June.

Conj. [*Moving his wand over the circle, and touching particular characters.*] Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer; that is it preciſely. You are under a little miſtake, Sir; it was on the twentieth *night* of June.

Bluſter. You are right, you are right, Miſter Conjurer. The ſame night I had my watch ſtolen.

Con. Aries, March; Taurus, April; Gemini, May; Cancer, June. On the night of June twentieth, preciſely at twenty-three minutes paſt twelve, the horſe was ſtolen from your paſture, by a thief.

Bluſt. There, brother Credulous, you have it as exact as the multiplication table.

Cred. Strange what learning will do! [*Giving a piece of money to the Conjurer.*] Now, Sir, be ſo good as to tell me where the horſe is, and how I ſhall find the very thief. Raſcal! I ſhall have you now. [*To himſelf.*

Conj. [*Making characters in his book.*] The ſtars are inauſpicious at preſent. Mercury, the patron of thieves, bears rule to night. I ſhall be able to detect him to-morrow. Hah! that is a lucky figure. Quod erat demonſtrandum. I have got a clue to the watch in ſpite of Mercury.

Bluſt. Put me in a way of finding it, and you ſhall be well paid. We muſt ſecure our houſes, brother Credulous, or this rogue of a Mercury will have our very beds from under us, before morning.

Conj. It ſhall be forth coming immediately. [*Figuring in his book.*] One hundred and twenty-ſeven rods northeaſterly from this table, in Chineſe meaſure, lies a hollow tree; in that tree lies your watch.

Enter LONGSTAFF, *an* OFFICER, *two* WITNESSES, *and* THINKWELL.

Betty. Bleſs me! half the town will be here: it is time for me to go. [*Exit.*

Bluſt.

Bluſt. Mr. Longſtaff, be ſo good as not to interrupt the Conjurer. He has juſt told me where my watch is, and will detect the thief with a few figures more.

Longſtaff. My duty obliges me to interrupt him. We have your watch, and are come to ſecure the thief. [*To the Conjurer.*] You have run at large, and defrauded the honeſt and ignorant long enough. By virtue of this warrant, you are the ſtate's priſoner.

Conj. What trick ſhall I try now! I am detected at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Cred. You muſt be miſinformed, Mr. Longſtaff. This man is ſo far from being a thief, that he is a greater torment to them than their own conſciences.

Long. Hear the evidence of theſe gentlemen, and you may alter your mind.

1ſt Witneſs. I ſuppoſe this watch to be yours, Mr. Bluſter.

Bluſt. It is the very ſame; the chain only is changed.

1ſt. Wit. I happened to overhear him talking with one of his gang laſt evening. This watch, with a number of other articles, was to be hidden in a hollow tree. This impoſtor, to maintain the credit of a Conjurer, was to inform the owners, on inquiry, where they were, upon their paying him for the impoſition. I have been ſo fortunate as to ſecure one of the partners in this trade. And as I heard this gentleman, for whom you have ſo much regard, had taken up lodgings at your houſe, I did not chooſe to interrupt you till there was full proof of his guilt. The ſtolen goods, which he deſcribed, and we have found, are ſufficient evidence againſt him.

Cred. Villain! a halter is too good for your neck. May I be taught common ſenſe by a monkey, if ever I am duped again in ſuch a manner.

2d. Wit. My evidence tends rather to impeach the character of my townſmen than this worthleſs fellow's. All I can ſay, is, that ſeveral months ago, he travelled this road in character of a tinker; and now all our young girls, old maids, and ignorant fellows, are running

ning after this wiſe Conjurer to buy the hiſtory of their lives, which, a little while ſince, they were weak enough to give him for nothing.

Think. I hope the impoſtor will be brought to juſtice, and we to our ſenſes; and that after paying this infatuated devotion to vice and ignorance, virtue and true knowledge may have our more ſerious veneration.

Long. Gentlemen, aſſiſt me to conduct him to priſon.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, JAN. 20, 1775.

WHEN your lordſhips look at the papers tranſmitted to us from America; when you conſider their decency, firmneſs, and wiſdom, you cannot but reſpect their cauſe, and wiſh to make it your own. For myſelf, I muſt declare and avow, that in all my reading and obſervation, (and it has been my favourite ſtudy: I have read Thucidydes, and have ſtudied and admired the maſter-ſtates of the world:) I ſay I muſt declare, that, for ſolidity of reaſoning, force of ſagacity, and wiſdom of concluſion, under ſuch a complication of difficult circumſtances, no nation, or body of men can ſtand in preference to the General Congreſs at Philadelphia. I truſt it is obvious to your lordſhips, that all attempts to impoſe ſervitude upon ſuch men, to eſtabliſh deſpotiſm over ſuch a mighty continental nation, muſt be vain, muſt be fatal.

We ſhall be forced, ultimately, to retract; let us retract while we *can*, not when we *muſt*. I ſay we muſt neceſſarily undo theſe violent oppreſſive acts. They MUST be repealed. You WILL repeal them. I pledge myſelf for it, that you will in the end repeal them. I ſtake my reputation on it. I will conſent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.

Avoid, then, this humiliating, diſgraceful neceſſity. With a dignity becoming your exalted ſituation, make the

the firſt advances to concord, to peace and happineſs: for it is your true dignity, to act with prudence and juſtice. That *you* ſhould firſt concede, is obvious from ſound and rational policy. Conceſſion comes with better grace, and more ſalutary effects from ſuperior power; it reconciles ſuperiority of power with the feelings of men; and eſtabliſhes ſolid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

Every motive, therefore, of juſtice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boſton; by a repeal of your acts of Parliament; and by demonſtration of amicable diſpoſitions towards your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perſeverance in your preſent ruinous meaſures. Foreign war hanging over your heads by a ſlight and brittle thread: France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors; with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may.

To conclude, my lords; if the miniſters thus perſevere in miſadviſing and miſleading the King, I will not ſay, that they can alienate the affections of his ſubjects from his crown; but I will affirm, that they will make the crown not worth his wearing: I will not ſay that the King is betrayed; but I will pronounce, that the kingdom is undone.

SPEECH OF GALGACHUS TO THE CALEDONIAN ARMY.

COUNTRYMEN, AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS,

WHEN I conſider the cauſe, for which we have drawn our ſwords, and the neceſſity of ſtriking an effectual blow, before we ſheath them again, I feel joyful hopes ariſing in my mind, that this day an opening will be made for the reſtoration of Britiſh liberty,

and for ſhaking off the infamous yoke of Roman ſlavery. Caledonia is yet free. The all-graſping power of Rome has not yet been able to ſeize our liberty. But it is to be preſerved only by valour.

You are not to expect to eſcape the ravage of the general plunderers of mankind, by any ſentiment of juſtice in them. When the countries which are more acceſſible have been ſubdued, they will then force their way into thoſe which are harder to be overcome. And if they ſhould conquer the dry land, over the whole world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean, to ſee whether there be not certain unknown regions, which they may attack, and reduce under ſubjection to the Roman empire.

For we ſee that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it becauſe the conqueſt will be glorious; if inconſiderable in the military art, becauſe the victory will be eaſy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the deſire of fame.

The eaſt, and the weſt, the ſouth, and the north, the face of the whole earth is the ſcene of their military achievements. The world is too little for their ambition, and their avarice. Their ſupreme joy ſeems to be ravaging, fighting, and ſhedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, ſo that there are none left alive to bear arms, they ſay they have given peace to that country.

Our diſtance from the ſeat of government, and our natural defence by the ſurrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their ſuſpicions: for they know that Britons are born with an inſtinctive love of liberty: and they conclude that we muſt naturally be led to think of taking the advantage of our detached ſituation, to diſengage ourſelves, one time or another, from their oppreſſion.

Thus, my countrymen and fellow-ſoldiers, ſuſpected and hated as we ever muſt be by the Romans, there is no proſpect of our enjoying even a tolerable ſtate of bondage

bondage under them. Let us, then, in the name of all that is ſacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, reſolve to exert ourſelves, if not for glory, at leaſt for ſafety; if not in vindication of Britiſh honor, at leaſt in defence of our lives.

But, after all, who are theſe mighty Romans? Are they gods; or mortal men, like ourſelves? Do we not ſee that they fall into the ſame errors and weakneſſes, as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonneſs enervate them? Do they not even go to exceſs in the moſt unmanly vices? And can you imagine that they who are remarkable for their vices are likewiſe remarkable for their valour? What then do we dread? Shall I tell you the truth, my fellow-ſoldiers? It is by means of our inteſtine diviſions, that the Romans have gained ſuch great advantage over us. They turn the miſconduct of their enemies to their own praiſe. They boaſt of what they have done, and ſay nothing of what we might have done, had we been ſo wiſe, as to unite againſt them.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not compoſed of a mixture of people from different countries; ſome more, ſome leſs capable of bearing fatigue and hardſhip? They keep together while they are ſucceſsful. Attack them with vigour: diſtreſs them: you will ſee them more diſunited than we are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and with ſhame I muſt add, Britons, who baſely lend their limbs and lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can one imagine that theſe will be longer enemies than ſlaves? or that ſuch an army is held together by ſentiments of fidelity or affection? No: the only bond of union among them is fear. And whenever terror ceaſes to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they who now fear, will then hate their tyrannical maſters.

On our ſide there is every poſſible incitement to valour. The Roman courage is not, as ours, inflamed by the thoughts of wives and children in danger of falling in-

to

to the hands of the enemy. The Romans have not parents, as we have, to reproach them if they ſhould deſert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them; cut off from their native country; hemmed in by the ſurrounding ocean; and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without any poſſibility of eſcape. Let not the ſound of the Roman name affright your ears, nor let the glare of gold or ſilver, upon their armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold or ſilver, that men are either wounded or defended; though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this diſunited rabble. We ſhall find among themſelves a reinforcement to our army.

And what will there be then to fear? A few half garriſoned forts; a few municipal towns, inhabited by worn-out old men; diſcord univerſally prevailing, occaſioned by tyranny in thoſe who command, and obſtinacy in thoſe who ſhould obey. On our ſide, an army united in the cauſe of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their lives. At the head of this army, I hope I do not offend againſt modeſty in ſaying, there is a General ready to exert all his abilities, ſuch as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory, and to freedom.

I conclude, my countrymen and fellow-ſoldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your behaviour this day depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your ſubjection to a tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous conſequences. When, therefore, you come to engage, think of your anceſtors, and think of your poſterity.

MODERN EDUCATION.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PRECEPTOR OF AN ACADEMY, AND PARENT OF AN OFFERED PUPIL.

Preceptor. [*Solus.*] I AM heartily ſick of this modern mode of education. Nothing but traſh will ſuit the taſte of people at this day. I am perplexed beyond all endurance with theſe frequent ſolicitations of parents, to give their children graceful airs, polite accompliſhments, and a ſmattering of what they call the fine arts; while nothing is ſaid about teaching them the ſubſtantial branches of literature. If they can but dance a little, fiddle a little, flute a little, and make a handſome bow and courteſy, that is ſufficient to make them famous, in this *enlightened* age. Three-fourths of the teachers of thoſe arts, which once were eſteemed moſt valuable, will ſoon be out of employment, at this rate. For my part, I am convinced, that, if I had been a dancing maſter, muſic maſter, ſtage player, or mountebank, I ſhould have been much more reſpected, and much better ſupported, than I am at preſent.

Enter PARENT.

Parent. Your humble ſervant, Sir! are you the principal of this Academy?

Precep. I am, at your ſervice, Sir.

Par. I have heard much of the fame of your inſtitution, and am deſirous of putting a ſon, of about twelve years of age, under your tuition. I ſuppoſe you have maſters who teach the various branches of the polite arts.

Precep. We are not inattentive to thoſe arts, Sir; but the fame of our Academy does not reſt upon them. *Uſeful* learning is our grand object. What ſtudies do you wiſh to put your ſon upon?

Par. I wiſh him to be perfected in muſic, dancing, drawing, &c. and as he poſſeſſes a promiſing genius for poetry, I would by all means have that cultivated.

Precep.

Precep. These are not all the branches, I trust, in which he is to be instructed. You mention nothing of reading, writing, arithmetic, language, &c. Are these to be wholly neglected?

Par. Why, as to these *every-day* branches, I cannot say I feel very anxious about them. The boy reads well now; writes a decent hand; is acquainted with the ground rules of arithmetic, and pronounces the English language genteelly. He has been a long time under the care of Mr. Honestus, our town schoolmaster, who has taught him all these things sufficiently. So that I think any more time devoted to them would be wasted.

Precep. If he is such an adept that there is no room for his progressing in those arts; yet I think, at least, there is need of practice, lest, at his age, he should forget what he has learned.

Par. That I shall leave to your discretion. But there is one branch, of great importance, which I have not yet mentioned, and to which I would have particular attention paid; I mean the art of speaking. You will find him not deficient in that respect; though perhaps it requires as much practice to make one perfect in that, as in any art whatever. He has already learned by heart a great number of pieces, and has acted a part in several comedies and tragedies with much applause. It has been the custom of our master to have an exhibition at least once a quarter; and my son has always been considered as one of his best performers. He lately took the part of Jemmy Jumps in the farce called The Farmer, and acted it to universal acceptation.

Precep. I must confess, Sir, that your account of your son does not appear to me to be very flattering.

Par. Why so, pray? have you not an ear for eloquence?

Precep. Indeed I have, Sir. No man is more charmed than I am with its enrapturing sounds. No music rests sweeter on my ear than the melodious notes, proceeding from the mouth of a judicious, well-instructed,

ful, and powerful orator. But I muſt tell you plainly, that I am by no means pleaſed to ſee parents take ſo much pains to transform their children into monkies inſtead of men. What ſigns of oratory do you imagine you can diſcern in a boy, rigged out in a fantaſtical dreſs, ſkipping about the ſtage like a baboon, in the character of Jemmy Jumps, Betty Jumps, or any other jumper?

Par. Do you not approve of exhibitions then?

Precep. Not much, I confeſs, in the way they are generally conducted. A maſter, who has four in a year, muſt neceſſarily rob his pupils of one quarter of that time, which, in my opinion, might be much better employed in attending to what would be uſeful for them in life.

Par. What can be more uſeful for a child, under ſuch a government as ours, than to be able to ſpeak before an audience with a graceful eaſe, and a manful dignity? My ſon, for aught I know, may be a member of Congreſs before he dies.

Precep. For that very reaſon I would educate him differently. I would lay the foundation of his future fame on the firm baſis of the *ſolid ſciences*; that he might be able in time to do ſomething more than a mere parrot, or an ape, who are capable only of ſpeaking the words, and mimicking the actions of others. He ſhould firſt be taught to *read*. He ſhould likewiſe be taught to compoſe for himſelf; and I would not be wanting in my endeavors to make him a ſpeaker.

Par. Surely, Mr. Preceptor, you muſt be very wrong in your notions. I have ever purſued a different plan with my children; and there are none in the country, though I ſay it myſelf, who are more univerſally careſſed. I have a daughter that has ſeen but fourteen years, who is capable of gracing the politeſt circles. It is allowed that ſhe can enter, and leave a room, with as much eaſe and dignity as any lady of quality whatever. And this is evidently owing altogether to her polite education. I boarded her a year in

in the capital, where ſhe enjoyed every poſſible advantage. She attended the moſt accompliſhed maſters in the ornamental branches of ſcience; viſited the genteeleſt families, and frequented all the ſcenes of amuſement. It is true, her letters are not always written quite ſo accurately as could be wiſhed; yet ſhe dances well, plays well on the piano-forte, and ſings like a nightingale.

Precep. Does ſhe know the art of making a good pudding? Can ſhe darn a ſtocking well? or is ſhe capable of patching the elbows of her huſband's coat, ſhould ſhe ever be ſo lucky as to get one? If ſhe is to remain ignorant of all ſuch domeſtic employments, as much as I value her other accompliſhments, and as much as I might be in want of a wife, I would not marry her with twice her weight in gold.

Par. Her accompliſhments will command her a huſband as ſoon as ſhe wiſhes. But ſo long as a ſingle cent of my property remains, her delicate hands ſhall never be ſo unworthily employed.

Precep. But ſuppoſe a reverſe of fortune ſhould overtake you, what is to become of the child; as you ſay ſhe underſtands nothing of domeſtic affairs? Will it be more honorable, do you imagine, for her to be maintained by the charity of the people, than by her own induſtry?

Par. There are many ways for her to be ſupported. I would not have you think ſhe is wholly ignorant of the uſe of the needle, though ſhe never employed it in ſo diſgraceful a manner as that of darning ſtockings! or botching tattered garments! But we will wave that ſubject, and attend to the other. Will you receive the boy for the purpoſes before mentioned?

Precep. Why, indeed, Sir, I cannot. Though I am far from condemning altogether your favourite branches, yet I conſider them all as ſubordinate, and ſome of them, at leaſt, totally uſeleſs. We devote but a ſmall portion of our time to the attainment of ſuch ſuperficial accompliſhments. I would therefore recommend

mend it to you, to commit him to the care of thoſe perſons, who have been ſo ſucceſsful in the inſtruction of his ſiſter.

Par. I confeſs I am ſo far convinced of the propriety of your method, that, if you will admit him into your Academy, I will renounce all right of dictating to you his leſſons of inſtruction, except in one ſingle inſtance; and in that I am perſuaded we ſhall not diſagree; I mean the art of ſpeaking.

Precep. I ſhall agree to that only under certain limitations. That is an art which undoubtedly demands our ſolicitous attention; but it ought never to be purſued to the injury of other ſtudies. I am ſenſible that it is no leſs uſeful to a pupil than entertaining to an audience, to exerciſe him occaſionally on the ſtage in declaiming judicious and well-written compoſitions, and pronouncing ſuch ſelected dialogues, as will tend to give gracefulneſs to his attitude, and familiarity to his tones and geſtures. But, admitting that time could be ſpared from more important purſuits, I ſee but little *good* reſulting from the exhibition of whole comedies and tragedies in our academies and ſchools; while much *evil* is to be feared, both from the immorality of the plays, and the diſſipation it introduces into ſociety. Beſides, all boys are not calculated for orators; and though Demoſthenes ſurmounted almoſt inſuperable difficulties in the acquirement of his art, it is folly to ſuppoſe that his example is capable of univerſal imitation. I cannot believe it a very pleaſing entertainment to a diſcerning audience, to ſee a boy without talents, mounted upon the roſtrum, *ſpouting* forth ſentences which he does not underſtand, and which, perhaps, are choſen with as little judgment as they are delivered with propriety. But what can be more diſguſting than to ſee innocent, and timid females, whoſe excellence, in part, conſiſts in their modeſty, and ſilence before ſuperiours, encouraged to reverſe the order of nature, by playing the orator on a public ſtage! And what often enhances our diſguſt, and ſickens all our

feelings, is, that their lips are taught to pronounce ſentiments, extracted from the very dregs of the European drama.

Par. Then it ſeems you do not approve of females ſpeaking at all?

Precep. Not on a public ſtage, unleſs I wiſhed to ſee them diveſted of half their charms. Such maſculine employments as ill become them, as the labours of the field, or the habits of the ſtronger ſex. I would have them taught to read and pronounce well at ſchool; but nature never deſigned them for public orators; much leſs, that they ſhould be degraded to the vile purpoſe of entertaining the votaries of theatrical amuſements.

Par. Why, you differ widely from many, whoſe pride it is to be conſidered as the ſtandards of modern taſte. It does not now offend againſt the rules of delicacy, for the different ſexes to make exchange of garments now and then, provided the grand object of amuſement be promoted by it. I was in Boſton laſt week, and there I ſaw a beautiful young lady, rigged out from top to toe in men's apparel, aſtride a gay horſe, parading through the ſtreets, for the entertainment of the ladies and gentlemen of that polite metropolis. And none appeared to be offended, except a few who had not attained a reliſh for refined pleaſures.

Precep. Yes, and I am told, that, at their theatres, it is no uncommon thing for a woman to make her appearance, in that apparel, with a ſword by her ſide, ſtrutting acroſs the ſtage, and ſwearing oaths big enough to choke an Algerine pirate; and yet it is ſo agreeable to the modern *ton*, that even ladies of diſtinguiſhed refinement are *aſhamed* to *bluſh* at her!

Par. You have made me ſo far a convert to your ſentiments on this ſubject, and given me ſuch proofs of your ſuperiour judgment in the education of youth, that I am determined to commit my ſon, without any reſerve, to your care and inſtruction. Till you hear from me again, I am, Sir, your obedient ſervant.

THE

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD, DEMONSTRATED FROM THE WORKS OF CREATION; BEING A SERMON PREACHED AT PROVIDENCE, BY JONATHAN MAXCY, A. M. PRESIDENT OF RHODE-ISLAND COLLEGE, 1795; FROM ROMANS i. 20.

[N. B. *When found expedient, the following Sermon may conveniently be divided into three or four parts, suitable for declamations. The author of this work did not intend at first to insert the whole; but, in attempting to make a selection, he could find no part which he was willing to* leave.]

NOTHING will more effectually guard us against vice, than a firm belief in the existence of God. For surely if we realize that there is such a Being, we shall naturally infer from his perfections, from the nature of his moral government, and from our situation as rational creatures, that we are amenable at his awful tribunal. Superiour power, wisdom, and goodness, always lay us under restraint, and command our veneration. These, even in a mortal, overawe us. They restrain not only the actions, but the words and thoughts of the most vicious and abandoned. Our happiness depends on our virtue. Our virtue depends on the conformity of our hearts and conduct to the laws prescribed us by our beneficent Creator.

Of what vast importance then is it to our present as well as future felicity, to possess in our hearts a feeling sense, and in our understandings a clear conviction, of the existence of that Being whose power and goodness are unbounded, whose presence fills immensity, and whose wisdom, like a torrent of lightning, emanates through all the dark recesses of eternal duration! How great must be the effect of a sense of the presence of the great Creator and Governor of all things, to whom belong the attributes, eternity, independency, perfect holiness, inflexible justice, and inviolable veracity; complete happiness and glorious majesty; supreme right and unbounded dominion!

A sense

A ſenſe of accountability to God will retard the eager purſuit of vice; it will humble the heart of the proud, it will bridle the tongue of the profane, and ſnatch the knife from the hand of the aſſaſſin. A belief of the exiſtence of God is the true original ſource of all virtue, and the only foundation of all religion, natural or revealed. Set aſide this great luminous truth, eraſe the conviction of it from the heart, you then place virtue and vice on the ſame level; you drive afflicted innocence into deſpair; you add new effrontery to the marred viſage of guilt; you plant thorns in the path, and ſhed an impenetrable gloom over the proſpects of the righteous.

Sin has alienated the affections, and diverted the attention of men from the great Jehovah. "Darkneſs has covered the earth, and groſs darkneſs the people." Men have worſhipped the works of their own hands, and neglected the true God, though his exiſtence and perfections were ſtamped in glaring characters on all creation. From the regularity, order, beauty, and conſervation of this great ſyſtem of things, of which man makes a part; from the uniform tendency of all its diviſions to their proper ends; the exiſtence of God ſhines as clearly as the ſun in the heavens. "From the things that are made," ſays the text, "are ſeen his eternal power and Godhead."

1. Man himſelf is a proof of God's exiſtence. Let us place him before us in his full ſtature. We are at once impreſſed with the beautiful organization of his body, with the orderly and harmonious arrangement of his members. Such is the diſpoſition of theſe, that their motion is the moſt eaſy, graceful, and uſeful, that can be conceived. We are aſtoniſhed to ſee the ſame ſimple matter diverſified into ſo many different ſubſtances, of different qualities, ſize, and figure. If we purſue our reſearches through the internal economy, we ſhall find, that all the different oppoſite parts correſpond to each other with the utmoſt exactneſs and order; that they all anſwer the moſt beneficent purpoſes.

This

This wonderful machine, the human body, is animated, cheriſhed, and preſerved, by a ſpirit within, which pervades every particle, feels in every organ, warns us of injury, and adminiſters to our pleaſures. Erect in ſtature, man differs from all other animals. Though his foot is confined to the earth, yet his eye meaſures the whole circuit of heaven, and in an inſtant takes in thouſands of worlds. His countenance is turned upward, to teach us that he is not, like other animals, limited to the earth, but looks forward to brighter ſcenes of exiſtence in the ſkies.

Whence came this erect, orderly, beautiful conſtitution of the human body? Did it ſpring up from the earth, ſelf-formed? Surely not. Earth itſelf is inactive matter. That which has no motion can never produce any. Man ſurely could not, as has been vainly and idly ſuppoſed, have been formed by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms. We behold the moſt exact order in the conſtitution of the human body. Order always involves deſign. Deſign always involves intelligence. That intelligence, which directed the orderly formation of the human body, muſt have reſided in a Being whoſe power was adequate to the production of ſuch an effect.

Creation ſurely is the prerogative of a ſelf-exiſtent, uncauſed Being. Finite creatures may arrange and diſpoſe, but they cannot create; they cannot give life. It is a univerſal law through all nature, that like produces like. The ſame laws moſt probably obtain through the whole ſyſtem in which we are connected. We have therefore no reaſon to ſuppoſe that angels created man. Neither can we, without the greateſt abſurdity, admit, that he was formed by himſelf, or by mere accident. If in the latter way, why do we never ſee men formed ſo in the preſent day? Why do we never ſee the clods of earth brightening into human fleſh, and the duſt under our feet crawling into animated forms, and ſtarting up into life and intelligence?

If we even admit that either of the forementioned cauſes might have produced man, yet neither of them could have preſerved him in exiſtence one moment. There muſt therefore be a God uncauſed, independent, and complete. The nobler part of man clearly evinces this great truth. When we conſider the boundleſs deſires and the inconceivable activity of the ſoul of man, we can refer his origin to nothing but God. How aſtoniſhing are the reaſoning faculties of man! How ſurpriſing the power of comparing, arranging, and connecting his ideas! How wonderful is the power of imagination! On its wings, in a moment, we can tranſport ourſelves to the moſt diſtant part of the univerſe. We can fly back, and live the lives of all antiquity, or ſurmount the limits of time, and ſail along the vaſt range of eternity. Whence theſe aſtoniſhing powers, if not from a God of infinite wiſdom, goodneſs, and power?

2. "The inviſible things of him from the creation of the world," ſays the text, "are clearly ſeen." Let us for a moment behold our earth. With what a delightful ſcene are we here preſented! the diverſification of its ſurface into land and water, iſlands and lakes, ſprings and rivers, hills and vallies, mountains and plains, renders it to man doubly enchanting. We are entertained with an agreeable variety, without being diſguſted by a tedious uniformity. Every thing appears admirably formed for our profit and delight. There the vallies are clothed in ſmiling green, and the plains are bending with corn. Here is the gentle hill to delight the eye, and beyond, ſlow riſing from the earth, ſwells the huge mountain, and, with all its load of waters, rocks, and woods, heaves itſelf up into the ſkies. Why this pleaſing, vaſt deformity of nature? Undoubtedly for the benefit of man. From the mountains deſcend ſtreams to fertilize the plains below, and cover them with wealth and beauty.

The earth not only produces every thing neceſſary to ſupport our bodies, but to remedy our diſeaſes, and gratify

gratify our ſenſes. Who covered the earth with ſuch a pleaſing variety of fruits and flowers? Who gave them their delightful fragrance, and painted them with ſuch exquiſite colours? Who cauſes the ſame water to whiten in the lily, that bluſhes in the roſe? Do not theſe things indicate a Cauſe infinitely ſuperiour to any finite being? Do they not directly lead us to believe the exiſtence of God, to admire his goodneſs, to revere his power, to adore his wiſdom, in ſo happily accommodating our external circumſtances to our ſituation and internal conſtitution?

3. But how are we aſtoniſhed to behold the vaſt ocean, rolling its immenſe burden of waters! Who gave it ſuch a configuration of particles as to render it moveable by the leaſt preſſure, and at the ſame time ſo ſtrong as to ſupport the heavieſt weights? Who ſpread out this vaſt high-way of all the nations under heaven? Who gave it its regular motion? Who confined it within its bounds? A little more motion would diſorder the whole world! A ſmall incitement on the tide would drown whole kingdoms. Who reſtrains the proud waves, when the tempeſt lifts them to the clouds? Who meaſured the great waters, and ſubjected them to invariable laws? That great Being, "who placed the ſand for the bound thereof, by a perpetual decree that it cannot paſs; and though the waves thereof toſs themſelves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not paſs over." With reaſon may we believe, that from the things that are made are clearly ſeen eternal power and wiſdom.

4. Paſſing by the numerous productions and appendages of the earth, let us riſe from it, and conſider the body of air with which we are ſurrounded. What a convincing proof do we here find of the exiſtence of God! Such is the ſubtilty and tranſparency of the air, that it receives the rays of the ſun and ſtars, conveying them with inconceivable velocity to objects on the earth, rendering them viſible, and decorating the whole

whole ſurface of the globe with an agreeable intermixture of light, ſhade, and colours. But ſtill this air has a ſufficient conſiſtency and ſtrength to ſupport clouds, and all the winged inhabitants. Had it been leſs ſubtile, it would have intercepted the light. Had it been more rarified, it would not have ſupported its inhabitants, nor have afforded ſufficient moiſture for the purpoſes of reſpiration. What then but infinite wiſdom could have tempered the air ſo nicely, as to give it ſufficient ſtrength to ſupport clouds for rain, to afford wind for health, and at the ſame time to poſſeſs the power of conveying ſound and light? How wonderful is this element! How clearly does it diſcover infinite wiſdom, power, and goodneſs!

5. But when we caſt our eyes up to the firmament of heaven, we clearly ſee that it declares God's handy work. Here the immenſe theatre of God's works opens upon us, and diſcloſes ten thouſand magnificent, ſplendid objects. We dwindle to nothing in compariſon with this auguſt ſcene of beauty, majeſty, and glory. Who reared this vaſt arch over our heads? Who adorned it with ſo many ſhining objects, placed at ſuch immenſe diſtances from each other, regular in their motions, invariably obſerving the laws to which they were originally ſubjected? Who placed the ſun at ſuch a convenient diſtance as not to annoy, but refreſh us? Who, for ſo many ages, has cauſed him to riſe and ſet at fixed times? Whoſe hand directs, and whoſe power reſtrains him in his courſe, cauſing him to produce the agreeable changes of day and night, as well as the variety of ſeaſons?

The order, harmony, and regularity in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, are ſuch inconteſtable proofs of the exiſtence of God, that an eminent poet well ſaid, "An undevout aſtronomer is mad." In the time of Cicero, when the knowledge of aſtronomy was very imperfect, he did not heſitate to declare, that in his opinion the man who aſſerted the heavenly bodies were not framed and moved by a divine underſtanding, was himſelf

ſelf void of all underſtanding. Well indeed is it ſaid, that the heavens declare the glory of God.

This great Being is every where preſent. He exiſts all around us. He is not, as we are apt to imagine, at a great diſtance. Wherever we turn, his image meets our view. We ſee him in the earth, in the ocean, in the air, in the ſun, moon, and ſtars. We feel him in ourſelves. He is always working round us; he performs the greateſt operations, produces the nobleſt effects, diſcovers himſelf in a thouſand different ways, and yet the real GOD remains unſeen. All parts of creation are equally under his inſpection. Though he warms the breaſt of the higheſt angel in heaven, yet he breathes life into the meaneſt inſect on earth. He lives through all his works, ſupporting all by the word of his power. He ſhines in the verdure that clothes the plains, in the lily that delights the vale, and in the foreſt that waves on the mountain. He ſupports the ſlender reed that trembles in the breeze, and the ſturdy oak that defies the tempeſt. His preſence cheers the inanimate creation.

Far in the wilderneſs, where human eye never ſaw, where the ſavage foot never trod, there he bids the blooming foreſt ſmile, and the bluſhing roſe open its leaves to the morning ſun. There he cauſes the feathered inhabitants to whiſtle their wild notes to the liſtening trees and echoing mountains. There nature lives in all her wanton wildneſs. There the raviſhed eye, hurrying from ſcene to ſcene, is loſt in one vaſt bluſh of beauty. From the dark ſtream that rolls through the foreſt, the ſilver ſcaled fiſh leap up, and dumbly mean the praiſe of God. Though man remain ſilent, yet God will have praiſe. He regards, obſerves, upholds, connects, and equals all.

The belief of his exiſtence is not a point of mere ſpeculation and amuſement. It is of inconceivable importance to our preſent, as well as future felicity. But while we believe there is a God, we ſhould be extremely careful to aſcertain, with as much accuracy as poſſible,

ble, what is his real nature. The moſt prominent features of this are exhibited in that incomprehenſible diſplay of wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, made in the works of creation. A virtuous man ſtands in a relation to God which is peculiarly delightful. The divine perfections are all engaged in his defence. He feels powerful in God's power, wiſe in his wiſdom, good in his goodneſs.

The vicious man, on the contrary, ſtands in a relation to God, which is of all things the moſt dreadful. He is unwilling to know that God has ſufficient wiſdom to ſearch out all his wickedneſs, ſufficient goodneſs to the univerſe to determine to puniſh that wickedneſs, and ſufficient power to execute that determination. A firm belief in the exiſtence of God will heighten all the enjoyments of life, and, by conforming our hearts to his will, will ſecure the approbation of a good conſcience, and inſpire us with the hopes of a bleſſed immortality.

Never be tempted to diſbelieve the exiſtence of God, when every thing around you proclaims it in a language too plain not to be underſtood. Never caſt your eyes on creation without having your ſouls expanded with this ſentiment, "There is a God." When you ſurvey this globe of earth, with all its appendages; when you behold it inhabited by numberleſs ranks of creatures, all moving in their proper ſpheres, all verging to their proper ends, all animated by the ſame great ſource of life, all ſupported at the ſame great bounteous table; when you behold not only the earth, but the ocean and the air, ſwarming with living creatures, all happy in their ſituation; when you behold yonder ſun, darting an effulgent blaze of glory over the heavens, garniſhing mighty worlds, and waking ten thouſand ſongs of praiſe; when you behold unnumbered ſyſtems diffuſed through vaſt immenſity, clothed in ſplendour, and rolling in majeſty; when you behold theſe things, your affections will riſe above all the vanities of time; your full ſouls will ſtruggle with ecſtaſy, and your

your reaſon, paſſions, and feelings, all united, will ruſh up to the ſkies, with a devout acknowledgment of the exiſtence, power, wiſdom, and goodneſs of God.

Let us behold him, let us wonder, let us praiſe and adore. Theſe things will make us happy. They will wean us from vice, and attach us to virtue. As a belief of the exiſtence of God is a fundamental point of ſalvation, he who denies it runs the greateſt conceivable hazard. He reſigns the ſatisfaction of a good conſcience, quits the hopes of a happy immortality, and expoſes himſelf to deſtruction. All this for what? for the ſhort-lived pleaſures of a riotous, diſſolute life. How wretched, when he finds his atheiſtical confidence totally diſappointed! Inſtead of his beloved ſleep and inſenſibility, with which he ſo fondly flattered himſelf, he will find himſelf ſtill exiſting after death, removed to a ſtrange place; he will then find that there is a God, who will not ſuffer his rational creatures to fall into annihilation as a refuge from the juſt puniſhment of their crimes; he will find himſelf doomed to drag on a wretched train of exiſtence in unavailing woe and lamentation. Alas! how aſtoniſhed will he be to find himſelf plunged in the abyſs of ruin and deſperation! God forbid that any of us ſhould act ſo unwiſely as to diſbelieve, when every thing around us proclaims his exiſtence!

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

EXTRACT OF AN ORATION DELIVERED AT RHODE-ISLAND COLLEGE, 1796.

GUIDED by reaſon, man has travelled through the abſtruſe regions of the philoſophic world. He has originated rules by which he can direct the ſhip through the pathleſs ocean, and meaſure the comet's flight over the fields of unlimited ſpace. He has eſtabliſhed ſociety and government. He can aggregate the profuſions of every climate, and every ſeaſon. He can meliorate the ſeverity, and remedy the imperfections, of

of nature herſelf. All theſe things he can perform by the aſſiſtance of reaſon.

By imagination, man ſeems to verge towards creative power. Aided by this, he can perform all the wonders of ſculpture and painting. He can almoſt make the marble ſpeak. He can almoſt make the brook murmur down the painted landſcape. Often, on the pinions of imagination, he ſoars aloft where the eye has never travelled; where other ſtars glitter on the mantle of night, and a more effulgent ſun lights up the bluſhes of morning. Flying from world to world, he gazes on all the glories of creation; or, lighting on the diſtant margin of the univerſe, darts the eye of fancy over the mighty void, where power creative never yet has energized; where exiſtence ſtill ſleeps in the wide abyſs of poſſibility.

By imagination he can travel back to the ſource of time; converſe with the ſucceſſive generations of men, and kindle into emulation while he ſurveys the monumental trophies of ancient art and glory. He can ſail down the ſtream of time until he loſes "ſight of ſtars and ſun, by wandering into thoſe retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and the earth ſhall be no more."

To theſe unequivocal characteriſtics of greatneſs in man, let us adduce the teſtimony of nature herſelf. Surrounding creation ſubſerves the wants and proclaims the dignity of man. For him day and night viſit the world. For him the ſeaſons walk their ſplendid round. For him the earth teems with riches, and the heavens ſmile with beneficence.

All creation is accurately adjuſted to his capacity for bliſs. He taſtes the dainties of feſtivity, breathes the perfumes of morning, revels on the charms of melody, and regales his eye with all the painted beauties of viſion. Whatever can pleaſe, whatever can charm, whatever can expand the ſoul with ecſtaſy of bliſs, allures and ſolicits his attention. All things beautiful, all things grand, all things ſublime, appear in native lovelineſs, and proffer man the richeſt pleaſures of fruition.

Infernal Conference.

Satan. FRIENDS and confederates, welcome! for this proof
Of your affiance, thanks. On every call,
Whether we need your counſel or your arms,
Joyful I ſee your ready zeal diſplays
Virtues, which hell itſelf cannot corrupt.
I mean not to declaim: the occaſion told
Speaks its own import, and the time's diſpatch
All waſte of words forbids. God's Son on earth,
Chriſt, the reveal'd Meſſias, how t' oppoſe
Is now the queſtion; by what force, or power;
(Temptations have been tried, I name not them;)
Or dark conſpiracy, we may pull down
This Sun of Righteouſneſs from his bright ſphere,
Declare, who can. I pauſe for a reply.

Baal. Why thus on me, as I were worthy; me,
Loſt being like yourſelves; as I alone
Could compaſs this high argument; on me,
Leaſt in your ſapient conclave; why you point
Theſe ſcrutinizing looks, I muſe; and, aw'd
By this your expectation, fain would ſhrink
From the great taſk to ſilence, had you not
O'er theſe poor faculties ſuch full control,
As to put by all pleas, and call them forth
In heav'n or earth, or hell's profound abyſs,
Yours in all uſes, preſent at all hours.
Our kingly chief hath told us we are met
To combat Chriſt on earth. Be't ſo! We yet
May try our fortune in another field;
Worſe fortune than in heav'n befel our arms;
Worſe downfal than to hell, we cannot prove.
But with the ſcene our action too muſt change:
How? to what warfare? Circumvention, fraud,
Seduction; theſe are earthly weapons; theſe
As man to man oppoſes, ſo muſt we
To Chriſt incarnate. There be ſome, who cry,

Hence with ſuch daſtard arts! War, open war!
I honor ſuch bold counſellors, and yield
All that I can, my praiſe: till one be found,
One that may rival God's own Son in power,
And miracle to miracle oppoſe,
More than my praiſe I cannot; my aſſent
I will not give; 'twere madneſs. And how war
With God? what arms may we employ 'gainſt him,
Whoſe very prophets can call down heaven's fires
Upon our prieſts and altars? For myſelf,
What powers I had I ſhall not ſoon forget;
What I have left I know, and for your uſe
Shall huſband as I may, not vainly riſk
Where they muſt ſurely fail. The Jews pretend
That Chriſt colludes with Beelzebub; the Jews
As far miſtake my nature as my name.
The fallacy, O peers, confutes itſelf,
Forg'd to diſparage Chriſt, not honor me.
Oh! that I had his wonder-working powers;
I'm not that fool to turn them on myſelf:
No, my brave friends, I've yet too much to loſe.
Therefore no more of Beelzebub and Chriſt;
No league, no compact can we hold together.
What then enſues? Deſpair? Periſh the thought!
The brave renounce it, and the wiſe prevent;
You are both wiſe and brave. Our leader ſays
Temptations have been tried, and tried in vain,
Himſelf the tempter. Who will tread that ground,
Where he was foil'd? For Adam a mere toy,
An apple ſerv'd; Chriſt is not brib'd by worlds:
So much the ſecond Man exceeds the firſt
In ſtrength and glory. But though Chriſt himſelf
Will not be tempted, thoſe who hear him may;
Jews may be urg'd to envy, to revenge,
To murder: a rebellious race of old!
Wiſt ye not what a train this preacher hath,
What followers, what diſciples? Theſe are men,
Mere men, frail ſons of Adam, born in ſin.
Here is our hope. I leave it to your thoughts.

Moloch.

Moloch. My thoughts it ſeems are known before I ſpeak;
War, open war is all my note. I riſe
To thank the prophet, who thus reads my heart,
Where honeſty ſhould wear it, in my face;
That face from danger I did never hide;
How then from him? Nor am I by his praiſe
More honor'd than by his diſſenting voice:
For whilſt he counſels circumvention, fraud,
Seduction, (if my memory wrong his words
I yield it to correction) we ſtand off,
Wide as the poles apart. Much I had hop'd,
When the great tempter fail'd, and in your ears
Sung his own honor's dirge, we had heard the laſt
Of plots and mean temptations; mean I call them,
For great names cannot ſanctify mean deeds.
Satan himſelf knows I oppos'd th' attempt,
Appeal'd, proteſted; my thrice honor'd chief
Knows it full well, and bluſhes for th' event.
And are we now caballing how t' outwit
A few poor harmleſs fiſhermen; for ſuch
Are Chriſt's diſciples; how to gull and cheat
Their ſimple hearts of honeſty? Oh peers,
For ſhame, if not for pity, leave them that,
That beggar's virtue. And is this the theme,
The mighty theme, which now employs the thoughts
Of your immortal ſynod? Shame, Oh ſhame!
Princes, dominions, arch-angelic thrones,
Imperial lords! theſe were your titles once;
By theſe names ye were known above the ſtars:
Shame not your ancient dignities, nor ſink
Beneath the vileſt of the ſons of men,
Whiſperers, informers, ſpies. If Chriſt be God,
Fight as becometh you to fight, with God:
If man, and ſure his birth beſpeaks no more,
Why all this preparation, this conſult,
Theſe mighty machinations and cabals?
Off with your foe at once; diſmiſs him hence
Where all his brother prophets have been ſent;

Where

Where his precurſor John is gone before;
Whoſe voice ſtill echoes through this wilderneſs,
"Repent ye, for God's kingdom is at hand!
Prepare ye the Lord's way!" It is prepar'd;
It leads to death; it marſhals him the road
To that oblivious bourne, whence none return.
Herod yet lives; another royal feaſt,
Another wanton dance, and he, for whom
So many innocents were ſlain, ſhall fall.
Once vanquiſh'd, are we therefore to deſpair?
In heav'n, unequal battle we provok'd;
Though vaſt our hoſt, the million was with God.
On earth, inquire of all the nations round
Whom they will ſerve; with one voice they reply,
We are their gods; they feed us with their blood,
Their ſons and daughters they make paſs through fire
To do us grace: if their own fleſh they give,
Shall they withhold to ſacrifice a foe?
Twelve tribes were all Jehovah had on earth,
And ten are loſt; of this ſmall remnant, few
And wretched are the friends that league with Heav'n.
And where is now Chriſt's promis'd reign on earth?
When God's own ſervants riſe againſt his Son,
And thoſe, to whom the promiſes were giv'n,
Revolt from their Meſſias, can we wiſh
Greater revenge? What need have we to tempt
Thoſe, who have hearts rebellious as our own,
As prompt to malice, no leſs prone to vex
God's righteous Spirit? And let come what may,
It comes not to our loſs, rather our gain.
Let God ariſe to vengeance; let him pour
Deſtruction on his temple, whoſe proud height
Our chief can witneſs, meaſur'd by his fall:
Let him not leave one ſtone upon another,
As his raſh Son hath menac'd; let his wrath
Through all th' inhoſpitable earth diſperſe
His ſcatter'd tribes; ſuch ever be the fate
Of all his worſhippers! May ſcorn, contempt,
Deriſion be their lot, and may their God

Never

Never recal his curſe! Are we, O peers,
To mourn for his Jeruſalem? Our joy
Springs from confuſion: enmity 'twixt God
And man is our beſt triumph. For myſelf,
War is my harveſt; then my altars blaze
Brighteſt, when human victims feed the flame.

Belial. After ſo many peaceful ages paſt
Since firſt emerging from hell's dark abyſs,
Rous'd by our arch-angelic chief, we ſprung
Up to this middle region, and here ſeiz'd
On this terreſtrial globe, created firſt
For man, our vaſſal now, where, at full eaſe,
Lords of the elements and gods ador'd,
We reign and revel undiſturb'd of Heav'n.
If God, whoſe jealouſy be ſure ill brooks
That this fair world ſhould be ſo long poſſeſs'd
By us his exil'd angels, and his name,
Pent up in Paleſtine, ſhould now arouſe
His ſlumb'ring wrath, and his beſt ſtrength put forth
To wreſtle for loſt empire, and our earth,
As we in evil hour his heav'n, aſſail,
Who of this mighty ſynod but muſt own
The provocation warrants the retort?
If then the Maker of mankind hath cauſe
To meditate their reſcue, we no leſs
Have cauſe t' oppoſe th' attempt, and hold them faſt
To their allegiance in deſpite of Heav'n.
Much then we owe to our great leader's care,
Who, ever watchful o'er the public weal,
Calls us to this full council, here to meet
In grave conſult how beſt we may repair
Paſt diſappointments, and repel the ſpite
Of this new Champion, levell'd at our ſhrines.
Great is the trouble of my thoughts, O peers,
And much perplex'd am I with doubts, what name,
Nature, and office to aſcribe to Chriſt;
In form the lowlieſt of the ſons of men,
In miracles omnipotent as God;
Whoſe voice controls the ſtouteſt of our hoſt,

Bids the graves open and their dead come forth;
Whoſe very touch is health; who with a glance
Pervades each heart, abſolves it or condemns;
Whoſe virgin birth credulity ſcarce owns,
And nature diſavows. Prais'd to all time,
Immortal as himſelf be the renown
Of that wiſe ſpirit, who ſhall deviſe the means
By force or fraud to overthrow the power
Of this myſterious foe: what ſhall I ſay?
Prieſt, Prophet, King, Meſſias, Son of God?
Yet how God's unity, which well we know
Endures no ſecond, ſhould adopt a Son,
And eſſence indiviſible divide,
Baffles my weak conjecture. Let that paſs!
To ſuch hard doctrines I ſubſcribe no faith:
I'll call him man inſpir'd, and wait till death
Gives ſentence of mortality upon him.
Meanwhile let circumſpection on our part
Fill all the anxious interim; alarm
Rome's jealouſy; ſtir up the captious ſpleen
Of the proud Phariſee; beſet him round
With ſnares to catch him; urge the envious prieſts,
For envy ſtill beneath the altar lurks;
And note the man he truſts. Mammon could tell,
Though Mammon boaſts not of his own ſucceſs,
How few of human mould have yet withſtood
His glittering, golden lures. The ſword can kill
Man's body; gold deſtroys his very ſoul.
Yet mark me well, I counſel not to tempt
The Maſter; poverty can do no more
Than his own mortifying penance does,
Hunger and thirſt and obſtinately ſtarve,
When his mere wiſh could make the rock a ſpring,
And its hard fragments, bread. Yet ſure I am
All are not Chriſt's in heart, who with their lips
Confeſs him; theſe are men, and therefore frail,
Frail and corruptible. 'And let none ſay,
Fear prompts this counſel; I diſclaim all fear
But for the general cauſe. In every heart

Nature

Nature hath built my altar; every ſect,
Nation and language with one voice confeſs
Pleaſure the ſovereign good. The Stoic churl,
The dogged cynic ſnarling in his tub,
And all the ragged moralizing crew,
Are hypocrites; philoſophy itſelf
Is but my votary beneath a cloak.
It harms not me, though every idol god
Were tumbled from his baſe; alike I ſcorn
Samſon's ſtrong nerve and Daniel's flaming zeal.
And let Chriſt preach his mortifying rules;
Let him go forth through all the Gentile world,
And on the ruin of our fanes erect
His church triumphant o'er the gates of hell,
Still, ſtill man's heart will draw the ſecret ſigh
For pleaſures unenjoyed; the gloomy cell
And melancholy faſt, the midnight prayer,
And pale contrition weeping o'er her lamp,
Are penances, from which the ſenſe revolts,
Fines, that compounding ſuperſtition pays
For pleaſures paſt, or bribes for more to come.
Satan. Enough of this vain boaſt,
More than enough of theſe voluptuous ſtrains,
Which, though they lull the ear, diſarm the ſoul
Of its beſt attribute. Not gaudy flowers
Are cull'd for med'cine, but the humble weed.
True wiſdom, ever frugal of her ſpeech,
Gives ſage advice in plain and homely words.
The ſum of all our reaſoning ends in this,
That nothing but the death of Chriſt can ſolve
The myſt'ry of his nature: till he falls
Scarce can I ſay we ſtand. All voices then,
Though varying in the means, conſpire his death;
Some cautiouſly as Baal; ſome with zeal
Precipitate as Moloch, whoſe ſwift thought
Vaults over all impediments to ſeize
The goal of his ambition. But, O peers,
Ours is no trivial care; direct your ſight
Along the ranks of that redeemed hoſt,

On us hangs all their ſafety. Night and day
My anxious thoughts are lab'ring in their cauſe;
And whilſt Chriſt walks the earth, I take no reſt;
A watchful ſpy forever at his ſide,
Noting each word and deed; ſometimes I mix
With the ſelected Twelve that page his ſteps;
Of theſe, though ſome have waver'd, none is falſe
Save one alone, Iſcariot he by name;
The taint of avarice hath touch'd his heart;
I've mark'd him for my own. Hear, princes, hear!
This night the prieſts and elders will convene
Their ſecret conclave: I am in their hearts.
Burning with envy, malice, and revenge,
Their only thought is how to tangle Chriſt,
In whom of force I own no guile is found,
But gentleneſs inſtead, and perfect truth;
A lamb in nature without ſpot and pure;
Fit victim therefore for their Paſchal rites,
Which now are near at hand: apt is the hour,
Apt are the inſtruments. What now remains
But to ſend forth a tempter to perſuade
Iſcariot to betray his maſter's life,
And damn himſelf for gold? Speak, is there one,
One in this patriot circle, whom all eyes
Point out for this empriſe? Moſt ſure there is;
Belial hath well predicted of our choice:
Mammon, ſtand forth! on thee th' election lights.

Mammon. Prince of this world! to whom theſe armies owe,
(Loſt but for thee in everlaſting night)
The glorious proſpect of yon riſing ſun,
'Tis not t' evade the labour, but prevent
The failure of your hopes, that I beſeech
Your wiſdom to correct its choice, and lodge
This arduous embaſſy in abler hands:
Nathleſs, if ſuch your will, and my compeers
Adjudge me to this ſervice, I ſubmit.
In me is no repugnance, no delay;
Forever what theſe toiling hands could do,

Or patient thoughts deviſe, that I have done;
Whether in heaven ordain'd to undermine
God's adamantine throne, or doom'd to dig
The ſolid ſulphur of hell's burning ſoil,
Fearleſs I wrought, and, were there no tongues elſe
To vouch my ſervices, theſe ſcars would ſpeak.
How many daintier ſpirits do I ſee
Fair as in heav'n, and in freſh bloom of youth,
Whilſt I, with ſhrivell'd ſinews cramp'd and ſcorch'd,
'Midſt peſtilential damps and fiery blaſts,
Drag as you ſee a miſerable load,
Age-ſtruck without the laſt reſource of death:
This for myſelf: no more. You're not to learn
The ſnares which I employ are golden ſnares;
Theſe are my arts; and like the crafty ſlave,
Who in Rome's Circus hurls the fatal net
Over his fierce purſuer, ſo oft times
Have I entangled the proud hearts of men,
And made their courage ſtoop to ſhameful bribes,
Paid for diſhoneſt deeds, perjuries and plots,
That draw them off from God, who elſe had fill'd
His courts ere now with gueſts, and peopled heav'n.
Theſe weapons and theſe hands you ſtill command;
So dear I hold the general cauſe at heart,
So diſciplin'd am I in duty's ſchool,
That reckleſs of all hazard I preſent
Myſelf your ſervant, or, if ſo fate wills,
Your ſacrifice: for though from mortal man
Diſcomfiture I dread not; yet if Chriſt,
Whom the great tempter foil'd not, ſhall ſtand forth
The champion of his followers, witneſs for me,
You, my brave peers, and this angelic hoſt,
I ſought not this bold height, whence if I fall,
I do but fall where Satan could not ſtand.

Satan. Go then;
Go, brave adventurer, go where glory calls:
Auſpicious thoughts engender in my breaſt,
And now prophetic viſions burſt upon me:
I ſee the traitor Judas with a band

Of

Of midnight ruffians ſeize his peaceful Lord:
They drag him to the bar, accuſe, condemn;
He bleeds, he dies! Darkneſs involves the reſt.
Aſcend the air, brave ſpirit, and 'midſt the ſhout
Of grateful myriads wing thy courſe to fame.

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, MAY 13, 1777.

MY LORDS,

THIS is a flying moment; perhaps but ſix weeks left to arreſt the dangers that ſurround us. It is difficult for government, after all that has paſſed, to ſhake hands with defiers of the king, defiers of the Parliament, defiers of the people. I am a defier of nobody; but if an end is not put to this war, there is an end to this kingdom. I do not truſt my judgment in my preſent ſtate of health; this is the judgment of my better days; the reſult of forty years attention to America. They are rebels! but what are they rebels for? Surely not for defending their unqueſtionable rights! What have theſe rebels done heretofore! I remember when they raiſed four regiments on their own bottom, and took Louiſburg from the veteran troops of France.

But their exceſſes have been great! I do not mean their panegyric; but muſt obſerve, in extenuation, the erroneous and infatuated counſels, which have prevailed. The door to mercy and juſtice has been ſhut againſt them. But they may ſtill be taken up upon the grounds of their former ſubmiſſion. I ſtate to you the importance of America; it is a double market; a market of conſumption, and a market of ſupply. This double market for millions with naval ſtores, you are giving to your hereditary rival.

America has carried you through four wars, and will now carry you to your death, if you do not take things in time. In the ſportſman's phraſe, when you have found

found yourſelves at fault, you muſt try back. You have ranſacked every corner of lower Saxony; but forty thouſand German boors never can conquer ten times the number of Britiſh freemen. They may ravage; they cannot conquer. But you would conquer, you ſay! Why, what would you conquer? the map of America? I am ready to meet any general officer on the ſubject.

What will you do out of the protection of your fleet? In the winter, if together, they are ſtarved; and if diſperſed, they are taken off in detail. I am experienced in *ſpring* hopes and *vernal* promiſes. I know what miniſters throw out; but at laſt will come your *equinoctial* diſappointment. They tell you—what? That your army will be as ſtrong as it was laſt year, when it was not ſtrong enough. You have gained nothing in America but ſtations. You have been three years teaching them the art of war. They are apt ſcholars; and I will venture to tell your lordſhips, that the American gentry will make officers enough, fit to command the troops of all the European powers. What you have ſent there are too many to make peace, too few to make war.

If you conquer them, what then? You cannot make them reſpect you; you cannot make them wear your cloth. You will plant an invincible hatred in their breaſts againſt you. Coming from the ſtock they do, they can never reſpect you. If miniſters are founded in ſaying there is no ſort of treaty with France, there is ſtill a moment left; the point of honor is ſtill ſafe. France muſt be as ſelf-deſtroying as England, to make a treaty while you are giving her America, at the expenſe of twelve millions a year. The intercourſe has produced every thing to France; and England, poor old England muſt pay for all.

I have at different times made different propoſitions, adapted to the circumſtances in which they were offered. The plan contained in the former bill is now impracticable; the preſent motion will tell you where you

you are, and what you have now to depend upon. It may produce a reſpectable diviſion in America, and unanimity at home. It will give America an option: ſhe has yet made no option. You have ſaid, Lay down your arms, and ſhe has given you the Spartan anſwer, "Come and take them."

I will get out of my bed, on Monday, to move for an immediate redreſs of all their grievances, and for continuing to them the right of diſpoſing of their own property. This will be the herald of peace; this will open the way for treaty; this will ſhow that Parliament is ſincerely diſpoſed. Yet ſtill much muſt be left to treaty. Should you conquer this people, you conquer under the cannon of France; under a marked battery then ready to open. The moment a treaty with France appears, you muſt declare war, though you had only five ſhips of the line in England: but France will defer a treaty as long as poſſible.

You are now at the mercy of every little German chancery; and the pretenſions of France will increaſe daily, ſo as to become an avowed party in either peace or war. We have tried for unconditional ſubmiſſion; let us try what can be gained by unconditional redreſs. Leſs dignity will be loſt in the repeal, than in ſubmitting to the demands of German chanceries. We are the aggreſſors. We have invaded them. We have invaded them as much as the Spaniſh armada invaded England. Mercy cannot do harm; it will ſeat the king where he ought to be, throned on the hearts of his people; and millions at home and abroad, now employed in obloquy or revolt, would then pray for him.

On the Day of Judgment.

AT midnight, when mankind are wrap'd in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour;
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we ſtood, LORENZO! while thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink forever!
Where? how? from whence? vain hope! It is too late!
Where, *where*, for ſhelter, ſhall the *guilty* fly,
When conſternation turns the *good* man pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth roſe from chaos, man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At *thought* of thee! And art thou *abſent* then,
LORENZO! no; 'tis here; it is begun;
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all. Deputed conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtals our doom:
Foreſtals; and, by foreſtalling, proves it ſure.
Why on himſelf ſhould man *void* judgment paſs?

Is idle nature laughing at her ſons?
Who *conſcience* ſent, her ſentence will ſupport,
And God above aſſert *that* God in man.
Thrice happy they, who enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their boſoms: but, how rare!
Ah me! that magnanimity how rare!
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and flying is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No.) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to *know*;
Aſks "What is truth?" with Pilate; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heav'n!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of conſummation! Mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate:
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſinvolve the moral world, and give
To Nature's renovation brighter charms.

THE DISSIPATED OXFORD STUDENT, A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A BROTHER, AND HIS TWO SISTERS.

LIONEL, LAVINIA, *and* CAMILLA.

Lionel. HOW do you do, girls? how do you do? I am glad to ſee you, upon my ſoul I am. [*Shaking them hard by the hands.*

Lavinia. I thought, brother, you had been at Dr. Marchmont's!

Lion. All in good time, my dear; I ſhall certainly viſit the old gentleman before long.

Lav. Gracious, Lionel!—If my mother——

Lion. My dear little Lavinia, [*Chucking her under the chin.*] I have a mighty notion of making viſits at my own time and appointment, inſtead of my mamma's.

Lav. O Lionel! and can you juſt now——

Lion. Come, come, don't let us waſte our precious moments in this fulſome moralizing. If I had not luckily been hard by, I ſhould not have known the coaſt was clear. Pray where are the old folks gone tantivying?

Camilla. To Cleves.

Lion. To Cleves! What a happy eſcape! I was upon the point of going thither myſelf. Camilla, what is the matter with thee, my little duck?

Cam. Nothing—I am only thinking—Pray when do you go to Oxford?

Lion. Poh, poh, what do you talk of Oxford for? you are grown quite ſtupid, girl. I believe you have lived too long with that old maid of a Margland. Pray how does that dear creature do? I am afraid ſhe will grow melancholy from not ſeeing me ſo long. Is ſhe as pretty as ſhe uſed to be? I have ſome notion of ſending her a ſuitor.

Lav. O brother, is it poſſible you can have ſuch ſpirits?

Lion.

Lion. O hang it; if one is not merry when one can, what is the world good for? Beſides, I do aſſure you, I fretted ſo conſumedly hard at firſt, that for the life of me I can fret no longer.

Cam. But why are you not at Dr. Marchmont's?

Lion. Becauſe, my dear ſoul, you can't conceive how much pleaſure thoſe old doctors take in lecturing a youngſter who is in any diſgrace.

Cam. Diſgrace!

Lav. At all events, I beſeech you to be a little careful; I would not have my poor mother find you here for the world.

Lion. O, as to that, I defy her to deſire the meeting leſs than I do. But come, let's talk of ſomething elſe. How go on the claſſics? Is my old friend, Dr. Orkborne, as chatty and amuſing as ever?

Cam. My dear Lionel, I am filled with apprehenſion and perplexity. Why ſhould my mother wiſh not to ſee you? And why—and how is it poſſible you can wiſh not to ſee her?

Lion. What, don't you know it all?

Cam. I only know that ſomething is wrong; but how, what, or which way, I have not heard.

Lion. Has not Lavinia told you, then?

Lav. No; I could be in no haſte to give her ſo much pain.

Lion. You are a good girl enough. But how came you here, Camilla? and what is the reaſon you have not ſeen my mother yourſelf?

Cam. Not ſeen her! I have been with her this half hour.

Lion. What! and in all that time did ſhe not tell you?

Cam. She did not name you.

Lion. Is it poſſible! Well, ſhe's a noble creature, I muſt confeſs. I wonder how ſhe could ever have ſuch a ſon. And I am ſtill leſs like my father than I am like her. I believe in my conſcience I was changed in the cradle. Will you own me, young ladies, if ſome villanous

villanous attorney or exciſeman ſhould claim me by and by?

Cam. Dear Lionel, do explain to me what has happened. You talk ſo wildly, that you make me think it important and trifling twenty times in a minute.

Lion. O, a horrid buſineſs! Lavinia muſt tell you. I'll withdraw till ſhe has done. Don't deſpiſe me, Camilla. I am confounded ſorry, I aſſure you. [*Going; and then immediately returning.*] Come, upon the whole, I had better tell it you myſelf; for ſhe'll make ſuch a diſmal ditty of it, that it won't be over this half year. The ſooner we have done with it the better. It will only put you out of ſpirits. You muſt know I was in rather a bad ſcrape at Oxford laſt year——

Cam. Laſt year! and you never told us of it before!

Lion. O, 'twas about ſomething you would not underſtand; ſo I ſhall not mention particulars now. It is enough for you to know, that two or three of us wanted a little caſh! Well, ſo——in ſhort, I ſent a letter—ſomewhat of a threatening ſort—to old uncle Relvil! and—

Cam. O Lionel!

Lion. O, I did not ſign it. It was only begging a little money, which he can afford to ſpare very well; and juſt telling him, if he did not ſend it to a certain place which I mentioned, he would have his brains blown out.

Cam. How horrible!

Lion. Poh, poh; he had only to ſend the money, you know, and then his brains might keep their place. Beſides, you can't ſuppoſe there was gunpowder in the words; though, to be ſure, the letter was charged with a few vollies of oaths. But, would you believe it! the poor old gull was fool enough actually to ſend the money where he was directed.

Lav. Hold, hold, Lionel! I cannot endure to hear you ſpeak in ſuch diſgraceful terms of that worthy man. How could you treat that excellent uncle in

ſuch a cruel manner! How could you find a heart to ſwear at ſo meek, ſo benevolent, ſo indulgent——

Lion. My dear little chicken, don't be ſo preciſe and old maidiſh. Don't you know it's a relief to a man's mind to ſwear a few cutting oaths now and then, when he's in a paſſion? when all the time he would no more do harm to the people he ſwears at, than you would, who mince out all your words as if you were talking treaſon, and thought every man a ſpy that heard you. It is a very innocent refreſhment to a man's mind, my dear. But the difficulty is, you know nothing of the world.

Cam. Fie, brother! You know how fickly our uncle has always been, and how eaſily he might be alarmed.

Lion. Why, yes, Camilla; I really think it was a very wicked trick; and I would give half my little finger that I had not done it. But it's over now, you know; ſo what ſignifies making the worſt of it?

Cam. And did he not diſcover you?

Lion. No; I gave him particular orders, in my letter, not to attempt any thing of that ſort; aſſuring him there were ſpies about him to watch his proceedings. The good old ſimpleton took it all for goſpel. So there the matter ended. However, as ill luck would have it, about three months ago, we wanted another ſum—

Lav. And could you again——

Lion. Why, my dear, it was only taking a little of my own fortune beforehand, for I am his heir; ſo we all agreed it was merely robbing myſelf; for we had ſeveral conſultations about it; and one of us is to be a lawyer.

Cam. But you give me ſome pleaſure here; for I had never heard that my uncle had made you his heir.

Lion. Neither had I; my deary; but I take it for granted. Beſides, our little lawyer put it into my head. Well, we wrote again, and told the poor old ſoul, for which I aſſure you I am heartily penitent, that, if he did not ſend me double the ſum, in the ſame manner, without delay, his houſe was to be ſet on fire, while he and all his

his family were in bed and asleep. Now don't make faces nor shruggings; for I promise you, I think already I deserve to be hung for giving him the fright; though I would not really have hurt the hair of his head for half his fortune. But who could have guessed that the old codger would have *bitten* so readily? The money, however, came; and we thought the business all secure, and agreed to get the same sum annually.

Cam. Annually! O horrible!

Lion. Yes, my darling. You have no conception how convenient it would have been for our extra expenses. But, unluckily, uncle grew worse, and went abroad; and then consulted with some crab of a friend, and that friend, with some demagogue of a magistrate, and so all is now blown. However, we had managed it so cleverly, that it cost them nearly three months to find it out; owing, I must confess, to poor uncle's cowardice, in not making his inquiries before the money was carried off, and he himself beyond the sea. The other particulars Lavinia must give you; for I have talked of it now till I have made myself quite sick. Do tell me some diverting story to drive it a little out of my head. But, by the way, pray what has carried the old folks to Cleves? Have they gone to tell this sad tale to uncle Hugh, so that I might lose him too?

Lav. No; your afflicted parents are determined not to name it. They are striving that nobody else shall know any thing of the matter, except Dr. Marchmont.

Lion. Well, they are good souls, it must be acknowledged. I wish I deserved them better. I wish too it was not such plaguy dull business to be good. I confess, girls, it wounds my conscience to think how I have afflicted my parents, especially my poor mother, who is not so well able to bear it. But when one is at Oxford, or in London—your merry blades there, I can't deny it, my dear sisters, your merry blades there are but sad fellows. Yet there is such fun, such spirit, such

ſuch genuine ſport among them, I cannot, for my life, keep out of the way. Beſides, you have no conception, young ladies, what a bye-word you ſoon become among them, if they find you *flinching*. But this is little to the purpoſe; for you know nothing of life yet, poor things.

Lav. I would not for the world ſay any thing to pain you, my dear brother; but if this is what you call life, I wiſh we never might know any thing of it. I wiſh more, that you had been ſo happy as never to have known it. You pity our ignorance, we pity your folly. How ſtrangely infatuated you are! But yet I will hope, that, in future, your firſt ſtudy will be to reſiſt ſuch dangerous examples, and to ſhun ſuch unworthy friends. Pray reflect one moment on the diſtreſſing ſituation of your dear parents, who cannot endure your preſence, through the poignancy of grief! What labors and hardſhips has your poor father encountered, to gain wherewithal to ſupport you at the Univerſity! And what is your return! Such, my dear brother, as will ſoon bring down his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave. As for your poor mother, it is quite uncertain whether any of us ever ſee her again, as your much-injured uncle has ſent for her over ſea to attend him in his ſickneſs; and to-morrow ſhe ſets out. She has left it in ſolemn charge with me, to deliver you a meſſage from her, which, if you have any ſenſibility remaining, will cut you to the heart.

Lion. I know ſhe can have ſaid nothing worſe than I expect, or than I merit. Probe me, then, Lavinia, without delay. Keep me not in a moment's ſuſpenſe. I feel a load of guilt upon me, and begin ſincerely to repent. She is acting towards me like an angel; and if ſhe were to command me to turn hermit, I know I ought to obey her.

Lav. Well, then, my mother ſays, my dear Lionel, that the fraud you have practiſed——

Lion. The fraud! what a horrid word! Why it was a mere trick! a joke! a frolic! juſt to make an old

old hunks open his purſe-ſtrings to his natural heir. I am aſtoniſhed at my mother! I really don't care whether I hear another ſyllable.

Lav. Well, then, my dear Lionel, I will wait till you are calmer: my mother, I am ſure, did not mean to irritate, but to convince.

Lion. [*Striding about the room.*] My mother makes no allowances. She has no faults herſelf, and for that reaſon ſhe thinks nobody elſe ſhould have any. Beſides, how ſhould ſhe know what it is to be a young man? and to want a little caſh, and not to know how to get it?

Lav. But I am ſure, if you wanted it for any proper purpoſe, my father would have denied himſelf every thing, in order to ſupply you.

Lion. Yes, yes; but ſuppoſe I want it for a purpoſe that is *not* proper, how am I to get it then?

Cam. Why, then, my dear Lionel, ſurely you muſt be ſenſible you ought to go without it.

Lion. Aye, that's as you girls ſay, who know nothing of the matter. If a young man, when he goes into the world, were to make ſuch a ſpeech as that, he would be pointed at. Beſides, whom muſt he live with? You don't ſuppoſe he is to ſhut himſelf up, with a few muſty books, ſleeping over the fire, under pretence of ſtudy, all day long, do you? like young Melmond, who knows no more of the world than either of you?

Cam. Indeed, he ſeems to me an amiable and modeſt young man, though very romantic.

Lion. O, I dare ſay he does! I could have laid any wager of that. He's juſt a girl's man, juſt the very thing, all ſentiment, and poetry, and heroics. But we, my little dear, we lads of ſpirit, hold all that amazingly cheap. I aſſure you, I would as ſoon be ſeen trying on a lady's cap at a glaſs, as poring over a crazy old author. I warrant you think, becauſe one is at the Univerſity, one muſt be a book-worm!

Lav.

Lav. Why, what elſe do you go there for but to ſtudy?

Lion. Every thing elſe in the world, my dear.

Cam. But are there not ſometimes young men who are ſcholars, without being book-worms? Is not Edgar Mandlebert ſuch a one?

Lion. O yes, yes; an odd thing of that ſort happens now and then. Mandlebert has ſpirit enough to carry it off pretty well, without being ridiculous; though he is as deep, for his time, as e'er an old fellow of a college. But then this is no rule for others. You muſt not expect an Edgar Mandlebert at every turn, my dear innocent creatures.

Lav. But Edgar has had an extraordinary education, as well as poſſeſſing extraordinary talents and goodneſs; you too, my dear Lionel, to fulfil what may be expected from you, ſhould look back to your father, who was brought up at the ſame univerſity, and is now conſidered as one of the firſt men it has produced. While he was reſpected by the learned for his application, he was loved even by the indolent for his candour and kindneſs of heart. And though his income, as you know, was very ſmall, he never ran in debt; and by an exact but open economy, eſcaped all imputation of meanneſs.

Lion. Yes; but all this is nothing to the purpoſe. My father is no more like other men than if he had been born in another planet; and my attempting to reſemble him would be as great a joke, as if you were to dreſs up in Indiana's flowers and feathers, and expect people to call you a beauty. I was born a bit of a buck; and have no manner of natural taſte for ſtudy, and poring, and expounding, and black-letter work. I am a light, airy ſpark, at your ſervice, ladies; not quite ſo wiſe as I am merry. I am one of your eccentric geniuſes; but let that paſs. My father, you know, is firm as a rock. He minds neither wind nor weather, nor fleerer nor ſneerer, nor joker nor jeerer; but his firmneſs he has kept all to himſelf; not a whit

of

of it do I inherit. Every wind that blows veers me about, and gives me a new direction. But with all my father's firmneſs and knowledge, I very much doubt whether he knows any thing of real life. That is the main thing, my dear hearts. But, come, Lavinia, finiſh your meſſage.

Lav. My mother ſays, the fraud you have practiſed, whether from wanton folly to give pain, or from rapacious diſcontent to get money, ſhe will leave without comment; ſatisfied that if you have any feeling at all, its effects muſt bring remorſe; ſince it has dangerouſly increaſed the infirmities of your uncle, driven him to a foreign land, and forced your mother to forſake her home and family in his purſuit, unleſs ſhe were willing to ſee you puniſhed by the entire diſinheritance with which you are threatened. But——

Lion. O, no more! no more! I am ready to ſhoot myſelf already! My dear, excellent mother, what do I not owe you! I had never ſeen, never thought of the buſineſs in this ſolemn way before. I meant nothing at firſt but a ſilly joke; and all this miſchief has followed unaccountably. I aſſure you, I had no notion at the beginning he would have minded the letter; and afterwards, Jack Whiſton perſuaded me, that the money was as good as my own, and that it was nothing but a little cribbing from myſelf. I will never truſt him again; I ſee the whole now in its true and atrocious colours. I will devote all the means in my power to make amends to my dear incomparable mother. But proceed, Lavinia.

Lav. But ſince you are permitted, ſaid my mother, to return home, by the forgiving temper of your father, who is himſelf, during the vacation, to be your tutor, after he is ſufficiently compoſed to admit you into his preſence, you can repay his goodneſs only by the moſt intenſe application to thoſe ſtudies which you have hitherto neglected, and of which your neglect has been the cauſe of your errors. She charges you alſo to aſk yourſelf, upon what pretext you can juſtify the waſting

ing of his valuable time, however little you may regard your own. Finally——

Lion. I never waſted his time! I never deſired to have any inſtruction in the vacations. 'Tis the moſt deuced thing in life to be ſtudying ſo inceſſantly. The waſte of time is all his own affair, his own choice, not mine. Go on, however, and open the whole of the budget.

Lav. Finally, ſhe adjures you to conſider, that if you ſtill perſevere to conſume your time in wilful negligence, to bury all thought in idle gaiety, and to act without either reflection or principle, the career of faults which begins but in unthinking folly, will terminate in ſhame, in guilt, and in ruin! And though ſuch a declenſion of all good, muſt involve your family in your affliction, your diſgrace will ultimately fall but where it ought; ſince your own want of perſonal ſenſibility will neither harden nor blind any human being beſide yourſelf. This is all.

Lion. And enough too. I am a very wretch! I believe that, though I am ſure I can't tell how I came ſo; for I never intend any harm, never think, never dream of hurting any mortal! But as to ſtudy, I muſt own to you, I hate it moſt deucedly. Any thing elſe; if my mother had but exacted any thing elſe, with what joy I would have ſhown my obedience! If ſhe had ordered me to be horſe-ponded, I do proteſt to you, I would not have demurred.

Cam. How you always run into the ridiculous!

Lion. I was never ſo ſerious in my life; not that I ſhould like to be horſe-ponded in the leaſt, though I would ſubmit to it by way of puniſhment, and out of duty: but then, when it was done, it would be over. Now the deuce of ſtudy is, there is no end to it! And it does ſo little for one! one can go through life ſo well without it! there is but here and there an old codger who aſks one a queſtion that can bring it into any play. And then, a turn upon one's heel, or looking at one's watch, or wondering at one's ſhort memory,

ory, or happening to forget juſt that one ſingle paſſage, carries off the whole in two minutes, as completely as if one had been working one's whole life to get ready for the aſſault. And pray now tell me, how can it be worth one's beſt days, one's gayeſt hours, the very flower of one's life, all to be ſacrificed to plodding over muſty grammars and lexicons, merely to cut a figure juſt for about two minutes, once or twice in a year?

Cam. Indeed, Lionel, you appear to me a ſtriking example of what a hard thing it is to learn to do well, after one has been accuſtomed to do evil. How volatile! how totally void of all ſtability! One minute you exhibit appearances of repentance and reformation, and the next minute, all fair proſpects vaniſh. How I lament that you were ſo early expoſed to a vicious world, before you had gained ſufficient ſtrength of mind to withſtand bad examples!

Lion. Forbear, Camilla. You hurt me too much. You excite thoſe ſevere twinges of remorſe, which, I am obliged to own, I have never been wholly free from, ſince I joined my merry companions, and began to learn the world. Notwithſtanding my gaiety, and my apparent contentment, I confeſs there is ſomething within, which conſtantly admoniſhes me of my errors, and makes me feel unhappy: ſo that, if it were not for *faſhion*'s ſake, I can truly ſay, I could wiſh I were in your recluſe ſituation; here to remain, in my once pleaſant abode, and never more mingle with the world.

Lav. Dear brother, I cannot leave you, without once more calling your attention to your parents, your family, and your friends. Think of their preſent ſituation. If you have no regard for your own character, your preſent, or future happineſs, I entreat you to have ſome pity for them. Let not the tyrant Faſhion bring you into abject ſlavery. Pardon me when I tell you, your pretended friends are your worſt enemies. They have led you into a path which will carry you directly to inevitable ruin, unleſs you immediately forſake it. That knowledge of the world, of which you ſo vainly

boaſt, is infinitely worſe than the ignorance which you ſo much deſpiſe. Believe me, my dear brother, it is a knowledge, which, by your own confeſſion, never has produced you any happineſs, nor will it ever; but will guide you to wretchedneſs and miſery.

Lion. My dear ſiſters, I am convinced. Your words have pierced my very ſoul. I am now wretched, and I deſerve to be ſo. I am determined from this moment to begin my reformation, and, with the aſſiſtance of Heaven, to complete it. Never more will I ſee my vile companions, who have enticed me to go ſuch lengths in wickedneſs. What do I not owe to my amiable ſiſters for their friendly and ſeaſonable advice! I will go directly to my father, and, like the prodigal ſon, fall on my knees before him, beg his forgiveneſs, and put myſelf entirely under his direction and inſtruction; and, ſo long as I live, I never will offend him again.

Lav. May Heaven aſſiſt you in keeping your reſolutions!

Extract from a Speech in Congress, April, 1796, on the Subject of the Treaty with Great-Britain.

IF any, againſt all theſe proofs which have been offered, ſhould maintain that the peace with the Indians will be ſtable without the weſtern poſts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of thoſe who hear me, and aſk whether it is not already planted there? I reſort eſpecially to the convictions of the Weſtern gentlemen, whether, ſuppoſing no Poſts and no Treaty, the ſettlers will remain in ſecurity? Can they take it upon them to ſay, that an Indian peace, under theſe circumſtances, will prove firm? No, Sir, it will not be peace, but a ſword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would ſwell my voice to ſuch a note of remonſtrance, it ſhould reach every log-houſe beyond the mountains. I would ſay to the inhabitants, Wake from your falſe ſecurity. Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehenſions are ſoon to be renewed. The wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day time, your path through the woods will be ambuſhed. The darkneſs of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father; the blood of your ſons ſhall fatten your cornfield. You are a mother; the war-hoop ſhall wake the ſleep of the cradle.

On this ſubject you need not ſuſpect any deception on your feelings. It is a ſpectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will ſpeak a language, compared with which, all I have ſaid or can ſay, will be poor and frigid. Will it be whiſpered that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers? It is known that my voice as well as vote have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expreſſed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuſe me of wandering out of the ſubject? Who will ſay that I exaggerate the tendencies of our meaſures? Will any one anſwer by a ſneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpoſe, by the moſt ſolemn ſanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are deſpots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their ſubjects? Are republicans unreſponſible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newſpaper eſſay, or to furniſh pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that State houſe?

I truſt

I truſt it is neither too preſumptuous nor too late to aſk, Can you put the deareſt intereſt of ſociety at riſk, without guilt, and without remorſe?

By rejecting the poſts, we light the ſavage fires; we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our deciſion will make, to the wretches that will be roaſted at the ſtake, to our country, and I do not deem it too ſerious to ſay, to conſcience, and to God. We are anſwerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of impoſture; if conſcience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourſelves as wretched as our country.

There is no miſtake in this caſe; there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The weſtern inhabitants are not a ſilent and uncomplaining ſacrifice. The voice of humanity iſſues from the ſhade of the wilderneſs. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other graſps a tomahawk. It ſummons our imagination to the ſcenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events ſo near are already begun. I can fancy that I liſten to the yells of ſavage vengeance and the ſhrieks of torture. Already they ſeem to ſigh in the weſtern wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

Let me cheer the mind, weary, no doubt, and ready to deſpond on this proſpect, by preſenting another, which is yet in our power to realize. Is it poſſible for a real American to look at the proſperity of this country without ſome deſire for its continuance, without ſome reſpect for the meaſures, which, many will ſay, produced, and all will confeſs, have preſerved it? Will he not feel ſome dread that a change of ſyſtem will reverſe the ſcene? The well-grounded fears of our citizens, in 1794, were removed by the treaty, but are not forgotten. Then they deemed war nearly inevitable; and would not this adjuſtment have been conſidered at that day as a happy eſcape from the calamity?

The

The great intereſt and the general deſire of our people was to enjoy the advantages of neutrality. This inſtrument, however miſrepreſented, affords America that ineſtimable ſecurity. The cauſes of our diſputes are either cut up by the roots, or referred to a new negociation, after the end of the European war. This was gaining every thing, becauſe it confirmed our neutrality, by which our citizens are gaining every thing. This alone would juſtify the engagements of the government. For, when the fiery vapours of the war lowered in the ſkirts of our horizon, all our wiſhes were concentered in this one, that we might eſcape the deſolation of the ſtorm. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the ſpace where it was raging, and afforded at the ſame time the ſure prognoſtic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colours will grow pale; it will be a baleful meteor portending tempeſt and war.

Let us not heſitate then to agree to the appropriation to carry it into faithful execution. Thus we ſhall ſave the faith of our nation, ſecure its peace, and diffuſe the ſpirit of confidence and enterpriſe that will augment its proſperity. The progreſs of wealth and improvement is wonderful, and, ſome will think, too rapid. The field for exertion is fruitful and vaſt; and if peace and good government ſhould be preſerved, the acquiſitions of our citizens are not ſo pleaſing as the proofs of their induſtry, as the inſtruments of their future ſucceſs. The rewards of exertion go to augment its power. Profit is every hour becoming capital. The vaſt crop of our neutrality is all ſeed wheat, and is ſown again, to ſwell, almoſt beyond calculation, the future harveſt of proſperity. And in this progreſs, what ſeems to be fiction is found to fall ſhort of experience.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION, PRONOUNCED AT WORCESTER, (MASS.) JULY 4, 1796; BY FRANCIS BLAKE, ESQ.

IN viewing the cauſes which led to the event of this joyous anniverſary; in tracing the effects which have reſulted to America; in ſearching for the principles which impelled to the conteſt; in recalling the feelings which ſupported us in the ſtruggle, it cannot fail to occur to us that the cauſes have not been confined to the limits of our continent; that the effects have extended far beyond the boundaries of our nation; that the glorious example, with electrical rapidity, has flaſhed acroſs the Atlantic; that, guided by the ſame principles, conducted by the ſame feelings, the people, who ſo gallantly fought and bled for the ſecurity of our lives and our liberties, are now fighting and bleeding in defence of their own.

On this day, therefore, religiouſly devoted to the conſecration of our independence, it becomes us, as the votaries of freedom, as friends to the rights of man, and bound to ſupport them whenever invaded, to turn our attention, with a grateful enthuſiaſm, to the ſcenes of their ſufferings, their revolt, and their victories. While exulting in the full enjoyment of peace and tranquillity, ſhall not a tear for the unexampled diſtreſſes of this magnanimous nation, check, for a moment, the emotions of our joy?

They have ſworn that they will live FREE or DIE! They have ſolemnly ſworn, that the ſword, which has been drawn in defence of their country, ſhall never be returned to its ſcabbard, till it has ſecured to them victory and freedom. Let us then breathe forth a fervent ejaculation to Heaven, that their vows may be remembered; that the cauſe of our former allies may not be deſerted,

deſerted, till they have ſcourged their invaders; till they have driven them back in confuſion to the regions of terror, from whence they emerged.

While we remember with horror the continued effuſion of blood, which darkened the morning of their revolution, let us not forget that their vengeance was rouſed by the champions of deſpotiſm, whoſe lives have ſince juſtly atoned for the crimes they committed. While we lament the ſanguinary ſcenes, which clouded its progreſs, let it not be forgotten that they aroſe from the bloody manifeſto of a band of tyrants, combined for the helliſh purpoſe of again rivetting the chains they had broken.

The league of Pilnitz, like the league of Satan and his angels, revolting againſt the Majeſty of heaven, was profeſſedly fabricated, to arreſt forever the progreſs of freedom; to uſurp the dominion of France, and divide the ſpoil among this band of royal plunderers. Have we not heard, that the noble, the generous, the grateful monarch of the foreſt, that fawned at the feet of Androcles, when remembering his former friendſhip, will ever turn with fury on his purſuers; and when robbed of his whelps, reſts not till his fangs are crimſoned in the blood of the aggreſſor?

Shall then the fervour of our friendſhip be abated, by remembering the tranſitory frenzy of a people diſtracted with the enthuſiaſm of freedom, and irritated to madneſs by the dreadful proſpect of loſing what they had enjoyed but for a moment? Let it never be ſaid of us, as of Rome and of Athens, that ingratitude is the common vice of republics. Was it to the crowned monarch, named Louis the Sixteenth, or to the people of France, that we were indebted, for the blood and treaſure that were ſo profuſely laviſhed in our cauſe? Shall then their ſervices be forgotten, in the remembrance of their momentary exceſſes? Or ſhall we refuſe our moſt cordial concurrence in the feelings which impel them to the preſent conteſt with the ruffian potentates of Europe?

Can

Can we doubt, for a moment, which is the cauſe we are bound to ſupport with our ſanction, when we behold the winds and the ſeas, thoſe dreadful miniſters of Heaven's vengeance, commiſſioned to advance their progreſs, and deluge their enemies? When we behold Ariel, with his attendant ſpirits, gently hovering over their navies, and wafting them to victory on the boſom of the ocean; while Neptune and Boreas have combined againſt the league of their oppreſſors, to overwhelm in the deep theſe deluded followers of Pharaoh! Have we not ſeen them fed, as with manna from heaven; the waters divided, and the walls of Jericho falling before them, while the fair proſpect of liberty has led them in triumph through the wilderneſs, as a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night!

AMERICANS! Let us join in a fervent ſupplication, that the ſacred charters of humanity, which we have once ſealed with our blood, may be forever preſerved from the deadly graſp of tyrants.

FRENCHMEN! Be firm; be undaunted in the ſtruggle you have thus miraculouſly ſupported. Evince to the world, now gazing with admiration at your exploits in the field of battle, that you have virtue equal to your courage; that you are friends to the friends of humanity; that your arms are nerved only againſt the enemies of man. Let not the ſacred name of LIBERTY be polluted by the frenzy of licentious paſſions; but may your preſent glorious conſtitution, while it protects your freedom from the unhallowed ravages of tyranny, remain an unſhaken bulwark againſt the deſtructive fury of faction.

TYRANTS! Turn from the impious work of blood in which your hands are imbrued, and tremble at the deſperation of your revolting ſubjects! Repent in ſackcloth and aſhes. For behold, ye, who have been exalted up to heaven, ſhall, ere long, be caſt down to hell! The final period of your crimes is rapidly approaching. The grand POLITICAL MILLENNIUM is at hand; when

when tyranny ſhall be buried in ruins; when all nations ſhall be united in ONE MIGHTY REPUBLIC! when the four angels, that ſtand on the four corners of the globe, ſhall, with one accord, lift up their voices to heaven; proclaiming PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN.

General Description of America.

Extract from a Poem spoken at Dartmouth College, on Commencement Day, 1795.

FROM Patagonia's ſnow-inveſted wilds,
To Darien, where conſtant verdure ſmiles,
The Andes meet the morning's earlieſt ray,
O'erlook the clouds and check the flood of Day.
In copious torrents from their eaſtern ſide,
Flow the vaſt ſtreams of Amazonia's tide,
Roll on majeſtic through her boundleſs plain,
And ſwell the ſurface of the neighb'ring main.
Nor Plata leſs a broad, deep channel fills;
Danube and Walga by his ſide were rills.
But leave, my muſe, this wide-extended clime,
By nature ſtamp'd with all ſhe owns ſublime.
Here ſhe has wrought upon her largeſt plan,
But mourns in ſolitude the wrongs of man.
Here Guatemozin writh'd in flames of fire,
And ſlaughter'd millions round their prince expire.
Riſe, ſleeping vengeance! vindicate their cauſe;
And thou, ſtern juſtice, execute thy laws:
Ye Andes, ſtrike Heſperian fraud with dread,
Burſt thy volcanoes on the guilty head!
Where Cancer's ſun pours down his ardent blaze,
Draws the Monſoons, and lengthens out his days,
The ſpacious gulph of Mexic' rolls his tide,
And thronging fleets of various nations ride.
The fertile iſles their rich luxuriance pour,
And weſtern dainties crown the eaſtern ſhore.

But

But weep, humanity, the black diſgrace,
And ſpread thy bluſhes o'er oppreſſion's face!
Ye ſons of mirth, your bowls, your richeſt food,
Is mingled with fraternal tears and blood.
Still groans the ſlave beneath his maſter's rod,
But nature, wrong'd, appeals to nature's GOD.
The ſun frowns angry at th' inhuman ſight;
The ſtars, offended, redden in the night:
In weſtern ſkies, drear horror gathers round,
And waking vengeance murmurs under ground;
O'er all the gulph the dark'ning vapours riſe,
And the black clouds ſail awful round the ſkies.
From heaven to earth ſwift thunder-bolts are hurl'd,
And ſtorm's dread demon ſhakes th' aſtoniſh'd world.
The rich plantation lies a barren waſte,
And all the works of ſlavery are defac'd.
Ye tyrants, own the devaſtation juſt;
'Tis for your wrongs the fertile earth is curs'd.
Columbia's States unfold their milder ſcenes,
And freedom's realms afford more pleaſing themes.
From Georgia's plains, to Hudſon's higheſt ſource,
The northern Andes range their varied courſe:
Rank above rank, they ſwell their growing ſize,
Rear their blue arches, and invade the ſkies.
Here ſpreads a foreſt; there a city ſhines;
Here ſwell the hills, and there a vale declines.
Here, through the meads, meand'ring rivers run;
There placid lakes reflect the full-orb'd ſun.
From mountain ſides perennial fountains flow,
And ſtreams majeſtic bend their courſe below.
Here riſe the groves; there opes the fertile lawn,
Freſh fragrance breathes, and Ceres waves her corn.
Along the eaſt, where the proud billows roar,
Capacious harbours grace the winding ſhore:
The nation's ſplendour and the merchant's pride
Wafts with each gale, and floats with ev'ry tide.
From Iroquois to vaſt Superiour's ſtrand,
Spread the wide lakes and inſulate the land.

Here

Here growing Commerce ſhall unfold her ſail,
Load the rich bark, and woo the inland gale.
Far to the weſt, where ſavage hordes reſide,
Smooth Miſſiſippi rolls his copious tide,
And fair Ohio weds his ſilver ſide.

Hail, happy States! thine is the bliſsful ſeat,
Where nature's gifts and art's improvements meet.
Thy temp'rate air breathes health; thy fertile ſoil,
In copious plenty, pays the labourer's toil.
Aſk not for mountains of Peruvian ore,
Nor court the duſt that ſhines on Afric's ſhore.
The plough explores for thee the richeſt mine;
Than autumn's fruit, no goodlier ore can ſhine.
O'er the wide plain and through the op'ning glade,
Flows the canal obſequious to the ſpade.
Commerce to wealth and knowledge turns the key,
Floats o'er the land and ſails to ev'ry ſea.
Thrice happy art! be thy white ſail unfurl'd,
Not to corrupt, but ſocialize the world.

The muſe prophetic views the coming day,
When federal laws beyond the line ſhall ſway,
Where Spaniſh indolence inactive lies,
And ev'ry art and ev'ry virtue dies;
Where pride and avarice their empire hold,
Ignobly great, and poor amid their gold,
Columbia's genius ſhall the mind inſpire,
And fill each breaſt with patriotic fire.
Nor eaſt nor weſtern oceans ſhall confine
The gen'rous flame that dignifies the mind;
O'er all the earth ſhall freedom's banner wave,
The tyrant blaſt, and liberate the ſlave.
Plenty and peace ſhall ſpread from pole to pole,
Till earth's grand family poſſeſs one ſoul.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MASTER AND SLAVE.

Maſter. NOW, villain! what have you to ſay for this ſecond attempt to run away? Is there any puniſhment that you do not deſerve?

Slave. I well know that nothing I can ſay will avail. I ſubmit to my fate.

Maſt. But are you not a baſe fellow, a hardened and ungrateful raſcal?

Slave. I am a ſlave. That is anſwer enough.

Maſt. I am not content with that anſwer. I thought I diſcerned in you ſome tokens of a mind ſuperiour to your condition. I treated you accordingly. You have been comfortably fed and lodged, not overworked, and attended with the moſt humane care when you were ſick. And is this the return?

Slave. Since you condeſcend to talk with me, as man to man, I will reply. What have you done, what can you do for me, that will compenſate for the liberty which you have taken away?

Maſt. I did not take it away. You were a ſlave when I fairly purchaſed you.

Slave. Did I give my conſent to the purchaſe?

Maſt. You had no conſent to give. You had already loſt the right of diſpoſing of yourſelf.

Slave. I had loſt the power, but how the right? I was treacherouſly kidnapped in my own country, when following an honeſt occupation. I was put in chains, ſold to one of your countrymen, carried by force on board his ſhip, brought hither, and expoſed to ſale like a beaſt in the market, where you bought me. What ſtep in all this progreſs of violence and injuſtice can give a *right?* Was it in the villain who ſtole me, in the ſlave-merchant who tempted him to do ſo, or in you who encouraged the ſlave-merchant to bring his cargo of human cattle to cultivate your lands?

Maſt.

Maſt. It is in the order of Providence that one man ſhould become ſubſervient to another. It ever has been ſo, and ever will be. I found the cuſtom, and did not make it.

Slave. You cannot but be ſenſible, that the robber who puts a piſtol to your breaſt may make juſt the ſame plea. Providence gives him a power over your life and property; it gave my enemies a power over my liberty. But it has alſo given me legs to eſcape with; and what ſhould prevent me from uſing them? Nay, what ſhould reſtrain me from retaliating the wrongs I have ſuffered, if a favourable occaſion ſhould offer?

Maſt. Gratitude; I repeat, gratitude! Have I not endeavored ever ſince I poſſeſſed you to alleviate your misfortunes by kind treatment; and does that confer no obligation? Conſider how much worſe your condition might have been under another maſter.

Slave. You have done nothing for me more than for your working cattle. Are they not well fed and tended? do you work them harder than your ſlaves? is not the rule of treating both deſigned only for your own advantage? You treat both your men and beaſt ſlaves better than ſome of your neighbours, becauſe you are more prudent and wealthy than they.

Maſt. You might add, more humane too.

Slave. Humane! Does it deſerve that appellation to keep your fellow-men in forced ſubjection, deprived of all exerciſe of their free will, liable to all the injuries that your own caprice, or the brutality of your overſeers, may heap on them, and devoted, ſoul and body, only to your pleaſure and emolument? Can gratitude take place between creatures in ſuch a ſtate, and the tyrant who holds them in it? Look at theſe limbs; are they not thoſe of a man? Think that I have the ſpirit of a man too.

Maſt. But it was my intention not only to make your life tolerably comfortable at preſent, but to provide for you in your old age.

Slave. Alas! is a life like mine, torn from country, friends, and all I held dear, and compelled to toil under the burning ſun for a maſter, worth thinking about for old age? No; the ſooner it ends, the ſooner I ſhall obtain that relief for which my ſoul pants.

Maſt. Is it impoſſible, then, to hold you by any ties but thoſe of conſtraint and ſeverity?

Slave. It is impoſſible to make one, who has felt the value of freedom, acquieſce in being a ſlave.

Maſt. Suppoſe I were to reſtore you to your liberty, would you reckon that a favour?

Slave. The greateſt: for although it would only be undoing a wrong, I know too well how few among mankind are capable of ſacrificing intereſt to juſtice, not to prize the exertion when it is made.

Maſt. I do it, then; be free.

Slave. Now I am indeed your ſervant, though not your ſlave. And as the firſt return I can make for your kindneſs, I will tell you freely the condition in which you live. You are ſurrounded with implacable foes, who long for a ſafe opportunity to revenge upon you and the other planters all the miſeries they have endured. The more generous their natures, the more indignant they feel againſt that cruel injuſtice which has dragged them hither, and doomed them to perpetual ſervitude. You can rely on no kindneſs on your part, to ſoften the obduracy of their reſentment. You have reduced them to the ſtate of brute beaſts; and if they have not the ſtupidity of beaſts of burden, they muſt have the ferocity of beaſts of prey. Superiour force alone can give you ſecurity. As ſoon as that fails, you are at the mercy of the mercileſs. Such is the ſocial bond between maſter and ſlave!

PART OF MR. O'CONNOR'S SPEECH IN THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN FAVOUR OF THE BILL FOR EMANCIPATING THE ROMAN CATHOLICS, 1795.

IF I were to judge from the dead ſilence with which my ſpeech has been received, I ſhould ſuſpect that what I have ſaid was not very palatable to ſome men in this Houſe. But I have not riſked connexions, endeared to me by every tie of blood and friendſhip, to ſupport one ſet of men in preference to another. I have hazarded too much, by the part I have taken, to allow the breath of calumny to taint the objects I have had in view. Immutable principles, on which the happineſs and liberty of my countrymen depend, convey to my mind the only ſubſtantial boon for which great ſacrifices ſhould be made.

And I here avow myſelf the zealous and earneſt advocate for the moſt unqualified emancipation of my catholic countrymen; in the hope and conviction, that the monopoly of the rights and liberties of my country, which has hitherto effectually withſtood the efforts of a part of the people, muſt yield to the unanimous will, to the decided intereſt, and to the general effort of a whole united people. It is from this conviction, and it is for that tranſcendently important object, that, while the noble Lord and the Right Honorable Secretary, are offering to riſk their lives and fortunes in ſupport of a ſyſtem that militates againſt the liberty of my countrymen, I will riſk every thing dear to me on earth.

It is for this great object I have, I fear, more than riſked connexions dearer to me than life itſelf. But he muſt be a ſpiritleſs man, and this a ſpiritleſs nation, not to reſent the baſeneſs of a Britiſh Miniſter, who has raiſed our hopes in order to ſeduce a rival to ſhare with him the diſgrace of this accurſed political cruſade, and blaſt them afterwards, that he may degrade a competitor

to

to the ſtation of a dependant. And, that he may deſtroy friendſhip which his nature never knew, he has ſported with the feelings of a whole nation. Raiſing the cup with one hand to the parched lip of expectancy, he has daſhed it to the earth with the other, in all the wantonneſs of inſult, and with all the aggravation of contempt.

Does he imagine, that the people of this country, after he has tantalized them with the cheering hope of preſent alleviation, and of future proſperity, will tamely bear to be forced to a re-endurance of their former ſufferings, and to a re-appointment of their former ſpoilers? Does he, from confidence of long ſucceſs in debauching the human mind, exact from you, calling yourſelves the repreſentatives of the people of Ireland, to reject a bill, which has received the unanimous conſent of your conſtituents? or does he mean to puzzle the verſatile diſpoſition of this Houſe, on which he has made ſo many ſucceſsful experiments already, by diſtracting you between obedience to his imperious mandates, and obedience to the will of the people you ſhould repreſent?

Or does he flatter himſelf, that he ſhall now ſucceed, becauſe he has ſucceeded in betraying his own country, into exchanging that peace, by which ſhe might have retrieved her ſhattered finances, for a war, in which he has ſquandered twenty times a greater treaſure, in the courſe of two years, than with all his famed economy, he had been able to ſave, in the courſe of ten? for a war in which the prime youth of the world have been offered up, victims to his ambition and his ſchemes, as boundleſs and preſumptuous, as ill-concerted and ill-combined; for a war in which the plains of every nation in Europe have been crimſoned with oceans of blood; for a war in which his country has reaped nothing but diſgrace, and which muſt ultimately prove her ruin?

Does he flatter himſelf, that he ſhall be enabled, Satan like, to end his political career by involving the whole empire in a civil war, from which nothing can accrue,

accrue, but a doleful and barren conqueſt to the victor? I truſt the people of England are too wiſe and too juſt to attempt to force meaſures upon us which they would themſelves reject with diſdain. I truſt they have not themſelves ſo ſoon forgotten the leſſon they ſo recently learned from America, which ſhould ſerve as a laſting example to nations, againſt employing force to ſubdue the ſpirit of a people, determined to be free!

But if they ſhould be ſo weak, or ſo wicked, as to ſuffer themſelves to be ſeduced by a man, to whoſe ſoul, duplicity and fineſſe are as congenial, as ingenuouſneſs and fair dealing is a ſtranger, to become the inſtruments of ſupporting a few odious public characters in power and rapacity, againſt the intereſt and againſt the ſenſe of a whole people; if we are to be dragooned into meaſures againſt our will, by a nation that would loſe her laſt life, and expend her laſt guinea, in reſenting a ſimilar inſult, if offered to herſelf, I truſt ſhe will find in the people of this country a ſpirit in no wiſe inferior to her own.

You are at this moment at the moſt awful period of your lives. The Miniſter of England has committed you with your country; and on this night your adoption or rejection of this bill, muſt determine, in the eyes of the Iriſh nation, which you repreſent, the Miniſter of England, or the people of Ireland! And, although you are convinced, you do not repreſent the people of Ireland; although you are convinced, every man of you, that you are ſelf-created, it does not alter the nature of the conteſt; it is ſtill a conteſt between the Miniſter of England and the people of Ireland; and the weakneſs of your title ſhould only make you the more circumſpect in the exerciſe of your power.

Fortunately, the views of the Britiſh Miniſter have been detected; fortunately, the people of this country ſee him in his true colours. Like the deſperate gameſter, who has loſt his all, in the wildeſt ſchemes of aggrandizement, he looks round for ſome dupe to ſupply him with the further means of future projects; and in the

crafty ſubtleneſs of his ſoul, he fondly imagines, he has found that eaſy dupe in the credulity of the Iriſh nation. After he has exhauſted his own country in a cruſade againſt that phantom, political opinion, he flatters himſelf he ſhall be enabled to reſuſcitate her at the expenſe of yours.

As you value the peace and happineſs of your country; as you value the rights and liberties of the ſoil that has given you birth; and if you are not loſt to every ſenſe of feeling for your own conſequence and importance as men, I call on you this night to make your ſtand. I call on you to rally round the independence of your country, whoſe exiſtence has been ſo artfully aſſailed. Believe me, the Britiſh Miniſter will leave you in the lurch, when he ſees that the people of this nation are too much in earneſt to be tricked out of their rights, or the independence of their country.

What a diſplay of legiſlation have we had on this night? Artificers who neither know the foundation on which they work, the inſtruments they ought to uſe, nor the materials required! Is it on the narrow baſis of monopoly and excluſion you would erect a temple to the growing liberty of your country? If you will legiſlate; know, that on the broad baſis of immutable juſtice only, you can raiſe a laſting, beauteous temple to the liberty of your iſland; whoſe ample baſe ſhall lodge, and whoſe roof ſhall ſhelter her united family from the rankling inclemency of rejection and excluſion. Know, that reaſon is that ſilken thread by which the lawgiver leads his people; and above all, know, that in the knowledge of the temper of the public mind, conſiſts the ſkill and the wiſdom of the legiſlator.

Do not imagine that the minds of your countrymen have been ſtationary, while that of all Europe has been rapidly progreſſive; for you muſt be blind not to perceive, that the whole European mind has undergone a revolution, neither confined to this nor to that country; but as general as the great cauſes which have given it birth, and ſtill continue to feed its growth. In vain do

theſe men, who ſubſiſt but on the abuſes of the government under which they live, flatter themſelves, that what we have ſeen theſe laſt ſix years is but the fever of the moment, which will paſs away as ſoon as the patient has been let blood enough.

As well may they attempt to alter the courſe of nature, without altering her laws. If they would effect a counter revolution in the European mind, they muſt deſtroy commerce and its effects; they muſt abolish every trace of the mariner's compaſs; they muſt conſign every book to the flames; they muſt obliterate every veſtige of the invention of the preſs; they muſt deſtroy the conduit of intelligence, by deſtroying the inſtitution of the poſt office. Then, and not till then, they and their abuſes may live on, in all the ſecurity which ignorance, ſuperſtition, and want of concert in the people can beſtow.

But while I would overwhelm with deſpair thoſe men who have been nurſed in the lap of venality and proſtitution; who have been educated in contempt and ridicule of a love for their country; and who have grown grey in ſcoffing at every thing like public ſpirit, let me congratulate every true friend to mankind, that that commerce, which has begotten ſo much independence, will continue to beget more; and let me congratulate every friend to the human ſpecies, that the preſs, which has ſent ſuch a maſs of information into the world, will continue, with accelerated rapidity, to pour forth its treaſures ſo beneficial to mankind.

It is to theſe great cauſes we are indebted, that the combination of prieſts and deſpots, which ſo long tyrannized over the civil and political liberty of Europe, has been diſſolved. It is to theſe great cauſes we are indebted, that no prieſt, be his religion what it may, dares preach the doctrine which inculcates the neceſſity of ſacrificing every right and every bleſſing this world can afford, as the only mean of obtaining eternal happineſs in the life to come.

This

This was the doctrine by which the deſpotiſm of Europe was ſo long ſupported; this was the doctrine by which the political popery of Europe was ſupported; but the doctrine and the deſpotiſm may now ſleep in the ſame grave, until the trumpet of ignorance, ſuperſtition, and bigotry, ſhall ſound their reſurrection.

SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF TAMERLANE.

Enter OMAR *and* TAMERLANE.

Omar. [*Bowing.*] HONOR and fame
Forever wait the Emperor: may our Prophet
Give him ten thouſand thouſand days of life,
And every day like this. The captive ſultan,
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,
Attends your ſacred will.

Tamerlane. Let him approach.

[*Enter* BAJAZET *and other Turkiſh priſoners in chains, with a guard.*]

When I ſurvey the ruins of this field,
The wild deſtruction, which thy fierce ambition
Has dealt among mankind; (ſo many widows
And helpleſs orphans has thy battle made,
That half our eaſtern world this day are mourners;)
Well may I, in behalf of heaven and earth,
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

Baj. Make thy demand of thoſe that own thy power;
Know I am ſtill beyond it; and though fortune
Has ſtript me of the train and pomp of greatneſs,
That outſide of a king; yet ſtill my ſoul,
Fix'd high, and of itſelf alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal; and even now,
As at the head of battle, does defy thee.
I know what power the chance of war has given,
And dare thee to the uſe on't. This vile ſpeeching,
This after-game of words, is what moſt irks me;

Spare

Spare that, and for the reſt 'tis equal all,
Be it as it may.

Tam. Well was it for the world,
When, on their borders, neighbouring princes met,
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
Preventing waſteful war: ſuch ſhould our meeting
Have been, hadſt thou but held in juſt regard
The ſanctity of leagues ſo often ſworn to.
Canſt thou believe thy Prophet, or, what's more,
That Power ſupreme, which made thee and thy Prophet,
Will, with impunity, let paſs that breach
Of ſacred faith given to the royal Greek?

Baj. Thou pedant talker! ha! art thou a king
Poſſeſs'd of ſacred power, Heaven's darling attribute,
And doſt thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets!
I hate the Greek (perdition on his name!)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As death does human nature, for deſtruction.

Tam. Cauſeleſs to hate, is not of human kind:
The ſavage brute, that haunts in woods remote
And deſart wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,
If hunger, or ſome injury, provoke not.

Baj. Can a king want a cauſe, when empire bids
Go on? What is he born for, but ambition?
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,
The noble appetite which will be ſatisfy'd,
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,
Since ſouls that differ ſo by nature, hate,
And ſtrong antipathy forbids their union.

Baj. The noble fire, that warms me, does indeed
Tranſcend thy coldneſs. I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.

Tam. No: for I think like man,
Thou like a monſter, from whoſe baleful preſence
Nature ſtarts back; and though ſhe fix'd her ſtamp
On thy rough maſs, and mark'd thee for a man,
Now, conſcious of her error, ſhe diſclaims thee,
As form'd for her deſtruction.

'Tis

'Tis true, I am a king, as thou haſt been;
Honor and glory too have been my aim;
But though I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet would I chooſe to fix my name by peace,
By juſtice, and by mercy; and to raiſe
My trophies on the bleſſings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I ſway,
On forfeit of my honor.

Baj. Prophet, I thank thee.
Confuſion! couldſt thou rob me of my glory
To dreſs up this tame king, this preaching derviſe!
Unfit for war, thou ſhouldſt have liv'd ſecure
In lazy peace, and with debating ſenates
Shar'd a precarious ſceptre; ſat tamely ſtill,
And let bold factions canton out thy power
And wrangle for the ſpoils they robb'd thee of;
Whilſt I (O blaſt the power that ſtops my ardor)
Would, like a tempeſt, ruſh amidſt the nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alha,
My angry thunder on the frighted world.

Tam. The world! 'twould be too little for thy pride:
Thou wouldſt ſcale heav'n.

Baj. I would. Away! my ſoul
Diſdains thy conference.

Tam. Thou vain, raſh thing,
That, with gigantic inſolence, haſt dar'd
To lift thy wretched ſelf above the ſtars,
And mate with power almighty, thou art fall'n!

Baj. 'Tis falſe! I am not fall'n from aught I have been!
At leaſt my ſoul reſolves to keep her ſtate,
And ſcorns to make acquaintance with ill fortune.

Tam. Almoſt beneath my pity art thou fall'n;
Since, while th' avenging hand of Heav'n is on thee,
And preſſes to the duſt thy ſwelling ſoul,
Fool-hardy, with the ſtronger thou contendeſt.
To what vaſt heights had thy tumultuous temper

Been

Been hurry'd, if ſucceſs had crown'd thy wiſhes!
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadſt conquer'd?
Baj. Oh, glorious thought! Ye powers, I will enjoy it,
Though but in fancy; imagination ſhall
Make room to entertain the vaſt idea.
Oh! had I been the maſter but of yeſterday,
The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,
I had us'd thee, as thou art to me, a dog,
The object of my ſcorn and mortal hatred.
I would have cag'd thee for the ſcorn of ſlaves.
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footſtool to the ſaddle:
Till thou hadſt begg'd to die; and e'en that mercy
I had deny'd thee. Now thou know'ſt my mind,
And queſtion me no farther.
Tam. Well doſt thou teach me
What juſtice ſhould exact from thee. Mankind,
With one conſent, cry out for vengeance on thee;
Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,
This wild deſtroyer, from the face of earth.
Baj. Do it, and rid thy ſhaking ſoul at once
Of its worſt fear.
Tam. Why ſlept the thunder
That ſhould have arm'd the idol deity,
And given the power, ere yeſter ſun was ſet,
To ſhake the ſoul of Tamerlane. Hadſt thou an arm
To make thee fear'd, thou ſhouldſt have prov'd it on me,
Amidſt the ſweat and blood of yonder field,
When, through the tumult of the war, I ſought thee,
Fenc'd in with nations.
Baj. Oh, blaſt the ſtars
That fated us to different ſcenes of ſlaughter!
Oh! could my ſword have met thee!
Tam. Thou hadſt then,
As now, been in my power, and held thy life
Dependent on my gift. Yes, Bajazet,
I bid thee live. So much my ſoul diſdains
That thou ſhouldſt think I can fear aught but Heaven.
Nay more; couldſt thou forget thy brutal fierceneſs,

And

And form thyſelf to manhood, I would bid thee
Live and be ſtill a king, that thou mayſt learn
What man ſhould be to man——
This royal tent, with ſuch of thy domeſtics
As can be found, ſhall wait upon thy ſervice;
Nor will I uſe my fortune to demand
Hard terms of peace; but ſuch as thou mayeſt offer
With honor, I with honor may receive.

COLONEL BARRE'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, 1765, ON THE STAMP-ACT BILL.

ON the firſt reading of the bill, Mr. Townſend ſpoke in its favour; and concluded with the following words: "And will theſe Americans, children planted by our care; nouriſhed up by our indulgence, until they are grown to a degree of ſtrength and opulence; and protected by our arms; will they grudge to contribute their mite, to relieve us from the heavy weight of that burthen which we lie under?"

On this Colonel Barre roſe, and anſwered Mr. Townſend in the following maſterly manner.

"They planted by YOUR care!" No; your oppreſſions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny, to a then uncultivated and unhoſpitable country, where they expoſed themſelves to almoſt all the hardſhips to which human nature is liable; and among others, to the cruelties of a ſavage foe, the moſt ſubtle, and I will take upon me to ſay, the moſt formidable of any people upon the face of the earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true Engliſh liberty, they met all hardſhips with pleaſure, compared with thoſe they ſuffered in their own country, from the hands of thoſe who ſhould have been their friends.

"They nouriſhed up by YOUR indulgence!" They grew by your neglect of them. As ſoon as you began to care about them, that care was exerciſed in ſending perſons

perſons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to ſome members of this Houſe, ſent to ſpy out their liberties, to miſrepreſent their actions, and to prey upon them; men, whoſe behaviour, on many occaſions, has cauſed the blood of thoſe ſons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the higheſt ſeats of juſtice; ſome, who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to eſcape being brought to the bar of a court of juſtice in their own.

"They protected by YOUR arms!" They have nobly taken up arms in your defence; have exerted a valour, amidſt their conſtant and laborious induſtry, for the defence of a country, whoſe frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little ſavings to your emoluments.

And, believe me; remember I this day told you ſo, that the ſame ſpirit of freedom, which actuated that people at firſt, will accompany them ſtill. But prudence forbids me to explain myſelf further. Heaven knows, I do not at this time ſpeak from motives of party heat; what I deliver are the genuine ſentiments of my heart.

However ſuperiour to me in general knowledge and experience the reſpectable body of this Houſe may be, yet I claim to know more of America than moſt of you, having ſeen and been converſant in that country. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any ſubjects the king has; but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, if ever they ſhould be violated. But the ſubject is too delicate; I will ſay no more.

The Last Day.

Extract from a manuscript Poem.

THE day of Doom, the all-important day,
I ſing; that link extreme of time, which joins
The meaſur'd chain of days, and months, and years,
To one eternal, one effulgent day:
Day to the children of the day; but night,
Eternal night, to all the ſons of darkneſs.
The time affix'd by God's decree arrives.
Th' Almighty ſpake: heaven open'd wide her gates.
The herald, Gabriel, far advanc'd in front,
Rais'd on ſeraphic wings, firſt iſſued forth.
Next the creation's Sire, veil'd in a cloud
Of awful gloom, from which red lightnings flaſh'd,
And rending thunders roar'd, paſs'd through the gates.
At his right hand ſat his eternal Son,
High rais'd upon a golden throne emboſs'd
With gems, that ſparkled through the cloud. Angels
And ſaints, the countleſs hoſt of thoſe, who hold
The realms of bliſs, next in proceſſion mov'd:
Nor could the wide-extended ſpace from Aries
To the ſcales, that poiſe the hemiſpheres,
Contain the army of the ſkies.
The earth had never ſeen a larger hoſt,
Than when the foe of Greece ſpread o'er the land
And ſea from Hebrus to Thermopylæ;
But this was ſmall compar'd with what the heavens
Now ſaw, as earth is ſmall compar'd with heaven.
The numerous ſtars, that hold their courſe along
The milky-way, and in the neighb'ring ſkies,
No ſooner ſaw their Maker cloth'd in ſtorms,
And felt his thunder ſhake their ſolid ſpheres,
Than trembling they retire; as when ſome king
Enrag'd frowns on his ſlaves, who flee his face,
Till he commands them ſtand and hear his will.
So had the frighted ſtars fled off and left

The

The mundane ſpace all void, had not the trump
Of Gabriel interpos'd, and with a voice
More loud, than ever yet creation heard,
Impreſs'd the mandates of all nature's God
Upon all nature's works. Ye ſtars! (ſaid he)
Return, and hold your ſtation in your orbs;
There ſtand and ſee what He on earth tranſacts
This day, and witneſs how He deals with man.
Thou ſun! who from the birth of time haſt roll'd
Thy chariot round the world, and ſhed thy beams
Alike on all mankind, look on and ſee
The equal juſtice of thy God to man
Outſhine thy equal rays. Th' affrighted earth
Took the alarm of heaven: the atmoſphere
Aſſay'd to flee upon the wings of ſtorm.
Fierce tempeſts beat the lofty mountains' ſides,
Sweep foreſts down, and ſpread deſtruction o'er
The works of man. The troubled ocean heaves:
His ſurging billows mingle with the clouds:
His deepeſt caverns lie expos'd to view.
The earth, convuls'd from her deep centre, heaves.
Order forſook the world: diſcord ſpread wide.
The confus'd elements again had join'd
The liſtleſs empire of primeval chaos,
Had not harmonic ſounds aſſuag'd their tumult.
Spirit divine! thou ſoul of harmony
In heaven and earth, breathe through my lines and ſpeak
The power of muſic's charms, when heavenly love
Warm'd every breaſt of angels, ſeraphim,
And doubly glow'd in the Almighty's Son;
Who, like a bridegroom clad in ſmiling youth
And robes of peace, prepar'd to meet his bride.
The lightnings ceas'd; the thunders died, when he
Complacent ſmil'd. Gabriel, and all the choir
Of heaven, ſaid he, huſh the commoved world,
And wake the ſleeping ſaints with ſounds of peace.
His words, like melting muſic flow'd: his face,
More radiant than the vernal morn, that ſmiles
The earth to joy. The trump of Gabriel led

The choral ſong: unnumber'd harps of gold,
And voices ſweet join'd the melodious ſound.
Diſcord, that late had mov'd the elements
To war, and 'gan t' invade the ſpheres,
Was huſh'd to ſleep. Quick chang'd the ſcene,
From raging diſcord, univerſal ſtorm,
To ſoothing ſounds, and univerſal calm.
The ſun, from blackeſt clouds, unveil'd his face,
And ſhone with double radiance on the earth.
The fixed ſtars had ceas'd to ſhed their beams,
And trembling, hid in ſable darkneſs, ſtood;
But now, enraptur'd with ſymphonious ſounds,
They dart their genial rays, and fill their orbs
With pleaſing light, and ſoul-reviving warmth.
But thou, O Earth, moſt felt the pleaſing change.
——Fierce ſtorms were mute.
Old ocean heard, and ſmooth'd his tempeſt face;
And ſpring-like beauty ſmil'd on all the earth.
Poets have ſung of Orpheus' potent lyre;
Eurydice, forc'd from the bands of death,
Of bending trees and moving rocks obſequious
To the ſound. But now whole worlds obey.
Death could not hold his victims in the tomb.
"Thou monarch of the grave, reſign the juſt!
Awake! ye ſaints, from your long night of ſleep,
Adorn'd with ever-blooming youth and robes
Of heav'nly innocence. Salute the morn
Of everlaſting day." Thus ſung the choir.
Death's dreary manſions heard with ſad diſmay.
In the mid regions of eternal night,
There ſits the ghaſtly monarch on his throne.
Subſtantial darkneſs fills the broad domain:
Heart-chilling vapours riſe from noxious lakes.
His ſervants, War, Intemp'rance, Plague, Revenge,
Conſumption, wrinkled Age, groan diſcord round
His throne, and offer up their loathſome fumes
Of putrid corps, contagion, dead'ning blaſts;
Sweet incenſe to their king; or run before
His griſly ſteed, when he rides o'er the earth,

And

And crops with chilling hand the bloom of life.
Here reigns the awful monarch of the dead;
When the full ſounds ſpread thro' his darkſome realms,
His heart appall'd, he trembles on his throne:
His iron nerves relax: his ſceptre falls.
The ſaints releas'd, their dreary manſions leave:
But O how chang'd!
No cumb'rous load of groſſer elements,
But pure aerial forms their ſouls poſſeſs;
Forms, like the glorious body of their Lord,
Glowing with beauty and immortal bloom.

A Dialogue on Loquacity.

Enter Stephen.

Stephen. LADIES and gentlemen, you have probably heard of Foote, the comedian: if not, it is out of my power to tell you any thing about him, except this; he had but one leg, and his name was Samuel. Or, to ſpeak more poetically, one leg he had, and Samuel was his name. This Foote wrote a farce, called the Alderman; in which he attempted to ridicule a well-fed magiſtrate of the city of London. This laſt, hearing of the intended affront, called upon the player, and threatened him ſeverely for his preſumption. Sir, ſays Foote, it is my buſineſs to take off people. You ſhall ſee how well I can take myſelf off. So out of the room he went, as though to prepare. The Alderman ſat waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and————I have forgotten the reſt of the ſtory; but it ended very comically. So I muſt requeſt of you, to muſter up your wit, and each one end the ſtory to his own liking. You are all wondering what this ſtory leads to. Why, I'll tell you; Foote's farce was called the Alderman, ours is called the Medley; his was written according to rule, ours is compoſed at looſe ends. Yet looſe as it is, you will find it made up, like

all other pieces, of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, adverbs, conjunctions, articles, adjectives, prepoſitions, and interjections. Now, words are very harmleſs things; though I confeſs that much depends upon the manner of putting them together. The only thing to be ſettled is, that, if you ſhould diſlike the arrangement, you will pleaſe to alter it, till it ſuits you.

Enter TRUMAN.

Truman. What are you prating about, at ſuch a rate?

Steph. I am ſpeaking of Sam Foote, and prepoſitions, and adverbs, and many other great characters.

Tru. Now, don't you know, that your unruly tongue will be the ruin of you? Did you ever ſee a man who was foaming and frothing at the mouth as you are, that ever ſaid any thing to the purpoſe? You ought always to think before you ſpeak, and to conſider well to whom you ſpeak, and the place and time of ſpeaking.

Steph. Pray who taught you all this worldly wiſdom?

Tru. My own experience, Sir; which is ſaid to be the beſt ſchool-maſter in the world, and ought to teach it to every man of common ſenſe.

Steph. Then, do not imagine that you poſſeſs any great ſecret. "Keep your tongue between your teeth" is an old proverb, ruſted and cruſted over, till nobody can tell what it was firſt made of. Prudence, indeed, teaches the ſame. So prudence may teach a merchant to keep his veſſels in port for fear of a ſtorm at ſea. But "nothing venture, nothing have" is my proverb. Now, ſuppoſe all the world ſhould adopt this prudence, what a multitude of mutes we ſhould have! There would be an end of news, law-ſuits, politics, and ſociety. I tell you, Sir, that buſy tongues are like main ſprings; they ſet every thing in motion.

Tru. But where's a man's dignity, all this time, while his tongue is running at random, without a ſingle thought to guide it?

Steph. His dignity! that indeed! Out upon parole, where it ought to be. A man's dignity! as though we came into the world to ſupport dignity, and by an affected

affected diſtance, to make our friends feel their inferiority. I conſider men like coins, which, becauſe ſtamped with men's heads, paſs for more than they are worth. And when the world is willing to treat a man better than he deſerves, there is a meanneſs in endeavoring to extort more from them.

Tru. But ſhall a man ſpeak without thinking? Did you ever read the old proverb, "Think twice, before you ſpeak once?"

Steph. Yes, and a vile one it is. If a man ſpeak from the impulſe of the moment, he'll ſpeak the meaning of his heart; and will probably ſpeak the truth. But if he mind your muſty proverb, there will be more pros and cons in his head, more hams and haws in his delivery, than there are letters in his ſentences. To your ſly, ſubtle, thinking fellows, we owe all the lies, cheating, hypocriſy, and double-dealing there is in the world.

Tru. But you know that every ſubject has its ſides; and we ought to examine, reflect, analyze, ſift, conſider, and determine, before we have a right to ſpeak; for the world are entitled to the beſt of our thoughts. What would you think of a tradeſman, who ſhould ſend home your coat, boots, or hat, half finiſhed? You might think him a very honeſt-hearted fellow; but you'd never employ him again.

Steph. Now, was there any need of bringing in tailors, cobblers, and hatters, to help you out? They have nothing to do with this ſubject.

Tru. You don't underſtand me. I ſay, if you would never employ ſuch workmen a ſecond time, why ſhould you juſtify a man for turning out his thoughts half finiſhed? The mind labours as actually in thinking upon, and maturing a ſubject, as the body does in the field, or on the ſhop-board. And, if the farmer knows when his grain is ready for the ſickle, and the mechanic, when his work is ready for his cuſtomer, the man, who is uſed to thinking, knows when he is maſter of his ſubject,

ſubject, and the proper time to communicate his thoughts with eaſe to himſelf and advantage to others.

Steph. All that is eſcaping the ſubject. None of your figures, when the very original is before you. You talk about a man's mind, juſt as if it were a piece of ground, capable of bearing flax and hemp. You have fairly brought forward a ſhop-board, and mounted your tailor upon it! Now I have no notion of any croſs-legged work in my inner man. In fact, I don't underſtand all this proceſs of thinking. My knowledge upon all ſubjects is very near the root of my tongue, and I feel great relief, when it gets near the tip.

Tru. Depend on it, that thouſands have loſt fame and even life by too great freedom of ſpeech. Treaſons, murders, and robberies, have been generally diſcovered by the imprudent boaſting of the perpetrators.

Steph. Depend on it, that our world has ſuffered far more by ſilent, than by prattling knaves. Suppoſe every man were to ſpeak all his thoughts, relate all his actions, declare all his purpoſes, would the world be in danger of crimes? No; be aſſured, that magiſtrates, bailiffs, thief-takers, priſons, halters, and gallows, all owe their dignity to the contrivance of your ſly, plodding mutes.

Tru. You have let off from the tip of your tongue a picked company of dignified ſubſtantives; but take notice that my doctrine does not extend to the midnight ſilence of robbers; but to a due caution and reſerve in conveying our thoughts to the world. And this I hope ever to obſerve. And if you determine on a different courſe, reſt aſſured, that the conſequences will not be very pleaſant. [*Exit.*

Steph. Conſequences! That's counting chickens before they are hatched. Dignity of human nature! Pretty words! juſt fit to be ranked with the *honor* of thieves, and the *courage* of modern duelliſts.

American Sages.

SEE on yon dark'ning height bold Franklin tread,
Heav'n's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;
Convolving clouds the billowy ſkies deform,
And forky flames emblaze the black'ning ſtorm.
See the deſcending ſtreams around him burn,
Glance on his rod, and with his guidance turn;
He bids conflicting heav'ns their blaſts expire,
Curbs the fierce blaze, and holds th' impriſon'd fire.
No more, when folding ſtorms the vault o'erſpread,
The livid glare ſhall ſtrike thy race with dread;
Nor tow'rs nor temples, ſhudd'ring with the ſound,
Sink in the flames, and ſpread deſtruction round.
His daring toils, the threat'ning blaſts that wait,
Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts of fate;
The pointed ſteel o'er-top th' aſcending ſpire,
And lead o'er trembling walls the harmleſs fire;
In his glad fame while diſtant worlds rejoice,
Far as the lightnings ſhine, or thunders raiſe their voice.

See the ſage Rittenhouſe, with ardent eye,
Lift the long tube, and pierce the ſtarry ſky:
Clear in his view the circling ſyſtems roll,
And broader ſplendours gild the central pole.
He marks what laws th' eccentric wand'rers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids, beneath his hand, in ſemblance riſe,
With mimic orbs, the labours of the ſkies.
There wond'ring crowds, with raptur'd eye, behold
The ſpangled heav'ns their myſtic maze unfold;
While each glad ſage his ſplendid hall ſhall grace,
With all the ſpheres that cleave th' etherial ſpace.

To guide the ſailor in his wand'ring way,
See Godfrey's toils reverſe the beams of day.
His lifted quadrant to the eye diſplays
From adverſe ſkies the counteracting rays:
And marks, as devious ſails bewilder'd roll,
Each nice gradation from the ſtedfaſt pole.

EXTRACT

Extract from Mr. Pitt's Speech, Nov. 18, 1777, on American Affairs.

I RISE, my lords, to declare my ſentiments on this moſt ſolemn and ſerious ſubject. It has impoſed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavor its alleviation, by a free and unreſerved communication of my ſentiments. In the firſt part of the addreſs, I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble Earl who moved it. No man feels ſincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulation on every acceſſion of ſtrength to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion: I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princeſs, and the happy recovery of her Majeſty.

But I muſt ſtop here; my courtly complaiſance will carry me no farther. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and diſgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and ſervile addreſs, which approves, and endeavors to ſanctify, the monſtrous meaſures that have heaped diſgrace and misfortune upon us; that have brought ruin to our doors. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The ſmoothneſs of flattery cannot now avail; cannot ſave us in this rugged and awful criſis. It is now neceſſary to inſtruct the throne in the language of truth. We muſt diſpel the deluſion and the darkneſs which envelop it; and diſplay, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

And *who* is the miniſter; *where* is the miniſter, who has dared to ſuggeſt to the throne the contrary, unconſtitutional language, this day delivered from it? The accuſtomed language from the throne has been application to Parliament for advice, and a reliance on its conſtitutional advice and aſſiſtance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, ſo it is the duty of the crown to aſk it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous

momentous exigency, no reliance is repoſed on our conſtitutional counſels! no advice is aſked from the ſober and enlightened care of Parliament! But the crown, from itſelf, and by itſelf, declares an unalterable determination to purſue meaſures. And what meaſures, my lords? The meaſures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the meaſures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the Miniſter of the day now preſume to expect a continuance of ſupport, in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be ſo dead to its dignity and its duty, as to be thus deluded into the loſs of the one, and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and ſupport for the perſeverance in meaſures, which have reduced this late flouriſhing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yeſterday, and England might have ſtood againſt the world: now none ſo poor to do her reverence." I uſe the words of a poet; but though it is poetry, it is no fiction. It is a ſhameful truth, that not only the power and ſtrength of this country are waſting away and expiring; but her well-earned glories, her true honors, and ſubſtantial dignity, are ſacrificed.

France, my lords, has inſulted you; ſhe has encouraged and ſuſtained America; and whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to ſpurn at the officious inſult of French interference. The miniſters and ambaſſadors of thoſe who are called rebels and enemies, are in Paris; in Paris they tranſact the reciprocal intereſts of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying inſult? Can even our miniſters ſuſtain a more humiliating diſgrace? Do they dare to reſent it? Do they preſume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the State, by requiring the diſmiſſal of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England!

The people, whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whoſe growing power has at laſt obtained the

the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and againſt whom they now command our implicit ſupport in every meaſure of deſperate hoſtility: this people, deſpiſed as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted againſt you; ſupplied with every military ſtore; their intereſts conſulted, and their ambaſſadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy! and our miniſters dare not interpoſe with dignity or effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant ſpirit of England, who, but yeſterday, gave law to the Houſe of Bourbon? My lords, the dignity of nations demands a deciſive conduct in a ſituation like this.

This ruinous and ignominious ſituation, where we cannot act with ſucceſs, nor ſuffer with honor, calls upon us to remonſtrate in the ſtrongeſt and loudeſt language of truth, to reſcue the ear of Majeſty from the deluſions which ſurround it. The deſperate ſtate of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the Engliſh troops. I know they can acheive any thing except impoſſibilities: and I know that the conqueſt of Engliſh America is an impoſſibility. You cannot, I venture to ſay it, you CANNOT conquer America.

Your armies, laſt war, effected every thing that could be effected; and what was it? It coſt a numerous army, under the command of a moſt able general, now a noble lord in this Houſe, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thouſand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, you CANNOT conquer America. What is your preſent ſituation there? We do not know the worſt; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and ſuffered much. We ſhall ſoon know, and in any event, have reaſon to lament, what may have happened ſince.

As to conqueſt, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impoſſible. You may ſwell every expenſe, and every effort, ſtill more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every aſſiſtance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter

barter with every little pitiful German prince, who ſells his ſubjects to the ſhambles of a foreign power; your efforts are forever vain and impotent; doubly ſo from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable reſentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary ſons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their poſſeſſions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Engliſhman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms; NEVER, NEVER, NEVER.

Scene from the Tragedy of Cato.

Cato, Lucius, *and* Sempronius.

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council:
Ceſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves.
How ſhall we treat this bold, aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharſalia gave him Rome, Egypt has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Ceſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's ſultry deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they ſtill fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

Sempronius. My voice is ſtill for war.
Heav'ns! can a Roman ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chooſe, ſlav'ry or death!
No; let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,

Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, fathers, riſe! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! The corpſe of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we ſhall ſacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up, for ſhame! our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, To battle!
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd among us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon.
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides.
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence entruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to the field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion?

Luc. My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans. Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not Ceſar, but the gods, my fathers;
The gods declare againſt us; repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
Prompted by blind revenge, and wild deſpair,
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heav'n's determination.

Already have we ſhown our love to Rome;
Now let us ſhow ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther uſe: our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably ſhed. What men could do,
Is done already. Heav'n and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.
Cato. Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun them both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate: we have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun:
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods;
But wait at leaſt till Ceſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt;
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty:
And let me periſh; but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

EXTRACT

Extract from an Oration, delivered at Boston, July 4, 1794, in Commemoration of American Independence.

AMERICANS! you have a country vaſt in extent, and embracing all the varieties of the moſt ſalubrious climes: held not by charters wreſted from unwilling kings, but the bountiful gift of the Author of nature. The exuberance of your population is daily diveſting the gloomy wilderneſs of its rude attire, and ſplendid cities riſe to cheer the dreary deſart. You have a government deſervedly celebrated as "giving the ſanctions of law to the precepts of reaſon;" preſenting, inſtead of the rank luxuriance of natural licentiouſneſs, the corrected ſweets of civil liberty. You have fought the battles of freedom, and enkindled that ſacred flame which now glows with vivid fervour through the greateſt empire in Europe.

We indulge the ſanguine hope, that her equal laws and virtuous conduct will hereafter afford examples of imitation to all ſurrounding nations. That the bliſsful period will ſoon arrive when man ſhall be elevated to his primitive character; when illuminated reaſon and regulated liberty ſhall once more exhibit him in the image of his Maker; when all the inhabitants of the globe ſhall be freemen and fellow-citizens, and patriotiſm itſelf be loſt in univerſal philanthropy. Then ſhall volumes of incenſe inceſſantly roll from altars inſcribed to liberty. Then ſhall the innumerable varieties of the human race unitedly "worſhip in her ſacred temple, whoſe pillars ſhall reſt on the remoteſt corners of the earth, and whoſe arch will be the vault of heaven."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHITE INHABITANT OF THE UNITED STATES AND AN INDIAN.

White Man. YOUR friends, the inhabitants of the United States, wiſh to bury the tomahawk, and live in peace with the Indian tribes.

Indian. Juſtice is the parent of peace. The Indians love war only as they love juſtice. Let us enjoy our rights, and be content with yours, and we will hang the tomahawk and ſcalping-knife upon the tree of peace, and ſit down together under its branches.

W. Man. This is what we deſire, and what is your intereſt as well as ours to promote. We have often made leagues with you; they have been as often broken. If juſtice were your guide, and peace your deſire, they would be better regarded.

Ind. The white men are robbers. We do not chooſe to be at peace with robbers; it is more to our honor to be at war with them.

W. Man. It is in our power to puniſh the aggreſſors; we have more warriors than the Indians; but we chooſe to employ arguments rather than force.

Ind. I have heard the arguments of White Men: they are a fair bait; but their intentions are a bearded hook. You call us brothers, but you treat us like beaſts; you wiſh to trade with us, that you may cheat us; you would give us peace, but you would take our lands, and leave us nothing worth fighting for.

W. Man. The White Men want your lands; but they are willing to pay for them. The great Parent has given the earth to all men in common to improve for their ſuſtenance. He delights in the numbers of his children. If any have a ſuperiour claim, it muſt be thoſe, who, by their arts and induſtry, can ſupport the greateſt number on the ſmalleſt territory.

Ind. This is the way you talk; you act differently. You have good on your tongue, but bad in you heart.

I have been among White Men. I know as much about them as you do about Red Men. What would your people ſay, if poor men ſhould go to a rich man, and tell him, the great Parent has given the earth to all men in common; we have not land enough; you have more than you need; he delights in the number of his children; your great farm ſupports but few; by our ſuperiour arts and induſtry, it would ſupport many; you may move to one corner of your land; that is ſufficient for you; we will take the reſt. We will live together as brothers, if you will be at peace with us; if not, we have more warriors than you; it is in our power to puniſh the aggreſſors? Should you call this juſt? No! no!

W. Man. Surely not.

Ind. Then juſtice among White Men and Red Men is different: will you ſhow me the difference? I thought juſtice was our friend as well as yours.

W. Man. We are governed by laws that protect our property, and puniſh the diſturbers of peace.

Ind. Then by what law do you encroach upon our property, and diſturb our peace? If you conſider us as your brothers, your laws ought to protect us as well as yourſelves.

W. Man. Our ways of living are different from yours. We have many employments and much property: your manners are ſimple, your poſſeſſions ſmall; our laws, of courſe, will not apply to your circumſtances.

Ind. I know you have many laws on paper, and ſome that ought to make the paper bluſh. We have but few; they are founded in juſtice, and written on the heart. They teach us to treat a ſtranger as our friend; to open our doors and ſpread our tables to the needy. If a white man come among us, our heart is in our hand; all we have is his; yet you call us ſavages! But that muſt mean ſomething better than civilized, if you are civilized.

W. Man. We do not impeach your hoſpitality, nor cenſure your humanity in many inſtances; but how can you juſtify your promiſcuous ſlaughter of the innocent

nocent and guilty, your cruel maſſacres of helpleſs wives and children, who never injured you?

Ind. If a man provoke me to fight with him, I will break his head if I can: if he is ſtronger than I, then I muſt be content to break his arm or his finger. When the war-hoop is ſounded, and we take up the tomahawk, our hearts are one; our cauſe is common; the wives and children of our enemies are our enemies alſo; they have the ſame blood, and we have the ſame thirſt for it. If you wiſh your wives and children ſhould eſcape our vengeance, be honeſt and friendly in your dealings with us; if they have ruffians for their protectors, they muſt not expect ſafety.

W. Man. We have both the ſame claim from each other; friendſhip and juſtice are all we require. Our ideas on theſe ſubjects are different; perhaps they will never agree. On one ſide, ferocity will not be dictated by humanity, nor ſtubbornneſs by reaſon; on the other, knowledge is not diſpoſed to be adviſed by ignorance, nor power to ſtoop to weakneſs.

Ind. I believe we ſhall not make peace by our talks. If the contention is, who has the moſt humanity, let him who made us judge. We have no pretenſions to ſuperiour knowledge; we aſk, who knows beſt how to uſe what they have? If we contend for power, our arms muſt decide: the leaves muſt wither on the tree of peace; we ſhall cut it down with the battle-axe, and ſtain the green graſs that grows under it with your blood.

W. Man. You know the bleſſings of peace, and the calamities of war. If you wiſh to live ſecure in your wigwams, and to rove the foreſt unmoleſted, cultivate our friendſhip. Break not into our houſes in the defenceleſs hours of ſleep. Let no more of our innocent friends be dragged from their protectors and driven into the inhoſpitable wilderneſs; or what is ſtill more inhuman, fall victims to your unrelenting barbarity! If you prefer war, we ſhall drive its horrors into your

own

own ſettlements. The ſword ſhall deſtroy your friends, and the fire conſume your dwellings.

Ind. We love peace; we love our friends; we love all men, as much as you. When your fathers came over the big water, we treated them as brothers: they had nothing: peace and plenty were among us. All the land was ours, from the eaſt to the weſt water; from the mountains of ſnow in the north, to the burning path of the ſun in the ſouth. They were made welcome to our land and to all we poſſeſſed. To talk like White Men, they were beggars and we their benefactors: they were tenants at will, and we their landlords. But we nouriſhed a viper in our boſoms. You have poiſoned us by your luxury; ſpread contention among us by your ſubtlety, and death by your treachery. The Indians have but two predominant paſſions, friendſhip and revenge. Deal with us as friends, and you may fiſh in our rivers or hunt in our foreſts. Treat us not like ſervants; we ſhall never own you as maſters. If you provoke us, our vengeance will purſue you. We ſhall drink your blood; you may ſpill ours. We had rather die in honorable war, than live in diſhonorable peace.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION, PRONOUNCED AT BOSTON, JULY 4, 1796.

THAT the beſt way for a great empire to tax her colonies is to confer benefits upon them, and, that no rulers have a right to levy contributions upon the property, or exact the ſervices of their ſubjects, without their own, or the conſent of their immediate repreſentatives, were principles never recognized by the miniſtry and parliament of Great-Britain. Fatally enamoured of their ſelfiſh ſyſtems of policy, and obſtinately determined to effect the execution of their nefarious purpoſes, they were deaf to the ſuggeſtions of reaſon and the demands of juſtice. The frantic, though tranſient

tranſient energy of intoxicated rage was exhibited in their every act, and blackened and diſtorted the features of their national character.

On the contrary, Americans had but one object in view, for in Independence are concentrated and condenſed every bleſſing that makes life deſirable, every right and every privilege which can tend to the happineſs or ſecure the native dignity of man. In the attainment of Independence, were all their paſſions, their deſires, and their powers engaged. The intrepidity and magnanimity of their armies; the wiſdom and inflexible firmneſs of their Congreſs; the ardency of their patriotiſm; their unrepining patience, when aſſailed by dangers and perplexed with aggravated misfortunes, have long and deſervedly employed the pen of panegyric and the tongue of eulogy.

Through the whole revolutionary conflict, a conſiſtency and ſyſtematic regularity were preſerved, equally honorable as extraordinary. The unity of deſign and claſſically correct arrangement of the ſeries of incidents which completed the Epic ſtory of American Independence, were ſo wonderful, ſo well wrought, that political Hypercriticiſm was abaſhed at the mighty production, and forced to join her ſiſter Envy, in applauding the glorious compoſition.

It is my pleaſing duty, my fellow-citizens, to felicitate you on the eſtabliſhment of our national ſovereignty; and among the various ſubjects for congratulation and rejoicing, this is not the moſt unimportant, that Heaven has ſpared ſo many veterans in the art of war; ſo many ſages, who are verſed in the beſt politics of peace; men, who were able to inſtruct and to govern, and whoſe faithful ſervices, whoſe unremitted exertions to promote the public proſperity, entitle them to our firmeſt confidence and warmeſt gratitude. Uniting in the celebration of this anniverſary, I am happy to behold many of the illuſtrious remnant of that band of patriots, who, deſpiſing danger and death, determined to be free, or glorioufly periſh in the cauſe. Their countenances beam

beam inexpreſſible delight! our joys are increaſed by their preſence; our raptures are heightened by their participation. The feelings, which inſpired them in the "times which tried men's ſouls," are communicated to our boſoms. We catch the divine ſpirit which impelled them to bid defiance to the congregated hoſt of deſpots. We ſwear to preſerve the bleſſings they toiled to gain, which they obtained by the inceſſant labours of eight diſtreſsful years; to tranſmit to our poſterity, our rights undiminiſhed, our honor untarniſhed, and our freedom unimpaired.

On the laſt page of Fate's eventful volume, with the raptured ken of prophecy, I behold Columbia's name recorded; her future honors and happineſs inſcribed. In the ſame important book the approaching end of Tyranny and the triumph of Right and Juſtice are written in indelible characters. The ſtruggle will ſoon be over; the tottering thrones of deſpots will quickly fall, and bury their proud incumbents in their maſſy ruins!

Then Peace on earth ſhall hold her eaſy ſway,
And man forget his brother man to ſlay.
To martial arts, ſhall milder arts ſucceed;
Who bleſſes moſt, ſhall gain th' immortal meed.
The eye of Pity ſhall be pain'd no more,
With Vict'ry's crimſon banners ſtain'd with gore.
Thou glorious era, come! Hail, bleſſed time!
When full-orb'd freedom ſhall unclouded ſhine;
When the chaſte Muſes, cheriſh'd by her rays,
In olive groves ſhall tune their ſweeteſt lays;
When bounteous Ceres ſhall direct her car,
O'er fields now blaſted by the fires of war;
And angels view, with joy and wonder join'd,
The golden age return'd to bleſs mankind!

DIALOGUE BETWEEN EDWARD AND HARRY.

[EDWARD, *alone, reading.*]

Enter HARRY, *with an important air.*

Harry. HOW are you, Ned?

Edward. What, is it you, brother Harry? Were it not for the ſmall part of your face, that appears between your fore-top and your cravat, I ſhould never know you.

Har. My appearance is a little altered, to be ſure; but I hope you will allow it is for the better.

Edw. I wiſh I could. I perceive, that, ſome how or other, you are completely metamorphoſed from a plain country lad, to a Boſton buck, beau, or fop: which is the current word in your varying town dialect, to expreſs ſuch a thing as yourſelf?

Har. Ah, either of them will do. The young ladies ſometimes call me *Tippy Harry*; that ſuits my ear the beſt.

Edw. That, I ſuppoſe, means a little fop, or, as I ſhould expreſs it, a *foppee*, who is obliged to ſtand tip-toe to reach a lady her fan.

Har. One of your clowniſh blunders, Ned. It means an airy young gentleman, dreſſed out in complete bon ton from head to foot, like myſelf.

Edw. "An airy young gentleman, dreſſed out in complete *bon ton*, &c. &c." This definition may be of ſervice to me; I will try to remember it. You always poſſeſſed one quality of a gentleman, a large ſhare of good humour: I hope you will not be angry, brother, if I am a little inquiſitive.

Har. Do, Ned, leave off uſing that old-faſhioned word: I'd rather you would do any thing to me than *brother* me at this rate. If you ſhould come to Boſton, dreſſed as you are now, with your clumſy ſhoes, coarſe ſtockings, great ſmall-clothes, home-ſpun coat,

coat, and your old ruſty go-to-mill hat, and ſhake hands with me, in your awkward way; and then, to complete the whole, ſhould call me *brother*, I ſhould be thunderſtruck! For my credit's ſake, I ſhould ſwear it was ſome crazy ſtraggler, I had ſeen in the country, and given a few coppers to keep him from ſtarving. I would hide behind the counter, or lie rolled up in a piece of broadcloth a week, rather than be caught in ſuch a ſcrape.

Edw. An airy young gentleman, indeed! would ſwear to half a dozen lies, hide behind the counter, and roll yourſelf up in a piece of broadcloth like a ſilk-worm, to ſave your credit! You have improved much beyond my expectations, *Tippy* Harry! This ſounds better in your refined ear than brother Harry, I ſuppoſe.

Harry. Yes it does, Ned, I'll aſſure you: that's your ſort! You begin to come on a little. Now I'll tell you how it is, Ned; if you would take your old muſty library here, and lay it all on the fire together, and burn all your old faſhioned clothes with it, and then go to Boſton—

Edward. What, without any clothes, Harry?

Harry. Why, I think I ſhould about as lief be ſeen with you ſtark naked, as with your coarſe, narrow-backed, ſhort-waiſted coat. But as I was ſaying before, then put yourſelf under the care of a tailor, barber, ſhoe-maker, and a dancing maſter; keep a ſtore of Engliſh goods about three months, go to the Theatre a dozen nights, chat with our Boſton Tippies, have a few high goes, and freeze and thaw two or three times, for you are monſtrouſly ſtiff; I ſay, after all this, I believe, Ned, you would make a very clever fellow.

Edward. The freezing and thawing is a kind of diſcipline I ſhould not ſo readily comply with. I have heard of ſeveral of your *clever fellows*, and ladies of *your ſort*, who were found frozen in old barns, and behind board fences; but I never knew they were ſo fortunate as to thaw again. Now, Harry, I will be

ſerious

ſerious with you. Your airy young gentleman, in my opinion, is a very inſipid character; far beneath my ambition. A few materials from behind the counter, the tailor's needle and ſhears, the barber's puff and pomatum, a little ſheep-ſkin modified by the ſhoe-maker, and what is the moſt inſignificant of all, a little ſupple, puny machine, that in plain Engliſh, I ſhould call a naked fool; to ſtrut about the ſtreets with all this finery; carry it to the theatre, or dancing ſchool; and teach it to ſay a few pretty things by rote; theſe make the gentlemen of *your ſort*. Mine is compoſed of quite different materials.

Har. Pray let me know what they are? home-ſpun, I dare ſay. I am ſuperfine, you ſee, from head to foot.

Edw. Yes, Harry, you have blundered into one juſt obſervation. In the firſt place, I would lay up a good ſtore of knowledge, *home-ſpun* from my own reflections, reading, and obſervation; not the ſecond-handed ſmattering of the moſt ignorant of all beings who uſe a tongue. The tailor's, barber's, and dancing-maſter's bill ſhould not ſhow an inventory of *all* I poſſeſſed. They may make my clothes, dreſs my hair, and teach me how to bow; but there muſt be ſomething more to command the bow of reſpect from people of ſenſe, the judges of real merit. In ſhort, I would be a gentleman farmer; too well informed to be influenced by your railing newſpaper politics; too much delighted with the bleating and playing of the flocks in my own paſture, to read the head of *Theatricals*, or be amuſed with any drove of ſtage-players, that have infeſted our country from Charleſton to Portſmouth. And I ſhould be much more proud of raiſing one likely calf, than as many of the moſt inſipid of all animals, called *Tippies*, as could ſtand in every ſhop in Cornhill.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Goliath. WHERE is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philiſtia's chief?
What victor-king, what gen'ral drench'd in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaſter bring,
To prove his claim? What cities laid in aſhes,
What ruin'd provinces, what ſlaughter'd realms,
What heads of heroes, and what hearts of kings,
In battle kill'd, or at his altars ſlain,
Has he to boaſt? Is his bright armoury
Thick ſet with ſpears, and ſwords, and coats of mail,
Of vanquiſh'd nations, by his ſingle arm
Subdu'd? Where is the mortal man ſo bold,
So much a wretch, ſo out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted ſpear,
Which never fell innoxious? Yet I ſwear,
I grudge the glory to his parting ſoul
To fall by this right hand. 'Twill ſweeten death,
To know he had the honor to contend
With the dread ſon of Anak. Lateſt time
From blank oblivion ſhall retrieve his name,
Who dar'd to periſh in unequal fight
With Gath's triumphant champion. Come, advance
Philiſtia's Gods to Iſrael's. Sound, my herald,
Sound for the battle ſtraight!

David. Behold thy foe!

Gol. I ſee him not.

Dav. Behold him here!

Gol. Say, where?
Direct my ſight. I do not war with boys.

Dav. I ſtand prepar'd; thy ſingle arm to mine.

Gol. Why, this is mockery, Minion! it may chance
To coſt thee dear. Sport not with things above thee:
But tell me who, of all this num'rous hoſt,

Expects

Expects his death from me? Which is the man,
Whom Iſrael ſends to meet my bold defiance?
Dav. Th' election of my ſov'reign falls on me.
Gol. On thee! on thee! By Dagon, 'tis too much!
Thou curled Minion! thou a nation's champion!
'Twould move my mirth at any other time;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy!
And tempt me not too far.
Dav. I do defy thee,
Thou foul idolater! Haſt thou not ſcorn'd
The armies of the living God I ſerve?
By me he will avenge upon thy head
Thy nation's ſins and thine. Arm'd with his name,
Unſhrinking, I dare meet the ſtouteſt foe
That ever bath'd his hoſtile ſpear in blood.
Gol. Indeed! 'tis wondrous well! Now, by my Gods,
The ſtripling plays the orator! Vain boy!
Keep cloſe to that ſame bloodleſs war of words,
And thou ſhalt ſtill be ſafe. Tongue-valiant warrior!
Where is thy ſylvan crook, with garlands hung,
Of idle field-flowers? Where thy wanton harp,
Thou dainty-finger'd hero? Better ſtrike
Its note laſcivious, or the lulling lute
Touch ſoftly, than provoke the trumpet's rage.
I will not ſtain the honor of my ſpear
With thy inglorious blood. Shall that fair cheek
Be ſcarr'd with wounds unſeemly? Rather go,
And hold fond dalliance with the Syrian maids;
To wanton meaſures dance; and let them braid
The bright luxuriance of thy golden hair;
They, for their loſt Adonis, may miſtake
Thy dainty form.
Dav. Peace, thou unhallow'd railer!
O tell it not in Gath, nor let the ſound
Reach Aſkelon, how once your ſlaughter'd lords,
By mighty Sampſon found one common grave:
When his broad ſhoulder the firm pillars heav'd,
And to its baſe the tott'ring fabric ſhook.

Gol.

Gol. Inſulting boy! perhaps thou haſt not heard
The infamy of that inglorious day,
When your weak hoſts at Eben-ezer pitch'd
Their quick-abandon'd tents. Then, when your ark,
Your taliſman, your charm, your boaſted pledge
Of ſafety and ſucceſs, was tamely loſt!
And yet not tamely, ſince by me 'twas won.
When with this good right-arm, I thinn'd your ranks,
And bravely cruſh'd, beneath a ſingle blow,
The choſen guardians of this vaulted ſhrine,
Hophni and Phineas. The fam'd ark itſelf,
I bore to Aſhdod.

Dav. I remember too,
Since thou provok'ſt th' unwelcome truth, how all
Your bluſhing prieſts beheld their idol's ſhame;
When proſtrate Dagon fell before the ark,
And your frail god was ſhiver'd. Then Philiſtia,
Idolatrous Philiſtia flew for ſuccour
To Iſrael's help, and all her ſmitten nobles
Confeſs'd the Lord was God, and the bleſt ark,
Gladly, with reverential awe reſtor'd!

Gol. By Aſhdod's fane thou ly'ſt. Now will I meet thee,
Thou inſect warrior! ſince thou dar'ſt me thus!
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Diſſever'd each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce, blood-ſnuffing vulture. Mark me well!
Around my ſpear I'll twiſt thy ſhining locks,
And toſs in air thy head all gaſh'd with wounds;
Thy lips, yet quiv'ring with the dire convulſion
Of recent death! Art thou not terrified?

Dav. No.
True courage is not mov'd by breath of words;
But the raſh bravery of boiling blood,
Impetucus, knows no ſettled principle.
A feveriſh tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
As ſpirits riſe or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumſtances change. But inborn courage,
The gen'rous child of Fortitude and Faith,

Holds

Holds its firm empire in the conſtant ſoul;
And, like the ſtedfaſt pole-ſtar, never once
From the ſame fix'd and faithful point declines.
Gol. The curſes of Philiſtia's Gods be on thee!
This fine-drawn ſpeech is meant to lengthen out
That little life thy words pretend to ſcorn.
Dav. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo? Come on then! Mark us well.
Thou com'ſt to me with ſword, and ſpear, and ſhield!
In the dread name of Iſrael's God, I come;
The living Lord of Hoſts, whom thou defy'ſt!
Yet though no ſhield I bring; no arms, except
Theſe five ſmooth ſtones I gather'd from the brook,
With ſuch a ſimple ſling as ſhepherds uſe;
Yet all expos'd, defenceleſs as I am,
The God I ſerve ſhall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day I mean
To make th' uncircumciſed tribes confeſs
There is a God in Iſrael. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted ſtrength and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;
The mangled carcaſſes of your thick hoſts
Shall ſpread the plains of Elah: till Philiſtia,
Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
I dare thee to the trial!
Gol. Follow me.
In this good ſpear I truſt.
Dav. I truſt in Heaven!
The God of battles ſtimulates my arm,
And fires my ſoul with ardour, not its own.

AN ORATION ON THE POWERS OF ELOQUENCE, WRITTEN FOR AN EXHIBITION OF A SCHOOL IN BOSTON, 1791.

AMIDST the profuſion of intereſting and brilliant objects in this aſſembly, ſhould the ſpeaker be able

to engage the attention of a few eyes, and a few ears, he will eſteem his reception flattering. To another is allotted the pleaſing taſk of cloſing the evening, with remarks on Female Education.* It is mine to recommend the POWERS OF ELOQUENCE, and to ſhow the influence which it juſtly challenges, over the ſenſes, paſſions, and underſtandings of mankind.

Eloquence conſiſts in a capacity of expreſſing, by the voice, attitude, geſture, and countenance, the emotions of the heart. To this art, Demoſthenes and Cicero owe their immortality; by this, the late Earl of Chatham gained his celebrity; and to this, are the great politicians, now in Europe, indebted for their diſtinction. Eloquent men begin to be heard with attention in our Congreſs; pulpit orators gain crowds, and eloquent lawyers gain cauſes.

When the enlightened Stateſman is diſcuſſing the intereſts of a country, on which are grafted his fortune, fame, and life, he *muſt* be eloquent. When the general harangues a brave ſoldiery, at the eve of a battle, on which depend their liberties and lives, he *muſt* be eloquent. When the compaſſionate lawyer, without hope of reward, advocates the cauſe of the ſuffering widow, or injured orphan, he *muſt* be eloquent.

But when true Eloquence is introduced into the ſacred deſk, how elevated is the ſubject of the paſſion on the croſs! With what animating zeal can the preacher call on his hearers, to "open a high way for their God!" With what rapture can he burſt from the gloom of types and figures, into the brightneſs of that everlaſting Goſpel which brought "life and immortality to light!" With what heaven-taught joy can he hail the Star in the Eaſt! and with what ſemblance of reality may he lead the imaginations of his audience to a ſight of the babe in the manger! If he *feel* ſuch ſubjects, he muſt be eloquent and irreſiſtible.

May we now look back and trace the progreſs and influence of Eloquence on different ſubjects, and at various

* See American Preceptor, p. 47.

various periods? How do we feel its power, when we hear David expreſſing the appearing of the Higheſt! "He bowed the heavens alſo, and came down, and darkneſs was under his feet; he rode upon a cherub, and did fly, and he was ſeen upon the wings of the wind."

Who can hear, without emotion, the ſublime eloquence of the prophet Iſaiah, when he announces the future glory of the Church? "Violence ſhall no more be heard in thy land; waſting nor deſtruction within thy borders: but thou ſhalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates, Praiſe."

But in what language has the prophet Habakkuk deſcribed the majeſty of the Creator? "Before him went the peſtilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet: he ſtood, and meaſured the earth: he beheld, and drove aſunder the nations: the everlaſting mountains were ſcattered: the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlaſting." Let us paſs in reſpectful ſilence the eloquence of Him, who "ſpake, as never man ſpake."

But our attention is immediately arreſted by the defence of Paul before Agrippa; in which he deſcribes a light from heaven, above the brightneſs of the mid-day ſun; when he declares his converſion, and commiſſion to be a miniſter, and a witneſs of thoſe things, which he had ſeen, and of thoſe things, in which the Saviour would appear unto him. "Whereupon," ſays he, "O king Agrippa, I was not diſobedient unto the heavenly viſion."

Nor can we fail to mention that eloquence, which made Felix tremble on his throne. Nor can we read, unmoved, Paul's ſolemn account of the reſurrection; when, "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the dead ſhall be raiſed, and we ſhall be changed." But when we come to the viſion on the iſle of Patmos, where the glory of heaven was unveiled to a man of God, we are loſt in the majeſty and ſublimity of the deſcription of things, which muſt be hereafter; and muſt cloſe the ſacred ſcriptures, convinced of the irreſiſtible

ſiſtible Powers of Eloquence, when employed upon divine ſubjects.

Among themes leſs intereſting, is there *one*, on which theſe powers have been unſucceſsfully employed? We read how the eloquence of one man governed all hearts in Greece, and how aſtoniſhing was its effect from the immortal Orator of Rome. All civilized nations can furniſh facts and arguments on this ſubject. Wherever arts and ſciences have found a reſidence, oratory has been a ſure attendant.

I am obliged to paſs, with regret, the characters of D'Eſpremenil, Mirabeau, Burke, Fox, Flood, and Grattan, who, within our own days, have made the Senates of three different kingdoms ring with their eloquence. With greater reluctance muſt I paſs the memorable time, when all the ſenſes, paſſions, and almoſt breath of five thouſand people were ſuſpended at the admirable eloquence of Sheridan, while he deſcribed the cruelties of Haſtings on the banks of the Ganges; when with unfeeling madneſs that deſpot reddened the waters with the blood of mothers and their infants, and made even the river bluſh for the honor of the Britiſh name.

With pleaſure I bring my ſubject to the ſcenes of my native country; and here could, with the enthuſiaſm of Columbus in his viſion, preſent before you the lofty Andes, the majeſtic Miſſiſippi, the beautiful Ohio, the falls of Niagara, and the lakes of the north. I might take a view of this country, extending through the five zones, comprehending all the climates, and producing all the varieties of the earth.

Our ears have heard what wonders have been wrought in United America. Our eyes ſee its preſent happy ſituation. After many toils and convulſions, we at length find ourſelves ſafe on the top of Nebo, and our Moſes yet alive at the head of our rulers. Hence we look forward to the flattering proſpects of futurity. Our orators and poets have announced bleſſed things in the latter days. Our prophets have taught

taught us to expect the reality of golden dreams. The leaves of our future hiſtory are gilded, and the pages are left to be filled up, with the actions of a long liſt of *unambitious* Ceſars.

We are told, that on this our native ſpot of earth, ſlaviſh government and ſlaviſh hierarchies ſhall ceaſe; that here, the old prophecies ſhall be verified; that here ſhall be the laſt, univerſal empire on earth, the empire of reaſon and virtue; under which the goſpel of peace ſhall have free courſe and be glorified; that here "the wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard with the kid, and that nation ſhall no more lift up ſword againſt nation."

When the philoſopher of the Eaſt foreſaw the beauty and excellence of this Weſtern Continent, its immenſe rivers, lakes, and mountains; cities riſing from the midſt of deſolation; "men like trees walking," where once were the haunts of ſavage beaſts; arts and manners improving; the roſe budding in the deſart, and the flowers of the garden in the ſolitary place, rich indeed was the proſpect. But *his* viſions have become *our* realities. We live to enjoy bleſſings, more numerous than Columbus could count.

We ſee ſchools, academies, and colleges, opening their treaſures to every family; and are taught, that religion, liberty, and ſcience, are conſtellations in the heavens, which, amidſt the revolution of empires, viſit, in ſucceſſion, all the kingdoms and people of the earth. We ſee one half of the world involved in darkneſs, and oblivious ſleep; while the other is enjoying the bleſſings of day, and of vigilant induſtry.

The day of American glory has at length dawned. No more ſhall meteors of the air, and inſects with gilded wings, lead aſtray the benighted traveller, nor the bleaking buzzards of the night triumph over the bird of Jove. Prejudice, ignorance, and tyranny, are flying on the wings of the wind. While this day is ours, let us be up and doing.

May

May I now introduce my ſubject within theſe walls? And here, how extenſive is the theme for my feeble powers of Eloquence! yet may I employ them, in ſuggeſting the motives which your ſons and daughters have to cultivate their minds. Gratitude to their parents; your patronage; their own ambition; their proſpects of future profit, uſefulneſs, and honeſt fame, are among the firſt.

But highly important is rendered this morning of life and privilege to us, from a conſideration, that we are born in the beſt of countries, at the beſt of times. While ſome of the human race are ſuffering the extreme heats of burning zones, and others are freezing beyond the influence of benignant rays, we live in a climate, temperate, ſalubrious, and healthful. While ſome inherit from their parents poverty and ſlavery, we are the heirs of private, public, and ſocial benefits.

Our eyes have been opened in a country, where the Father of mercies has been pleaſed to condenſe his bleſſings. On us beams the ſun of Science: ours is the hemiſphere of Freedom: here are enjoyed THE RIGHTS OF MAN; and upon us ſhine, with ceaſeleſs ſplendour, the rays of the STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Bleſt in the diſpenſations of nature, providence, and grace, on us depends a faithful improvement of our numerous talents. Early taught the ſhortneſs and value of life, and the importance of improving each hour of youth, while we have leiſure, and the aſſiſtance of inſtructors, we early learn to be diligent. Obſerving, that with our parents, the ſhadows of the evening begin to lengthen, and that ſoon the wheel will ceaſe to turn round at the ciſtern; that ſoon they muſt leave us, and that we muſt fill their places, we learn to be ambitious and emulous to excel. But beyond theſe, we have, with all other children of the univerſe, an argument ſtill higher to improve theſe precious days. We live not only for ourſelves, for our parents, friends, and country; but for the Giver of life: we live for immortality. Young as we are, and juſt entered the bark of being;

being; yet like you, we are on a boundleſs ocean, and an eternal voyage.

As ELOQUENCE is my theme, perhaps I may be indulged in dwelling for the few remaining moments, on this laſt moſt intereſting ſubject. While enjoying the bleſſings of health, and the feſtivities of youth, we ſtand on this bridge of life, careleſs of the rapid currents of yeſterdays and to-morrows; yet reflection teaches that the hour is rapidly haſtening, when "the cloud-capt towers; the gorgeous palaces; the ſolemn temples; yea, the great globe itſelf, with all which it inherits, ſhall diſſolve, and like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion, leave not a wreck behind." We ſhall ſurvive.

Though the loſs of parents and friends; though the frequent infirmities and viciſſitudes of life, teach us gloomily to reflect, that "An angel's arm can't ſnatch us from the grave;" yet a ſure proſpect of a reſurrection to ceaſeleſs life, bids us ſay with triumph, "Legions of angels can't confine us there." We look back on the ages which have paſſed, and ſee the millions of men, who, ſince the days of Adam, have been laid in the duſt. We ſee nine hundred and fifty millions of rational beings, now in full life, who muſt, in a few years, be cold and in death; and in every day of our lives, no leſs than eighty-ſix thouſand of the human race, are laid in the grave. What oceans of tears have been ſhed by ſurviving friends!

How have mourning, lamentation, and woe been heard not only in Rama, but throughout every quarter of the inhabited earth! We contemplate the time, when theſe bodies of ours, now full of life and motion, ſhall be cold. We elevate our thoughts to that ſcene, when the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat; when the ſun ſhall be darkened, and the moon no more give light: when the ſtars of heaven ſhall fall from their places, and all nature be tumbling into ruins.

Then the trump of God ſhall ſound; then ſhall he, who once ſaid, "Lazarus, come forth," deſcend from heaven, with a mighty ſhout. Then, ſhall the dead

dead hear the voice of the Son of God; then ſhall they burſt the bands of death, and riſe, never to ſleep again. Then ſhall this mortal put on immortality, and death be ſwallowed up of life.

We ſhall be preſent at this auguſt reſurrection! Soon ſhall we ceaſe to ſee the blue canopy of the day, and the ſtarred curtain of the night; to hear the rolling of the thunder, or ſee the lightning of the heavens; ſcenes, which now impreſs us with awe and delight. We look round creation, and ſee all living nature, below our rank, diſſolving to duſt; never to revive. We ſee the flowers of ſpring die, and the leaves of autumn fade; never to reſume their beauty and verdure. But contemplating the ſoul of man, we are led to the language of the poet,

"See truth, love, and mercy in triumph deſcending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom,
On the cold cheek of death ſmiles and roſes are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

This ſubject, itſelf ſo full of Eloquence, is alſo full of inſtruction and argument. Whatever elevates the dignity of our natures, and extends our views, teaches us to live; daily to improve our minds; daily to better our hearts. May ELOQUENCE ever be improved in the cauſe of learning and virtue; ever employed in addreſſing important truths to the mind, in a moſt forcible and expreſſive manner.

May the daughters of America wear their charms, as attendants on their virtue, the ſatellites of their innocence, and the ornament of their ſex. May her ſons early learn the principles of honor, honeſty, diligence, and patriotiſm; and when called to leave theſe happy ſeats, where care is a ſtranger, and where learning is a free gift, be prepared for the burden and heat of the day, and ever prove as a munition of rocks to their country.

A DIALOGUE

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CITY GENTLEMAN OF THE TON, AND A COUNTRY FARMER.

Gentleman. HALLOO! there, Maſter! What have you got in your wallet?

Farmer. Fowls, Sir, at your ſervice.

Gent. And what do you aſk a pair?

Farm. Fifty cents a pair for ducks, and ſeventy-five cents apiece for geeſe and turkeys.

Gent. What is the fellow talking about? I inquired the price of fowls; not of geeſe and turkeys.

Farm. And pray, Miſter, what is the difference between a fowl and a gooſe? My bible teaches me, that all the feathered tribe are ranged under the general name of fowl.

Gent. Why, you numſkull! don't quote ſcripture to me, to prove ſuch palpable abſurdities. I can teach you, that a gooſe, or turkey, is no more like a fowl, than a human being is like one of the animal creation!

Farm. I crave your pardon, Miſter. I begin to ſee that I never was larn'd the right uſe of language; for, ſince I come among theſe fine gentlefolks, I don't underſtand one half that's ſaid to me.

Gent. So it ſeems. However, you have now entered a good ſchool to learn *civilization.* What I wanted, was, a pair of thoſe creatchures that lay eggs, wulgarly called hens.

Farm. Why, begging your pardon, Sir, and hoping no offence, I ſhould ſuppoſe, that, at leaſt, *one* of the ſorts I have in my wallet lays eggs, from the multitude of *goſlins* I ſee about your ſtreets.

Gent. Why, you fool; where were you bred? I ſhould imagine you come fifty miles off, where they tell me the people are almoſt ſavages; and that you were never in market before.

Farm. It is true, I live more than fifty miles off, and never was in this great city before; and in fact, I

begin to think I never ſhall deſire to be again; for I have hitherto met with pretty rough handling, I aſſure you.

Gent. No wonder that ſuch ignorance ſhould expoſe you to inſults. A man like you, who has been brung up among ſavages, and not able to ſpeak intelligibly, muſt expect to receive ſevere diſcipline, when he firſt viſits a land of *civilization*.

Farm. I begin to ſee what a ſad thing it is, eſpecially in ſuch a place as this, to be ſo deſtitute as I am of the right kind of larning. I confeſs, that, ſo far from *civilization*, I have never received but little more than *chriſtianization*. But I ſhould think, even *that* ought to entitle an honeſt, well-meaning man to better treatment than I have met with this morning.

Gent. You have no right to complain. Such a blundering blockhead as you are ought to think himſelf fortchunate, if he is ſuffered to paſs the ſtreets without having his head broke.

Farm. Indeed, I have hardly eſcaped that. I have been accoſted a hundred and fifty times ſince I entered the big town, by all ſorts and ſizes of folks, both male and female. Which, at firſt, indeed, appeared civil enough; for not a child in the ſtreet but what *maſter'd* me, as mannerly as though I had teach'd ſchool all my days. But whenever I approached them, it was old daddy, old man, old fellow, and ſo on; riſing by degrees to ſuch genteel language as your Worſhip ſeems to be maſter of. I hope no offence, Sir. The firſt time I had the honor to be noticed, a fine gentlewoman called to me from her window. So I civilly entered her door; when ſhe ſqualled out "You filthy brute! Have you the impudence to come in at my front door?" Did you not call me, madam? replied I. Yes, truly, ſays ſhe; but I thought you had more *civilization*, than to ſet your ugly, ſquare-toed ſhoes upon my carpet. I craved her ladyſhip's pardon; told her I hoped I ſhould learn *civilization* from ſuch good example; and got off as well as I could.

Gent.

Gent. It is evident you know nothing of the world.

Farm. How ſhould I, ſince I live a hundred miles off, and never read ſcarcely any thing but my bible and pſalm book?

Gent. Aye, ſure enough. You are much to be pitied. Why, according to the rules of *civilization*, you offended the lady inſufferably.

Farm. So I perceive; though, at firſt, I could not conceive, for the life of me, what harm there could be in entering the front door, ſince there was no other in the houſe; nor how my ſhoes could give offence, inaſmuch as they were perfectly clean.

Gent. Why, did you not juſt acknowledge they were unfaſhionable?

Farm. Aye, right. And mayhap ſhe diſcovered the nails in the heels; though I could have aſſured her they would not ſcratch; for they were well drove, and the heads ſmooth. Well, as I was ſaying, ſoon after I eſcaped from her ladyſhip's civilities, I was ſtopped by a 'Squire-looking gentleman, whoſe palate was ſet for the ſame dainty that yours was, fowls. I told him I had as fine ones as ever were hatched. So I ſhowed him the whole contents of my wallet; when, after examining it critically, he exclaimed, "You inſulting puppy! I have a mind in my conſcience to cane you. What, ſarrah! tell me you have fowls to ſell, when you have nothing but a parcel of poultry!" So, giving me a kick or two, he tells me to go and learn *civilization*.

Gent. And ſerved you right enough too.

Farm. So as I proceeded peaceably through the ſtreet, I met a ſtripling, in his ſoldier's coat, making the ſame uſe of his ſword as I did of my ſtaff. Having a heavy load, and tripping my foot a little, I unfortunately joſtled this beardleſs hero. "What do you mean, you dirty ſcoundrel!" he inſtantly exclaimed; lifting up his ſword at the ſame time. "Have you no more *civilization* than to treat an officer of the navy in ſuch a rude manner?" I beg pardon, ſays I. It was purely

purely an accident. If you were not beneath my notice, ſays he, ſwearing a big oath, which I dare not repeat; if you were not beneath the notice of a gentleman, I ſay, I would ſoon lay you upon your beam ends, you freſh water lobſter! You are as deſtitute of *civilization*, as if you had never been out of ſight of land in all your life.

Gent. You will learn in time to keep at a reſpectful diſtance from gentlemen of the ſword. It is fortchunate for you, that the officer did not make daylight ſhine through you.

Farm. I believe it dangerous, I confeſs, to venture very near *gentlemen*, if theſe may be called ſuch. Well, the next perſon I met, I took, from his brogue, to be a "wild Iriſhman." At any rate, he was a funny fellow, and diſcovered ſome marks of *civilization*. Maiſter, ſays he, have you any wery good weal in your valet? I do not underſtand Iriſh, Miſter, replied I. Iriſh! Iriſh! old mutton-head, ſaid he; nor I neither. It is enough for me, that I am able to ſpeak good Engliſh. I ax'd you what you had to ſell. I am fitting out a-weſſel for Wenice; loading her with warious keinds of prowiſions, and wittualling her for a long woyage; and I want ſeveral undred weight of weal, weniſon, &c. with a plenty of inyons and winegar, for the preſerwation of ealth. I aſſured him I did not comprehend his meaning. It is wery natchural, replied he, to ſuppoſe it, as you are but a poor countryman and want *civilization*. So he peaceably withdrew. And now, good Miſter, ('*Squire*, perhaps I ought to ſay; for, before you ſtopped me, I heard you adminiſtering oaths;) I ſay, good 'Squire, as you have condeſcended to give me ſome uſeful inſtruction, pray be ſo kind as to tell me, to what ſpecies of animals a creature would belong, which ſhould be, in every reſpect, exactly like yourſelf, excepting the addition of a pair of long ears?

Gent. I will not diſgrace myſelf by keeping your company any longer. [*Exit.*]

Farm.

Farm. [*alone.*] What a ſtrange run of luck I have had to-day! If this is *civilization*, I deſire to return to my ſavage haunt again. However, I don't deſpair yet of meeting with people of *real* civilization; for I have always been told that this place is not without its ſhare. Yet I fear they have greatly degenerated from the ſimple manners of their forefathers. Their placing mere civility above Chriſtianity is a plain proof of it. The anceſtors of this people were anxious mainly to teach their poſterity Chriſtianity, not doubting but civility would naturally attend it. What vexes me moſt is, that I can't underſtand their language. For my part, I think they have but little reaſon to laugh at my pronounciation. This is the firſt time I ever haird that turkeys, geeſe, and ducks were not fowls. They might as well tell me, that oxen, bulls, and cows are not cattle. I take this laſt chap to be of the race of coxcombs; and I think it is ſometimes beſt, to indulge them in their own exalted opinion of themſelves, till experience teaches them their folly. I know I am but a plain man; and no one feels the want of larning more than I do. But I am certain I cannot appear more contemptible in this coxcomb's eyes, than he does in mine.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE MANUMISSION OF SLAVES, APRIL 12, 1797. BY REV. SAMUEL MILLER.

I HAVE hitherto confined myſelf to the conſideration of ſlavery as it exiſts among ourſelves, and of that unjuſt domination which is exerciſed over the Africans and their deſcendants, who are already in our country. It is with a regret and indignation which I am unable to expreſs, that I call your attention to the conduct of ſome among us, who, inſtead of diminiſhing, ſtrive to increaſe the evil in queſtion.

While the friends of humanity, in Europe and America, are weeping over their injured fellow-creatures, and directing their ingenuity and their labours to the removal of ſo diſgraceful a monument of cruelty and avarice, there are not wanting men, who claim the title, and enjoy the privileges of American citizens, who ſtill employ themſelves in the odious traffic of human fleſh.

Yes, in direct oppoſition to public ſentiment, and a law of the land, there are ſhips fitted out, every year, in the ports of the United States, to tranſport the inhabitants of Africa, from their native ſhores, and conſign them to all the torments of Weſt-India oppreſſion.

Fellow citizens! is Juſtice aſleep? Is Humanity diſcouraged and ſilent, on account of the many injuries ſhe has ſuſtained? Were not this the caſe, methinks the purſuit of the beaſts of the foreſt would be forgotten, and ſuch monſters of wickedneſs would, in their ſtead, be hunted from the abodes of men.

Oh Africa! unhappy, ill-fated region! how long ſhall thy ſavage inhabitants have reaſon to utter complaints, and to imprecate the vengeance of Heaven againſt civilization and Chriſtianity? Is it not enough that nature's God has conſigned thee to arid plains, to noxious vapours, to devouring beaſts of prey, and to all the ſcorching influences of the torrid zone? Muſt rapine and violence, captivity and ſlavery, be ſuperadded to thy torments; and be inflicted too by men, who wear the garb of juſtice and humanity; who boaſt the principles of a ſublime morality; and who hypocritically adopt the accents of the benevolent religion of Jeſus?

Oh Africa! thou loud proclaimer of the rapacity, the treachery, and cruelty of civilized man! Thou everlaſting monument of European and American diſgrace! "Remember not againſt us our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; be tender in the great day of inquiry; and ſhow a Chriſtian world, that thou canſt ſuffer, and forgive!"

A Forensic

A Forensic Dispute, on the Question, Are the Anglo-Americans endowed with Caracity and Genius equal to Europeans?

A. MY opinion is decidedly on the affirmative of this queſtion. In this opinion I am confirmed by ſound argument and undeniable facts.

If nature has laviſhed her favours on ſome countries, and dealt them out with a ſparing hand in others, the Weſtern world is far from being the ſcene of her parſimony. From a geographical ſurvey of our country, directly the reverſe will appear.

This continent, extending through all the different climates of the earth, exhibiting on its immenſe ſurface the largeſt rivers and lakes, and the loftieſt mountains in the known world, ſhows us that nature has wrought on her largeſt ſcale on this ſide the Atlantic.

The ſoil is neither ſo luxuriant as to indulge in ſloth, nor ſo barren, as not to afford ſufficient leiſure from its own culture, to attend to that of the mind. Theſe are facts, which exiſted before the migration of our anceſtors from Europe. The argument I ſhall deduce from them, to me appears concluſive.

The ſoil and climate of every country is in ſome meaſure characteriſtic of the genius of its inhabitants. Nature is uniform in her works. Where ſhe has ſtinted the productions of the earth, ſhe alſo cramps her animal productions; and even the mind of man. Where ſhe has clothed the earth with plenty, there is no deficiency in the animate creation; and man arrives to his full vigour.

In the application of theſe phyſical cauſes to our nature, there is an effect produced on the mind, as well as the body. The mind receives its tincture from the objects which it contemplates. This we find confirmed by the oppoſite ſenſations we feel, when viewing a beautiful and variegated landſcape, and plodding our courſe

courſe over a craggy way, or uniform, barren plain. In theſe contraſted ſituations, it may almoſt be ſaid, that we poſſeſs two different ſouls, and are not the ſame beings.

Thoſe objects, which conſtantly ſurround us, muſt have a more permanent effect. Where man is doomed conſtantly to view the imperfect ſketches and caricature paintings of nature, he forms a correſponding part of the group; when placed amidſt her moſt beautiful and magnificent works, we find him elevated in thought and complete in corporal ſtature.

Theſe arguments may ſeem far-fetched; but when it is admitted that Chimborazo is higher than Teneriffe; the Amazon and La Plata ſuperiour to the largeſt rivers in the old world; and that America abounds with all the productions of nature in as great plenty as any country in Europe, premiſes will then be eſtabliſhed, from which, by my reaſoning, we ſhall draw the concluſion, that if the Aborigines of this country are inferiour to the ſavages of other parts of the world, nature muſt have contradicted her own firſt principles.

But the contrary muſt appear to every unprejudiced mind, both from reaſon and obſervation. It being granted that the ſavages on this continent poſſeſs genius and capacity, equal to thoſe on the other, my argument is ended; the affirmative of the queſtion is eſtabliſhed; unleſs thoſe who differ from me ſhould be able to ſhow, that, by ſome proceſs, or rather paradox of nature, the mental powers of our forefathers were degenerated by being tranſplanted to a ſoil, at leaſt, as congenial and fertile, as that which gave them birth.

Should it be any longer contended againſt me, I ſhould ſtill appeal to facts, and rely on the philoſophical diſcoveries and miſcellaneous writings of a Franklin, the heroic valour and ſagacious prudence of a Waſhington, the political reſearches of an Adams, the numerous productions in polite literature, inventions and improvements in the uſeful arts; and eſpecially that ſpirit of enterprize, which diſtinguiſhes our nation.

On

On theſe I ſhould rely to vindicate the honor of my country, and to combat that prejudice, which would degrade the capacity and genius of Americans.

B. I have heard your argument with patience, and ſhall anſwer it with candour. It is readily granted, that there are as large rivers, extenſive lakes, and lofty mountains, in America, as in any other part of the world; but I am totally unacquainted with the art of meaſuring the capacity and genius of men, by the height of the mountains they gaze upon, or the breadth of the river, whoſe margin they chance to inhabit.

Whether the ſavages of our deſarts poſſeſs mental powers equal to thoſe of other countries, is as foreign to my purpoſe, as the Chimborazo, Amazon, or La Plata. I ſhall admit your premiſes, and look for the materials of my argument on a ground you have ſlightly paſſed over, to confute the concluſion you have drawn from them.

The queſtion is, whether the capacity and genius of Americans is equal to that of Europeans?

Let us adopt an unexceptionable rule; "Judge the tree by its fruit." If the literary productions and works of genius of our countrymen are found ſuperiour to thoſe of Europeans, the affirmative of the queſtion muſt be true; if inferiour, the negative, without argument, is ſupported by fact.

Here the balance evidently turns in my favour. Europe can boaſt its maſters in each of the ſciences, and its models of perfection in the polite arts. Few Americans purſue the path of ſcience; none have progreſſed, even ſo far as thoſe bold and perſevering geniuſes of other countries, who have removed the obſtacles and ſmoothed the way before them.

If there chance to ſpring up among us one whoſe inclination attaches him to the fine arts, the beggar's pittance, inſtead of fame and profit, becomes his portion. He is an exotic plant, that muſt be removed to ſome more congenial ſoil, or periſh at home for want of culture.

It is far from my intentions to ſay any thing in derogation

derogation of thoſe reſpectable characters, on whom you rely to vindicate the literary honor of our country. But what will be the reſult of a compariſon between a few correct authors, the miſcellaneous productions, and caſual diſcoveries, which we boaſt of as our own, within a century paſt; and the long and brilliant catalogue of profound ſcholars, celebrated writers, and thoſe exquiſite ſpecimens of taſte and genius in the fine arts, which have adorned almoſt every country of Europe, within the ſame period?

This compariſon would be diſgraceful indeed to America. It is granted, that her ſons are induſtrious, brave, and enterprizing; but, if prudent, they will certainly decline the conteſt with moſt European nations, when the palm of genius is the object of diſpute.

C. Different climates undoubtedly have a different effect on the bodies and minds of thoſe who inhabit them; and local cauſes, in the ſame climate, may be favourable, or adverſe to the intellectual powers.

A pure, temperate atmoſphere, and romantic ſcenery, are productive of clear intellects and brilliant imagination. America is far from being deficient in theſe advantages. The oratory, councils, and ſagacity of its natives, prove that their conceptions are by no means cramped by phyſical cauſes.

This being granted, which cannot be denied, it will be extremely difficult to ſhow a reaſon, why the mental powers of our anceſtors, or their deſcendants, ſhould ſuffer a decay in this country, ſo favourable by nature to ſound judgment and brilliancy of thought.

Inſtead of forcing ourſelves into ſuch an abſurd concluſion, we ſhall make an obvious diſtinction, which will lead to a concluſion, not derogatory to the American character; a diſtinction between natural genius, and its improvement by art. One depends on natural cauſes; the other, on the ſtate of ſociety.

With a well ſupported claim to the former, it is no diſhonor to acknowledge ourſelves inferiour to the elder nations of Europe in the latter. Conſidering the infant

fant ſtate of our country, and the nature of our government, we have more reaſon to boaſt, than be aſhamed of our progreſs in the fine arts.

If not equal in this reſpect, to our mother country, we have made more rapid improvement than any other nation in the world. Our government and habits are republican; they cheriſh equal rights and tend to an equal diſtribution of property. Our mode of education has the ſame tendency to promote an equal diſtribution of knowledge, and to make us emphatically a "republic of letters:" I would not be underſtood, adepts in the fine arts, but participants of uſeful knowledge.

In the monarchical and ariſtocratic governments of Europe, the caſe is far different. A few privileged orders monopolize not only the wealth and honors, but the knowledge of their country. They produce a few profound ſcholars, who make ſtudy the buſineſs of their lives; we acquire a portion of ſcience, as a neceſſary inſtrument of livelihood, and deem it abſurd to devote our whole lives to the acquiſition of implements, without having it in our power to make them uſeful to ourſelves or others.

They have their thouſands who are totally ignorant of letters; we have but very few, who are not inſtructed in the rudiments of ſcience. They may boaſt a ſmall number of maſters in the fine arts; we are all ſcholars in the uſeful; and employed in improving the works of nature, rather than imitating them.

So ſtrong is our propenſity to uſeful employments, and ſo ſure the reward of thoſe who purſue them, that neceſſity, "the mother of invention," has reared but few profeſſional poets, painters, or muſicians among us. Thoſe, who have occaſionally purſued the imitative arts, from natural inclination, have given ſufficient proof, that even in them, our capacity and genius are not inferiour to thoſe of Europeans; but the encouragement they have met ſhows that the ſpirit of our habits and government tend rather to general improvement in the uſeful, than partial perfection in the amuſing arts.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION, DELIVERED AT BOSTON, MARCH 5th, 1780; BY JONATHAN MASON, JUN. ESQ.

THE riſing glory of this weſtern hemiſphere is already announced; and ſhe is ſummoned to her ſeat among the nations of the earth. We have publickly declared ourſelves convinced of the deſtructive tendency of ſtanding armies. We have acknowledged the neceſſity of public ſpirit and the love of virtue, to the happineſs of any people; and we profeſs to be ſenſible of the great bleſſings that flow from them. Let us not then act unworthily of the reputable character we now ſuſtain. Let integrity of heart, the ſpirit of freedom, and rigid virtue be ſeen to actuate every member of the commonwealth.

The trial of our patriotiſm is yet before us; and we have reaſon to thank Heaven, that its principles are ſo well known and diffuſed. Exerciſe towards each other the benevolent feelings of friendſhip; and let that unity of ſentiment, which has ſhone in the field, be equally animating in our councils. Remember that proſperity is dangerous; that though ſucceſsful, we are not infallible.

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Let this ſacred maxim receive the deepeſt impreſſion upon our minds, that if avarice, if extortion, if luxury, and political corruption, are ſuffered to become popular among us, civil diſcord, and the ruin of our country will be the ſpeedy conſequence of ſuch fatal vices. But while patriotiſm is the leading principle, and our laws are contrived with wiſdom, and executed with vigour; while induſtry, frugality, and temperance, are held in eſtimation, and we depend upon public ſpirit and the love of virtue for our ſocial happineſs, peace and affluence will throw their ſmiles upon the brow of individuals; our commonwealth will flouriſh; our land will become a land of liberty, and AMERICA an aſylum for the oppreſſed.

END.